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MISS JANUARY 1991

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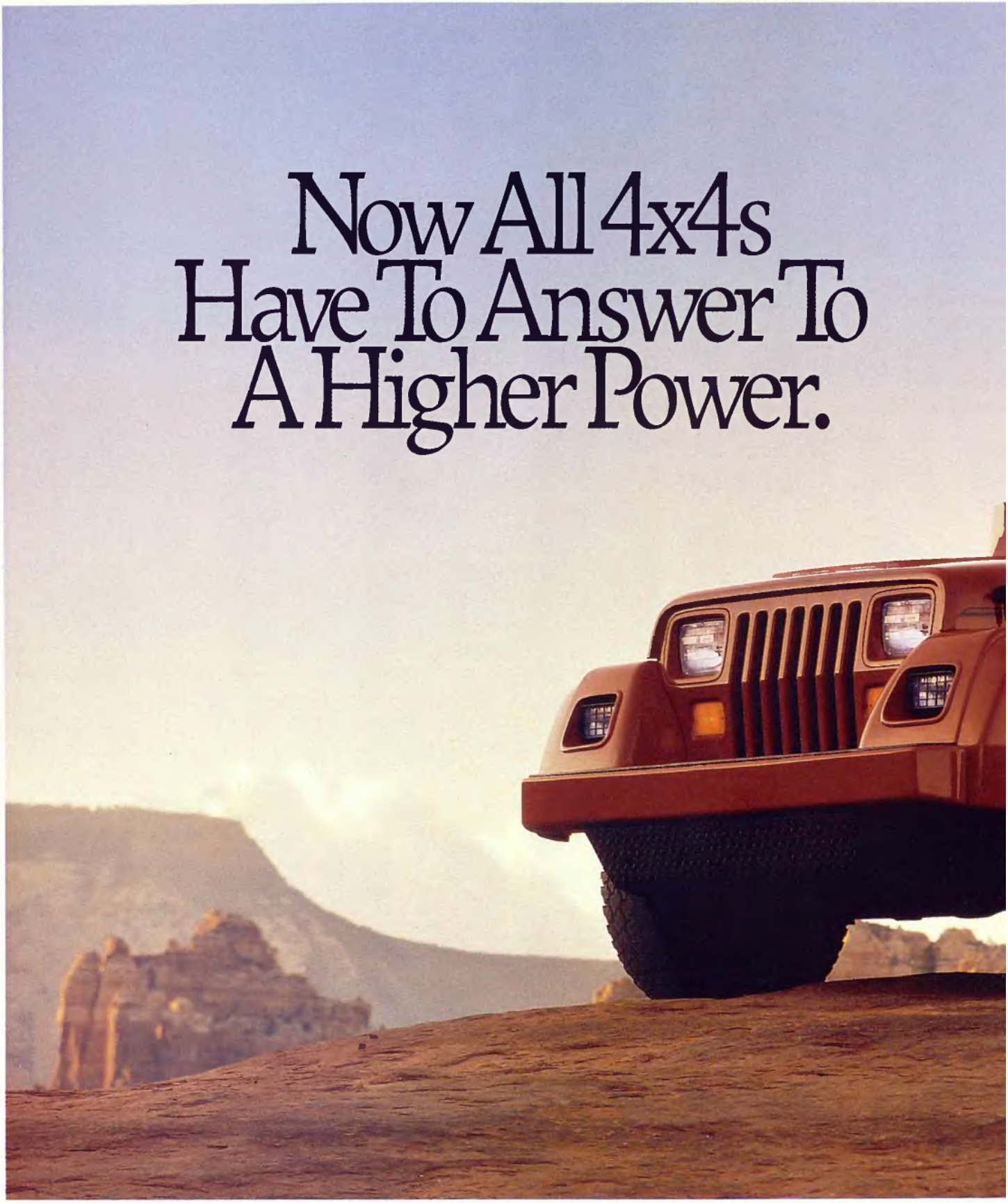

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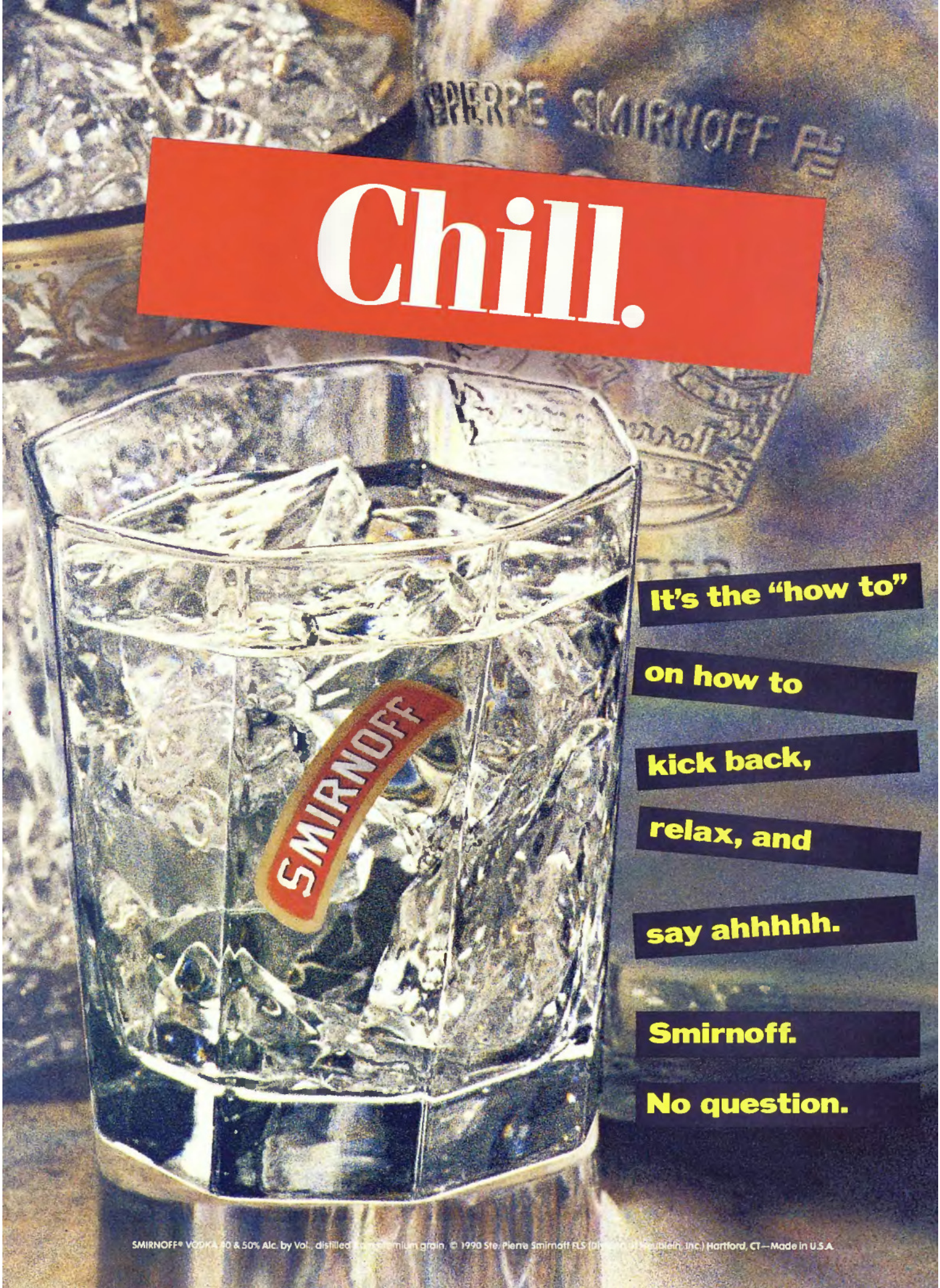
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PLAYBILL

"TEN, NINE, EIGHT, seven, six. . . ." Welcome to blast-off for 1991. At this time of year, we feel upbeat. We actually believe we can end pollution, feed the children, lower the prime rate, raise hemlines and even send Senator **Jesse Helms** to art school! OK, so we felt that way last year at this time, too. Was our optimism misplaced? **Nelson Mandela** got out of jail, democracy took hold all over eastern Europe and **Hef** and **Kimberley** had a baby! It's time to give cynicism a rest. Change is possible, and in this issue, we present living proof. First, consider our interview subject, **Lee Iacocca.** Twelve years ago, Iacocca was forced out of his Ford Motor Company presidency and took the helm of a very wobbly competitor. Now, of course, he's a legend—the man who saved Chrysler. His interviewer is **Peter Ross Range,** who also interrogated **Ted Turner** and Iacocca foe **Akio Morita.**

Another make-over of sorts is that of **Penny Marshall,** who has emerged from her past as the lovable dumbhead Laverne of *Laverne & Shirley* to become Hollywood's most successful woman director. In *Penny from Heaven*, Contributing Editor **Joe Morgenstern** reveals just how this eccentric, moody homebody landed a hot new role.

Of course, not all change is positive, as is illustrated by **Tony Horwitz'** *Mein Kuwait*, adapted from the book *Baghdad Without a Map*, to be published by Dutton, an imprint of New American Library. Horwitz, who covers the Mideast for *The Wall Street Journal*, has for years kept a wary eye on **Saddam Hussein** and his megalomania. His perspective will give you a chill.

Back on the home front, the best way we know to keep our spirits up is to throw a holiday party. And in *New Year's Eve Party*, expert party giver—hey, it's an age of specialization—**Karen MacNeil** tells you everything you need to know for the bash of a lifetime. During her research for this article, MacNeil's boyfriend presented her with a silver caviar dish. "He was tired of watching me spoon it out of the tin," she explains. Tough gig, MacNeil. And as tough gigs go, how would you like to be a detective who specializes in spying on lovers? In *Love Dicks*, **Pamela Marin** reports on the booming industry of surveillance for the nervous and lovelorn. For a firsthand look at the tricks and strategies of the trade, **Warren Kalbacker** talked with investigator **Joe Mullen,** who has plenty to say in *Detective D'Amour*.

This month, we continue *Playboy's History of Jazz and Rock* with *Part Two: Hot Jazz from Storyville*, by Contributing Editor **David Standish** (with an able research assist by **John Sinclair**). We trace jazz's journeys from its infancy in New Orleans. **Gary Kelley** and **Kinuko Y. Craft** provided the artwork. January fiction is tops, with *Aperto e Chiuso*, by national treasure **John Updike,** illustrated by a **Frank Gallo** sculpture; **Margaret** (*The Handmaid's Tale*) **Atwood's** *The Bog Man* (illustrated by **Ken Warneke**); and **Ed McBain's** *The Promise* (excerpted from *Widows*, due in February from William Morrow). Accompanying McBain's story is the first illustration by recent Russian *emigré* **Boris Zherdin** to appear in the U.S.

And, of course, there's more. Fashion goes sporty with *Great Gretzky*, featuring—you guessed it—hockey great **Wayne** as photographed by **Mario Casilli.** In *Kliban*, **Don Novello,** a.k.a. Father Guido Sarducci, pays tribute to an old friend, the late *Playboy* cartoonist whom Cartoon Editor **Michelle Urry** long ago persuaded to publish a book of cat drawings. The rest is history. *Here's Looking at You* is photographer **Helmut Newton's** textbook on voyeurism. Photography Director and expert sports forecaster **Gary Cole** presents *Playboy's College Basketball Preview*. And don't miss *Playboy's Playmate Review*, in which you get to pick your favorite Miss and maybe win a prize. Now turn to Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag's** shots of 1991's lead-off woman, Mrs. Ohio and our January Playmate, **Stacy Arthur.** Stacy's about to take off for a beauty contest—in Moscow! How's that for a changing world?

RANGE

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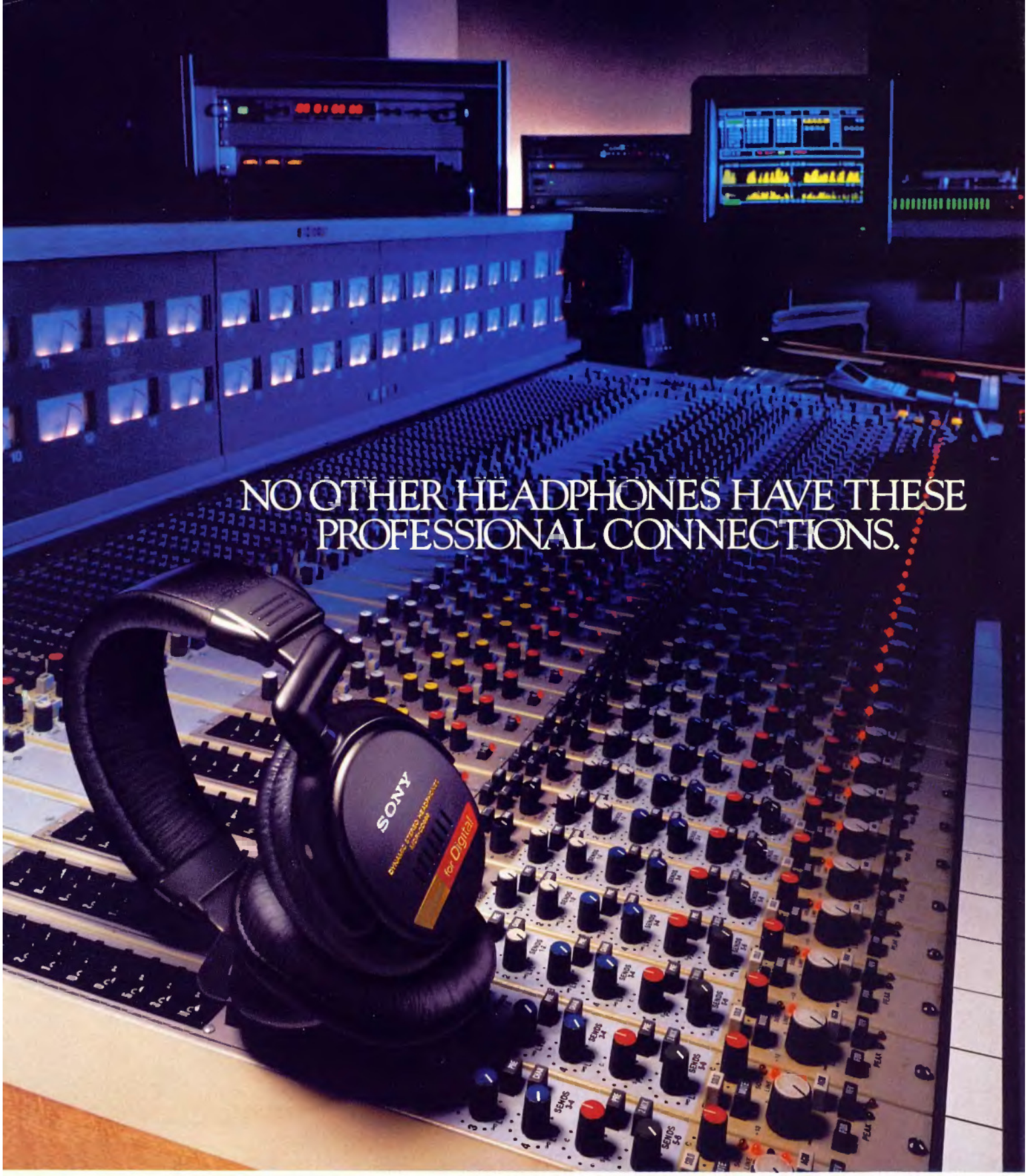

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COVER STORY

What better way to ring in 1991 than with January Playmate Stacy Arthur? We'll be cheering far this year's sexiest missis when she represents Ohia in the upcoming Mrs. America pageant in Moscow. Our holiday caver was produced by West Caast Phota Editor Marilyn Grabowski, styled by Lane Coyle-Dunn and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Thanks to Tracy Cianflone for Stacy's hair and make-up. The Rabbit shoots from the hip.

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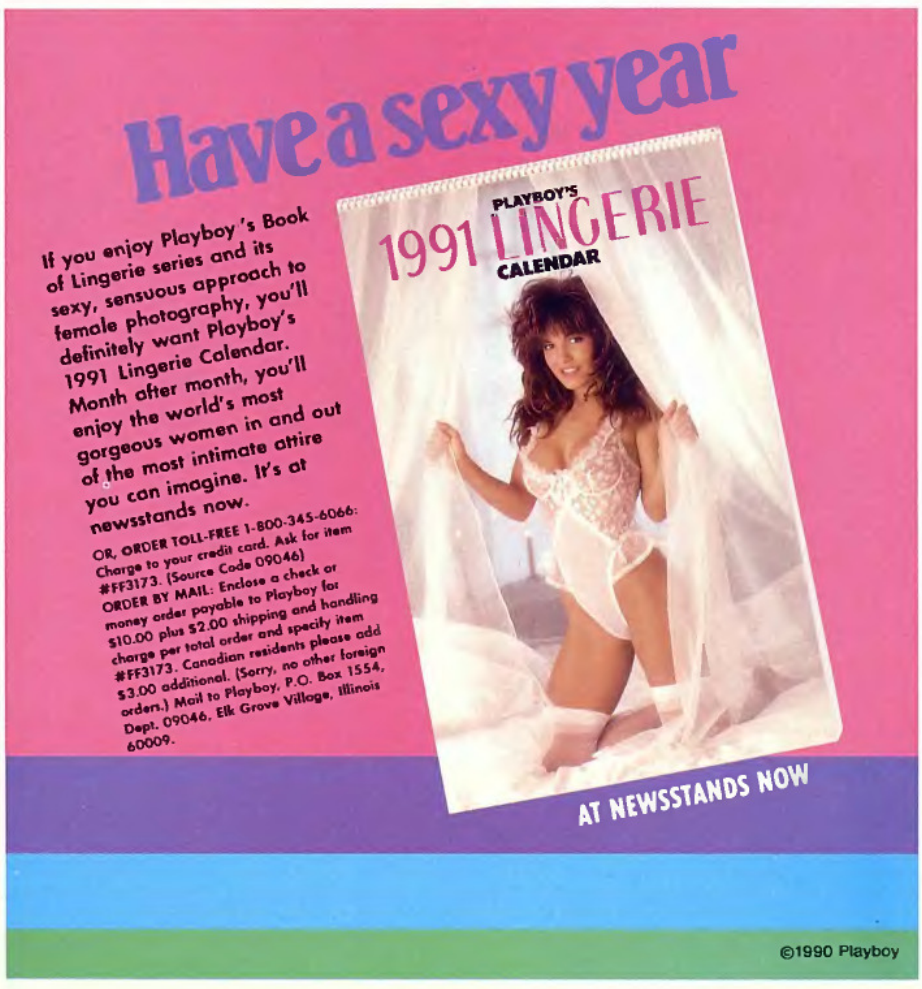
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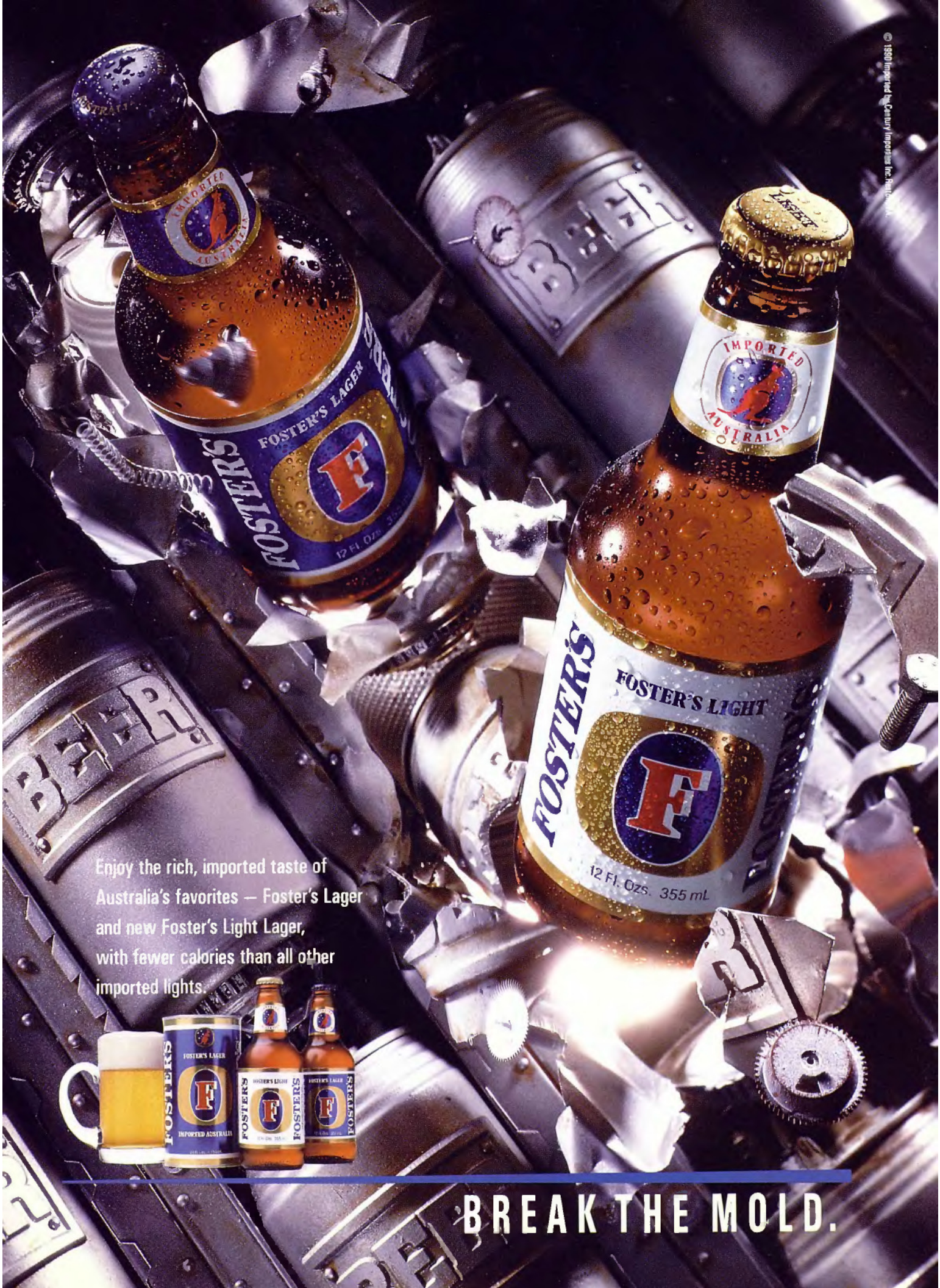
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SHINTARO ISHIHARA

David Sheff's Playboy Interview *with controversial Japanese politician and author Shintaro Ishihara in the October issue provoked an unprecedented outpouring of letters to* Dear Playboy. *We are, unfortunately, able to publish only a small, but, we hope, representative, fraction of them here.*

I found David Sheff's October *Playboy Interview* with Shintaro Ishihara very illuminating and am pleased to learn that there is at least one Japanese opinion maker who will acknowledge faults within his society. Still, I'm disappointed that he alleges that racial views alone led the U.S. to use atomic weapons on Japan. A variety of sources indicate that U.S. leaders believed that Japan's use of kamikaze attacks and its refusal to surrender indicated that the use of atomic bombs was necessary to end the war.

Germany prosecutes its war criminals and pays compensation to concentration-camp survivors. In Japan, Ishihara is an apologist for a country that still has not admitted its war crimes.

Japan is the only nation known to have conducted biological and chemical warfare experiments on prisoners of war and other unwilling human "guinea pigs." The book *Unit 731*, by Peter Williams and David Wallace, and a British television documentary (*Unit 731—Did the Emperor Know?*) show that the Japanese built a network of secret bases in Manchuria. A massive complex was begun at Pingfan in 1938. Prisoners at those facilities were deliberately infected with cholera, anthrax, plague, dysentery and other diseases. Thousands died in those experiments and in attacks on defenseless Chinese villages.

The "researchers" who did this were never prosecuted by the U.S. Occupation government nor by the Japanese. The scientists who performed the experiments moved back to honored positions within Japan's universities. With few exceptions, the Japanese government and press have continued to hide their country's biological war crimes.

Ishihara says, "Although a part of the Japanese superiority complex has remained, most of it has disappeared." I say admit your sins before reminding us of ours.

Shaun M. Maxey
Moscow, Idaho

Shintaro Ishihara is not the only Japanese leader trying to bury history. Japan's ministry of education is also to blame. A typical Japanese history textbook summarizes World War Two as three events: the atom-bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and the firebombing of Tokyo. If the Japanese are willing to bury the crimes of their history, what will prevent their repeating them?

Anthony Yang
Brooklyn, New York

Ishihara's credibility on other issues suffers when he goes far beyond the Japanese conservative right in denying Japan's Rape of Nanking in 1937. The monthlong massacre, in which more than 300,000 Chinese were slaughtered and/or raped, made headlines in major Western newspapers and was fully accepted as a war crime in the Allies' Tokyo trial. There are at least 1000 live witnesses to the Nanking slaughter, which is recognized by most scholars as a genuine historical event.

Tzuping Shao
Bronxville, New York

Kudos to Contributing Editor David Sheff for his interview with Japan's number-one America basher.

Rather than quibble with Ishihara over who's more racist or unreasonable, I would prefer to hold him (and Japan) to his own advice. He charges Japan to stand on its own two feet, to act like a leader, to act as a co-equal with America. Ishihara's advice, if taken, would revolutionize Japan. For once, the Japanese

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would have to take responsibility for their own actions instead of offering excuses.

Ishihara is capable of being frank and critical about Japan's closed market (note his comments on the Motorola/NTT car-phone controversy). As prime minister, Ishihara just might make an excellent whistle blower, to the benefit of both countries.

Steven D. Myers
Novi, Michigan

BUSTER AND HISTORY

Like many other boxing fans, I have come to admire the slugging son of Bill and Lula Douglas. But in *In This Corner* (*Playboy*, October), Tony Fitzpatrick inaccurately states, "If Holyfield pulls an upset, he will be only the second light-heavyweight fighter in boxing history to move up in weight and capture the heavyweight title; Michael Spinks was the first, in a bout with the seemingly comatose Larry Holmes." Not so. Gene Tunney moved up in weight class to defeat the Manassa Mauler, Jack Dempsey, twice in the Twenties for the heavyweight championship of the world.

George Sidoti
East Northport, New York

LETTER FROM *GLASNOST*

For more than 30 years, Playboy *has been banned in Communist countries in eastern Europe; but since Mikhail Gorbachev initiated his policy of* glasnost, *a few copies have trickled behind the Iron Curtain, with the result that, for the first time, we're hearing from eastern European readers such as the one below. Welcome to the world of* Playboy.

I read your magazine (a present from Holland) last week and got extremely pleased and surprised. I would never expect to be a proud owner of an original copy of *Playboy* in English. Now I can make a comparison between the propaganda of the former ruling crew of professional liars in my country and the naked truth. The former ideological machine described *Playboy* as a secret imperialistic weapon of the West to maybe threaten the marvelous future of our wealthy and foreverlasting Communistic society.

To my surprise, it turned out to be a sophisticated, pleasant and attractive magazine! Besides the pretty girls, there is plenty to read. My God, how I have missed such articles and topics! We have had free elections here, for the first time in my life, but not much has changed until now.

I am keen on English, but my only sources have been the Voice of America (depending on weather conditions), some back issues of *Time* and a dictionary from 1968. There is nothing on the shelves of our bookshops, so *Playboy* is a precious source of expressions and news. Nice to hear that Ray Bradbury is still alive!

Bruno Schwarzbach
Ostrava, Czechoslovakia

LACE

When I heard that *American Gladiators*' Lace (a.k.a. Marisa Paré) was going to be featured in the October *Playboy*, I thought you guys were joking. Then I saw the pictorial. What a babe! I've been

in love with her since the first *Gladiators* show. Excuse me. I'm going out to do some more back flips.

J. P. Abplanalp
Elkhart, Indiana

"DOES CENSORSHIP KILL BRAIN CELLS?"

I'd like to comment on a minor point made by Robert Scheer in his hard-hitting essay "Does Censorship Kill Brain Cells?" (*Playboy*, October).

Scheer contends that it was Ed Sullivan who wouldn't let the TV audience view the gyrations of Elvis' pelvis during Presley's three appearances in 1956 and 1957. As Scheer may recall, *The Ed Sullivan Show* was sponsored by the Lincoln-Mercury Division of the Ford Motor Company. At that time, Lincoln-Mercury was run by Benson Ford, who, with his wife, Edie McNaughton Ford, had become a great friend of the Sullivans.

The facts are that after viewing the first of Presley's performances, Benson Ford called Sullivan and asked him to take Elvis off the program for the remainder of his three-appearance contract; he argued that adults were turned off by Presley and that teenagers did not buy Lincolns. It was subsequently determined that neither Sullivan's nor Ford's lawyers could break Elvis' contract, which is why we saw all three presentations, albeit minus Presley's lower half.

Edie Ford later told me that the attempt to censor Presley's performances wasn't made for moral reasons: The problem was purely economic, boiling down to the premise that when one is footing the advertising bill, one tries to get the most bang for one's buck.

However, Scheer's fundamental thesis is right on. The book burners of this world always seem to be with us, along with all zealots who would protect us from ourselves. Thanks for an articulate restatement of that menace.

John M. Bulkley, Jr.
Bellevue, Washington

Robert Scheer maintains that "attacks on artistic freedom emanate from a tightly knit circle of fundamentalist right-wingers."

Still, the NAACP objected to a local PBS station's broadcasting D. W. Griffith's *The Birth of a Nation*. The Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith expressed grave concern about a production of Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice* with Laurence Olivier. Other left-wing groups have advocated censoring *Huckleberry Finn*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *A Boy and His Dog*, *Amos 'n' Andy* and Charlie Chan movies, among others.

While it may make Scheer feel good to think that censorship comes only from the far right, that premise is Scheer nonsense.

Emil M. Murad
Huntington Beach, California

THE LAW AND MALE CONTRACEPTION

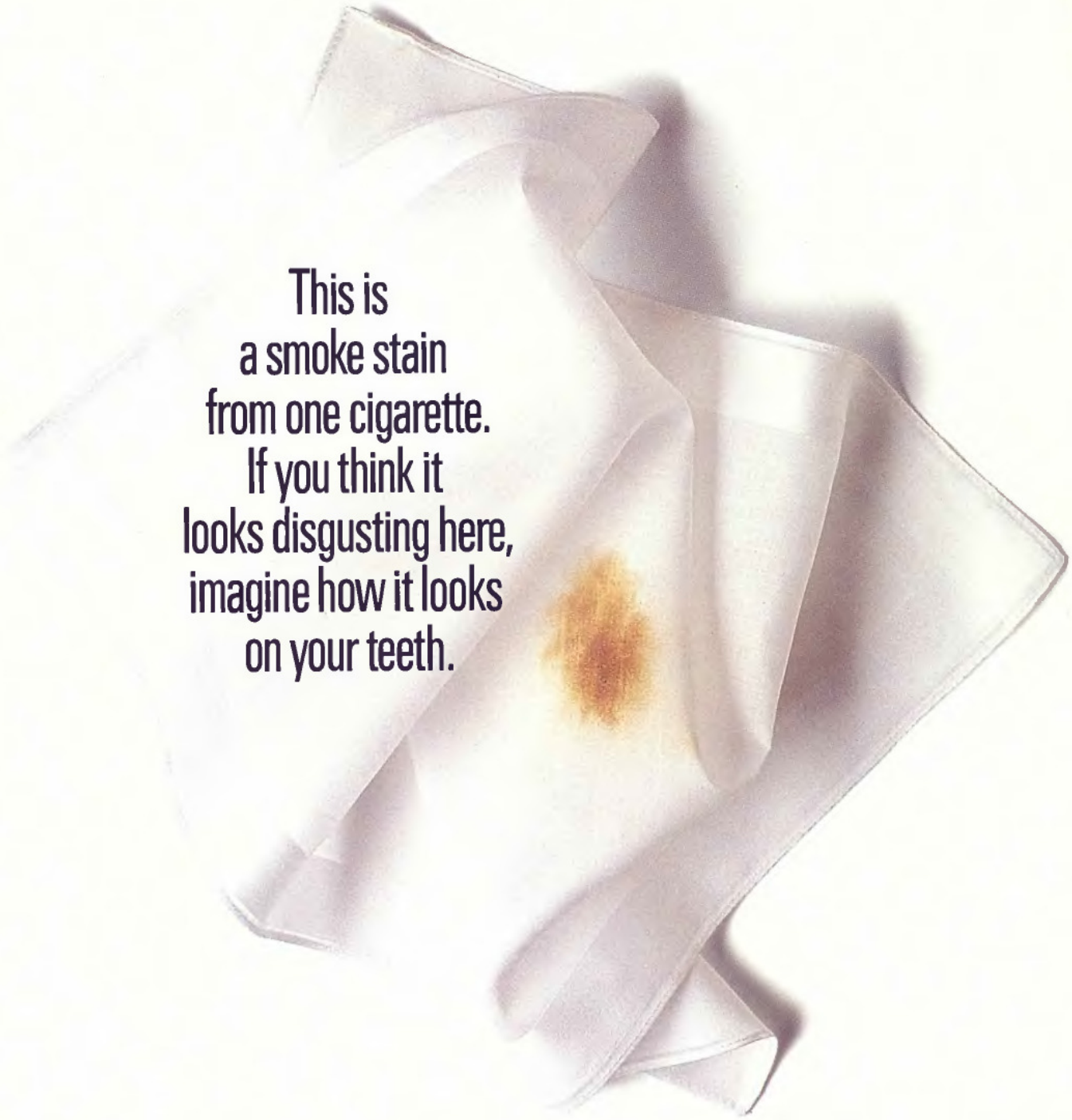
While I am in disagreement with West Virginia Senator Charlotte Pritt's proposed legislation (*Playboy Forum*, June) for sterilizing those delinquent in child-support payments and requiring a spouse's written permission before a man can obtain a vasectomy, I am amused by its premise that a man's reproductive rights should be controlled by law. Such a juicy topic for debate. I wonder how male antichoice activists will respond.

Callie Lasch
Red Bank, New Jersey

KIEFER SUTHERLAND

Browsing through my husband's October *Playboy*, I discovered a wonderful surprise: the *20 Questions* interview with Kiefer Sutherland. I've admired his performances for several years and respect your magazine for giving him a chance to prove that he isn't just another handsome face but a multitalented and intelligent person with depth and insight. A lot of actors and actresses try to be cutesy or act dumb when interviewed, but this guy had the guts to show everyone what true actors are made of. I'm waiting for him to win his first Oscar in the not-too-distant future.

Phyllis Weatherford
Center, Texas



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

SURFIN' TURF

An off-season scoop from a friend on the left coast:

"Yo, dudes, like there's some good news. The boards of summer have a new place to hang: The International Surfing Museum in Huntington Beach, California—a.k.a. Surf City, if you're hip to the scene. Opened last June, the mecca of moon doggies occupies a rehabbed art-deco building two blocks from the sand.

"The totally tubular, totally donated collection is dedicated to the late Duke Kahanamoku. Don't know who the Duke is? Uncool! He's the Olympic swimmer turned actor who also happens to be the father of American surfing. You can scope the rad photos of Poppa Duke and other legends riding some tasty waves, then check out the evolution of the surfboard—from the gnarly twelve-foot, one-hundred-twenty-pound boards of the Twenties and Thirties to the sleek fiberglass babies we use today. It'll kind of blow your mind. Other cool stuff includes a mahogany paddle board used by underwater demolition teams during World War Two; a motorized jet board for the surfing impaired; a Batman board with a life-size caped crusader embossed on it; Dick Dale's very own surf guitar; and memorabilia from the Beach Boys, the Surfaris and the Fantastic Baggys. Surfers and other fabulous strangers from twenty countries have stopped by the museum. To lift a fave phrase from the guest book, 'It's awesome!' "

THANKS, DAD

Has the video craze hit Cairo, or what? According to a Cairo newspaper, when entrepreneur Mohammed el Mahdi Essa needed cash to buy a VCR, he came up with a solution that redefines the term trade-in: He was arrested for selling his three-year-old son for $700. When confronted by the local cops, he explained he'd made the deal because he was too honest to steal. Just goes to show that sometimes, Father doesn't know best.

FAKIN' FOR BACON

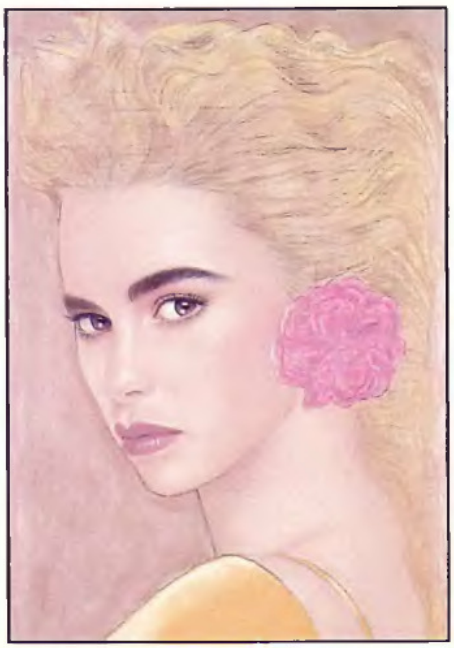
OK, we've heard that women have occasionally simulated an orgasm or two (no women we know, of course), but now they're doing it for money. A few Sarasota, Florida, bar owners, taking their cue from the counterfeit climax scene in *When Harry Met Sally . . .* , have been offering cash prizes to winners of their Fake the Big O Contests. While members of either sex may step up to moan at the mike, the ladies have been coming on strongest. Makes sense. "After all," noted a female reporter, "this is definitely a woman's sport."

TRUE WIT

Johnny Carson substitute Jay Leno is one of the timeliest, oft-quoted wits in the biz. There's a reason: He *pays* for a good joke. For the record, we talked with a writer who just quit his full-time job to write *one* joke a *week* for Leno, at just under $1,000 a pop.

THE DECLINE OF WESTERN CINEMA

No one defined the genre of suspense better than Alfred Hitchcock, or Westerns better than John Ford, or epics better than D. W. Griffith. Will today's directors leave a personal stamp on what we watch? We surveyed the *oeuvre* of the following directors and discovered some new film types:



Pedro (*Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown, Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!*) Almodóvar specializes in The Tripped-Out-Chick Flick: neurotic women doing the darnedest things.

Bernardo (*Last Tango in Paris, The Last Emperor*) Bertolucci brings us The *Fini* Film: facing the final curtain with the *ciao* master.

Tim (*Beetlejuice, Batman*) Burton is the *Nouveau* Keaton. Like Buster, lonely guy turns into comic strip and vice versa.

Francis Ford (*The Godfather, The Godfather Part II, The Godfather Part III*) Coppola is the master of The Mob Movie: how to succeed in business the old-country way.

Akira (*Kagemusha, Ran*) Kurosawa creates Cinema *Sayonara*: hara-kiri scenes from the cutting edge.

Spike (*Do the Right Thing, Mo' Better Blues*) Lee provides The Singular Sensation, featuring a great comic actor: himself.

Barry (*Diner, Tin Men, Avalon*) Levinson guides tours in The Baltimore, duckpins and all.

David (*Blue Velvet, Wild at Heart*) Lynch concocts The Creep Show: regular folks getting down in weird ways.

Adrian (*9½ Weeks, Fatal Attraction, Jacob's Ladder*) Lyne stirs up The Sextacular: strange people having strange sex in strange places.

Mike (*Working Girl, Heartburn, Postcards from the Edge*) Nichols gives us Ms.-isms, in which the women always win.

Prince (*Under the Cherry Moon, Graffiti Bridge*) helms The Short Subject, a low-down look at the life of His Highness that translates into big bucks.

Sam (*The Evil Dead, Darkman*) Raimi resurrects Lazarus Redux: After life comes . . . mutation?

Martin (*Mean Streets, Raging Bull, Good-Fellas*) Scorsese dishes up The Spaghetti Eastern, wherein a *macho* man's gotta do what a *macho* man's gotta do.

Oliver (*Platoon, Born on the Fourth of July, The Doors*) Stone directs Post-Vietnam Stress Spectacles: tragedy and symbolism by the numbers, with a dash of slo-mo.

Paul (*Turkish Delight, RoboCop, Total*

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"There's almost a reverse chauvinism at work . . . guys get slammed for telling blue jokes. Women get laughs."—CHRISTOPHER ALBRECHT, a senior programing executive at HBO

THE BIG GULP

In city driving, number of miles per gallon of gasoline for a Lamborghini Countach, 6; for a Rolls-Royce Bentley Continental and a Ferrari Testarossa, 10; for a BMW 750 IL, 12; for a Porsche 928 S4, 13; for an Audi V8 and a Maserati 228, 14.

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In highway driving, number of miles per gallon of gasoline for a Lamborghini Countach, 10; for a Rolls-Royce Bentley Continental, 13; for a Ferrari Testarossa, 15; for a BMW 750 IL and an Audi V8, 18; for a Porsche 928 S4 and a Maserati 228, 19.

ROD AND REAL

Average length of erect penis as estimated by men in a national survey by the Kinsey Institute and the Roper Organization: eight to 12 inches.

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Average length as estimated by women: less than four inches.

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Actual average length: five to seven inches.

HEART SMARTS

Percentage of cardiologists who do not smoke, 97.5; who know their own cholesterol level, 96; who have changed their diet to reduce cholesterol, 72.2; who limit salt intake, 69.7; who work out at least 20 minutes three times per week, 63.4; who have taken a treadmill test, 61.6; who take aspirin at least once every other day, 40.6; who eat oat bran, 33.8.

FACT OF THE MONTH

Percentage of Harvard undergraduates who believe they don't know themselves well enough to choose a career: nearly 60.

DOG'S LIFE

Percentage of American dogs that bring the morning paper to their masters: 1.7.

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Percentage of American dog owners who are as attached to their dog as to their best friend, 31.6; their children, 15.1; their spouse, 10.4; their neighbors, 6.6; their coworkers, 5.4; their parents, 4.1.

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Percentage of American dogs whose best trick is to sit up, 21; to shake hands, 15; to roll over, 11.4; to sit, 11; to play dead, 7.4; to beg, 7.2; to catch a ball, 4; to catch a Frisbee, 1.9.

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Percentage of American dogs that do not do any tricks: 49.9.

VAULTING AMBITION

Percentage of top managers of major corporations below the rank of chief executive who aspire to be C.E.O.s or own their own firms: in 1980, 33.3; in 1990, 50.

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Percentage of executives who would retire early: in 1980, 82; in 1990, 91.

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Percentage who would work as long as possible: in 1980, 17; in 1990, ten.

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Percentage who would continue working if financially independent: in 1980, 68; in 1990, 63.

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Percentage who would choose the same career if they were starting over: in 1980, 60; in 1990, 48.

•

Average number of hours managers work per week: in 1980, 53; in 1990, 56.

Recall) Verhoeven trashes the screen with Yuks and Guts, in which disembowelment and vomiting are funny.

THE ODOR OF MONEY

We've heard of hidden persuaders—you know, little-noticed details that supposedly make an ad more effective. Dr. Alan Hirsch, director of the Smell & Taste Treatment and Research Foundation Ltd., has found a new one. He's worried that stores of the future may use "subliminal odor technology" to influence customers to purchase products they don't need. Just as the smell of food starts us salivating, says Hirsch, other odors affect brain waves. Lavender relaxes, jasmine excites. Fortunately, he's mum on just exactly which scent trips the MasterCard reflex.

MAIL-ORDER SHRINK

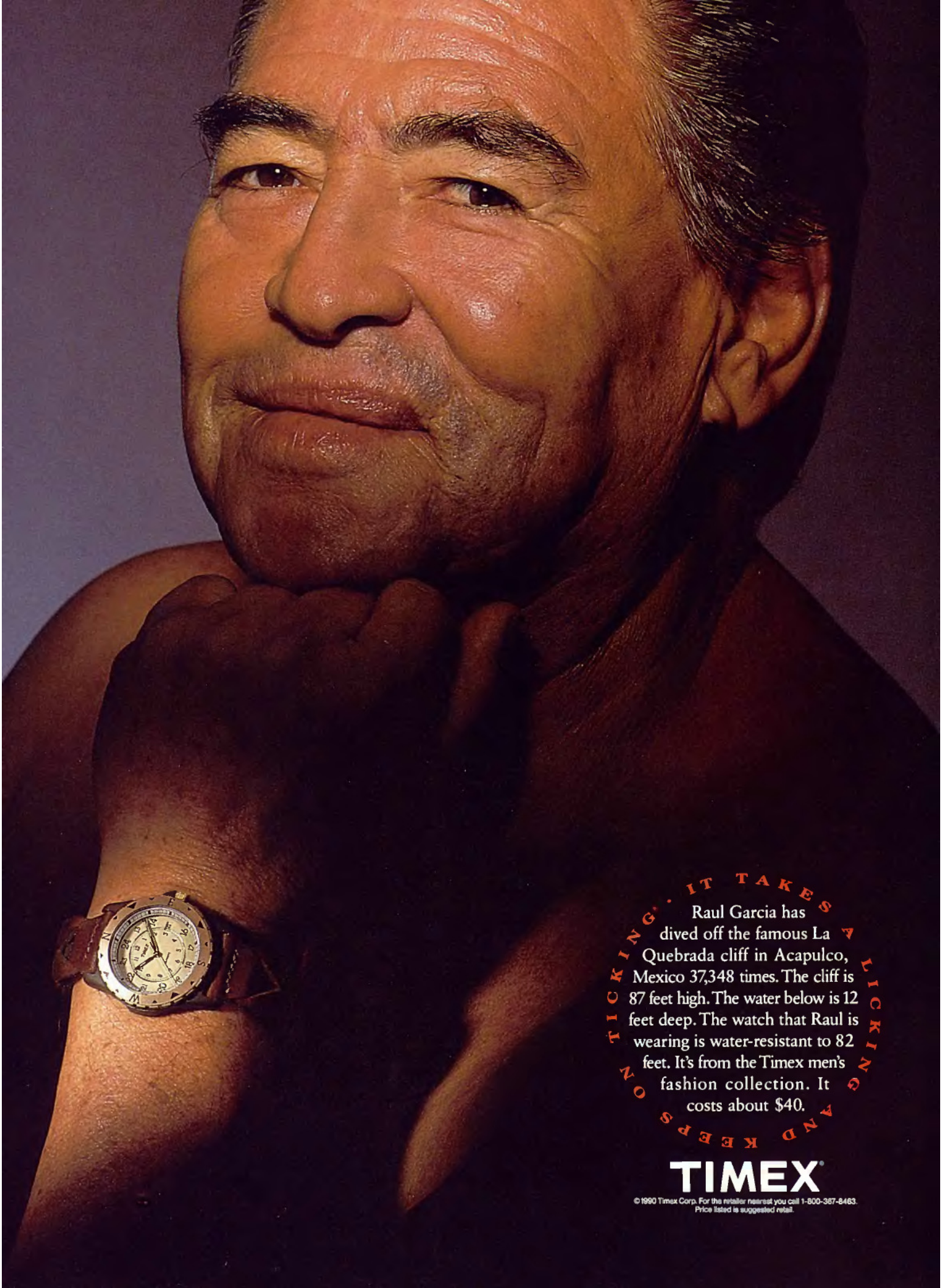
Practically everything can be ordered through the mail, so why not advice? Psychotherapists Muriel Goldfarb and Daniel Rubinstein share a mail-order practice in Manhattan. Here's how it *should* work: Drop a short letter or tape in the mail with a check for 40 bucks and you'll receive a prompt reply. After approximately five letters, bye-bye, blues. Goldfarb and Rubinstein see a real advantage, aside from their own financial gain, to having you write down or tape your problems. Not only can you air them out as they arise (rather than waiting for some couch time), you can look back and reflect. Ahh. A venture worthy of the original head-hunter himself, *Herr Doktor* Freud, who also participated in mail-order analysis.

MAP MASTER

The Interstate Travelmate from Traveler's Checklist (335 Cornwall Bridge Road, Sharon, Connecticut 06069) is a palm-sized computer that provides directions and information on 30,000 gas stations, hotels, restaurants and other services. The catch? You have to know where you are and the direction in which you're traveling. If those are chronic problems, stick with your chauffeur.

THE IDEAL MAN?

We should have seen it coming. Men and their myriad imperfections have been examined endlessly under the lenses of TV talk-show cameras—so Sally Jessy Raphaël and her cousin Mimi Schachat have decided to set things straight. Phil Donahue's bespectacled competitor has created her own toy boy to be sold in department stores. Dubiously dubbed The Ideal Man, the revolutionary doll is 22½ inches—tall, that is—wears a blue blazer and says all the things a girl wants to hear, such as "I'll do the dishes," "I respect your career" and "You look wonderful." Not bad. But can he watch football?


IT TAKES A LICKING AND KEEPS ON TICKING.
Raul Garcia has dived off the famous La Quebrada cliff in Acapulco, Mexico 37,348 times. The cliff is 87 feet high. The water below is 12 feet deep. The watch that Raul is wearing is water-resistant to 82 feet. It's from the Timex men's fashion collection. It costs about $40.
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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

AS A strait-laced Kansas City couple, Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward in ***Mr. and Mrs. Bridge*** (Miramax) provide a sympathetic and fascinating study of American Gothic mores some decades ago. Directed impeccably by James Ivory from Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's adaptation of tandem novels by Evan S. Connell, the film shows the same tasteful, fastidious touch the Ivory–Jhabvala team brought to *A Room with a View*. Set in the Thirties and Forties, it's a movie that brings forth such adjectives as lovely, sweet and enchanting. It has more pizzazz than you might expect, however, in dramatizing the gulf between the Bridges—both superbly played, with Newman exceptional as the elder Bridge, carefully suppressing his lewd nature—and their children, who have grown up in a somewhat freer social climate. Mrs. Bridge keeps leaving sex manuals where their only son (Robert Sean Leonard) will see them, until he leaves for service in World War Two. Daughter Carolyn (Margaret Welsh) marries the wrong guy, while their wayward Ruth (Kyra Sedgwick), a would-be actress, leaves for New York after Dad catches her screwing with a virtual stranger one night. Otherwise, nothing much happens, but *Mr. and Mrs. Bridge* creates excruciating drama from the smallest moments—such as the boy-scout celebration where a mother cringes because her son can't bring himself to kiss her. In a way, that's what this deliciously done movie is about, reminding us that little things mean a lot. ¥¥¥¥

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All hell breaks loose in ***King of New York*** (Seven Arts), one more wicked crime drama in a season of Mob violence. This one is directed by Abel Ferrara, whose first feature was the striking *Ms. 45*. The self-styled king, who comes out of prison determined to take over every existing illegal scam in the city, is played by Christopher Walken. "This whole system favors the scumbag" is among the unsettling statements made during an orgy of bloody murder, bullying, treachery and one sequence about dealing drugs in a children's hospital. Walken's weirdly slanted personality and Ferrara's dark vision almost make it work. They push their luck, though, by asking us to believe that Walken, as a psychotic WASP misfit named Frank White, may be the mug to make Manhattan his very own. ¥¥

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The controversial ***Henry & June*** (Universal), initially X'd, is now the M.P.A.A.'s first NC-17-rated movie—the shift in the ratings system no doubt hastened by the clout of a major studio. Director Philip Kaufman's brainy but decidedly racy account of the affair between writers Henry Miller and Anaïs Nin, based on Nin's diaries and Miller's autobiographical novels, was adapted by Kaufman (in collaboration with his wife, Rose). The movie is at once outrageous and surprisingly tame, yet bluenoses will probably quail at the frequency of bed scenes, brothel scenes, lesbian exhibitionism and explicit verbal references. "Henry writes about fucking," someone remarks, introducing him. They're both married when they meet: Anaïs—played with exceptional skill by Portuguese-born Maria de Medeiros, who is perfect for the part—to an artsy, sensuous banker named Hugo (Richard E. Grant); Miller to the June of the title (Uma Thurman, arresting and beautiful even when her role as a Brooklynese sexpot seems a bit beyond her means). Fred Ward plays Miller with earthy gusto, but there's something missing in the *size* of the character. Part of the problem is the classic difficulty of putting writers on the screen, watching them write and listening to their sometimes literary dialog. "I want to vulgarize you," groans Ward while he's having Nin under a bridge in Paris. "I want pleasure," says Nin midway through what she calls "the process of becoming a woman." Nin dominates the drama, but, in fact, the movie belongs to Kaufman—as an intensely beautiful exercise in literate lust, much, much too cerebral for thrill seekers. ¥¥¥¥

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Not nearly as good as it ought to be, ***White Palace*** (Universal) casts James Spader as the only young Jewish Yuppie in Greater St. Louis who seems to have been raised as an upright Presbyterian. He's a widower, still grieving and celibate, when he meets Susan Sarandon, playing a hash-slinging waitress 16 years his senior. And it's about here that *White Palace* becomes interesting, because Sarandon and Spader are superior actors whose sexual chemistry boils and bubbles on screen. She's a down-home dame who fears she's no more than "a good fuck." To him, she is "magic" in bed, though her earthy style embarrasses him elsewhere. Thereby hangs a wonderfully romantic tale, yet director Luis Mandoki (he did the sensitive *Gaby—A True Story*) overemphasizes both the Jewishness and the cultural gap that separates the lovers in a rather awkward screenplay that two extraordinary performers almost save. ¥¥¥

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As a storytelling scoundrel who seems to represent bygone ways, Danny Glover dominates ***To Sleep with Anger*** (Goldwyn). Writer-director Charles Burnett's arresting, often unrealistic distillation of a black family's experience in Los Angeles has Glover playing the mysterious stranger whose talk of magic charms disrupts the household run by Suzie (Mary Alice) and Gideon (Paul Butler). While they struggle with their children's desires for a better life, Glover's troublesome Harry brings back half-buried memories of sharecropping and slavery along with ancient superstitions. Strongly ethnic in character, the movie doesn't always make sense but always manages to be original and intriguing. ¥¥½

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Moviegoers who have seen *After Dark, My Sweet* and *The Grifters* should be at least partially prepared for ***The Kill-Off*** (Cabriolet), yet another movie adapted from a novel by the late Jim Thompson. Writer-director Maggie Greenwald's results are uneven but have an appropriately nasty edge. In a beachside American town that looks as if it would never be in season, a horrible, bedridden gossip (Loretta Gross), the local whore, the drunk, the drug dealer and various other misfits all look capable of murder in this downbeat B-movie synthesis of sleaze. ¥¥

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Off to a fast start, ***Taxi Blues*** (MK2) opens with a carload of drunks scouring Moscow to buy vodka in the middle of the night. Pavel Lounguine, named Best Director at the 1990 Cannes Film Festival, takes a dim but eye-opening view of life in the Soviet Union post-*perestroika*. His seriocomic Tom and Jerry are a conservative taxi driver, Schlykov (Piotr Zaitchenko), who has been stiffed on his fare and a jazz musician named Lyocha (played by Piotr Mamanov, a rock superstar in the Soviet Union), who is free-spirited, impulsive and alcoholic. Booze and women propel them along a

Woodward, Newman as the Bridges.

The Newmans play K.C. squares; Paris hosts a wilder *Henry & June*.

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slippery slice of life that includes sex, fisticuffs and playing saxophone in the nude. Hardly an attractive picture, yet *Taxi Blues* helps put Moscow on the map for cinema with social sting. ¥¥¥

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According to Virginia Madsen, as a scheming trollop in ***The Hot Spot*** (Orion), there are only two things to do in the dismal Texas town where her husband runs a car lot. One is watching TV. Madsen yearns to do the *other* thing as often as possible with Don Johnson, playing a horny, handsome drifter who sells cars while he works out the details of a planned bank robbery. Johnson's real interest in his off hours is Jennifer Connelly, the dazzling brunette in the office. Directed by Dennis Hopper, who knows a thing or two about trash, *Hot Spot* delivers exactly what its title promises: beautiful people, bad vibes and body heat. ¥¥½

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Children vacationing at a French seaside resort are preoccupied with sex, smoking and adult squabbles in the subtitled ***C'est la Vie*** (Samuel Goldwyn), by director Diane Kurys. Set in the late Fifties, when divorce was less fashionable, Kurys' sensitive look at family wreckage winds up a trilogy (begun by *Peppermint Soda* and *Entre Nous*) about youngsters learning to survive the goofs of grownups. At 13, Frederique (Julie Bataille) is sent off to the beach with her sister and an unsympathetic maid while her mother and father arrange to split. Nathalie Baye and Richard Berry are well mismatched as the hit-and-run couple in crisis; Vincent Lindon plays Momma's horny paramour, whose presence merely adds to the turmoil. Made with a worldly Gallic shrug and plenty of incidental humor, *C'est la Vie* is a sad but compassionate autobiographical comedy that treats the confusion of being young as a bittersweet memory. ¥¥¥

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Some fairly raw and graphic humor sets the tone of ***Sibling Rivalry*** (Columbia), an unabashed sex comedy directed by Carl Reiner and written by Martha Goldhirsh. The heroine is a doctor's frustrated Yuppie wife (Kirstie Alley) who yearns to be a writer, "like Sylvia Plath, only happier." The man she picks up for an impulsive fling unexpectedly dies in a hotel room, still wearing a condom after their fifth intimacy. Too late, she learns that the deceased sexual athlete (Sam Elliott) was her husband's brother, whom she had never met. With Scott Bakula playing cuckoldry just right as the neglectful spouse, Reiner also enlists Carrie Fisher, Bill Pullman and Jami Gertz as various other friends or family members. All perform zealously on an obvious but amusing lark. ¥¥¥

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His music, his marriages, his kids and his legendary career are jammed together in a busy, rhythmic format in ***Listen Up: The Lives of Quincy Jones*** (Warner). While much of his story is told in Jones's *Playboy Interview* in the July 1990 issue, *Listen Up* says it with pictures. The film's pace is often as hectic as MTV, seemingly geared for audiences with a short attention span, but it gets to you after a while. The man is phenomenal. The movie sings his glory while toasting his hectic private life with a jigger of wry. ¥¥¥

A visit with Vilmos.

OFF CAMERA

A man who has seen *Citizen Kane* "at least thirty times," Hungarian-born cinematographer **Vilmos Zsigmond** calls that milestone movie "a favorite picture that I go back to for inspiration." Zsigmond's own latest project is the imminent *Bonfire of the Vanities*, directed by Brian De Palma. "I like working with De Palma—he's a great director, but he gives you total freedom." Zsigmond, 60, compares *Bonfire*'s cinematic style to the black-and-white *Kane* as "super-real, which implies low angles and low ceilings, a heightened, crystal-clear realism." Thrice nominated for Academy Awards, Zsigmond won an Oscar for *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. He has also performed his visual razzle-dazzle on such hits as *The Deer Hunter* and *Deliverance*. "You have to do a body of work to get an Oscar," he notes. "They always think your first picture may be just a fluke."

Zsigmond personally favors watching small European films. "Like *Cinema Paradiso*—such a simple story, and I loved how beautifully it was made." His next project: "I'm about to direct a movie of my own. You get frustrated, otherwise, because the director is always the captain of the ship, and I've waited long enough for this to happen. It's a love story between a Hungarian actor and a German woman from Israel. I have Michael York and Liv Ullmann to play the parts, and on my picture, I'll have a Hungarian cameraman. But I'll continue to be a cinematographer, earning money on other projects so I can go and play at directing."

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by bruce williamson

Avalon (Reviewed 12/90) Barry Levinson's immigrant roots revisited. ¥¥¥¥

Bye Bye Blues (12/90) Making sweet music with a Canadian war widow. ¥¥¥

C'est la Vie (See review) Family squabbles with a French twist. ¥¥¥

Cyrano de Bergerac (12/90) The classic, with Depardieu winning by a nose. ¥¥¥¥

Dark Obsession (12/90) Class conflict and vivid infidelity in England, with Gabriel Byrne and Amanda Donohoe. ¥¥

Desperate Hours (12/90) Questionable remake, but Rourke is expert. ¥¥

GoodFellas (11/90) Gangsterism with gusto, Scorsese style. ¥¥¥¥

The Grifters (12/90) Director Stephen Frears gives con artists a lift. ¥¥¥¥

Henry & June (See review) Literate lust in the first movie rated NC-17. ¥¥¥¥

The Hot Spot (See review) Mash notes embodied by Madsen and Johnson. ¥¥½

The Kill-Off (See review) Small-town smut in a B-movie format. ¥¥

King of New York (See review) Make mine Manhattan, says Chris Walken. ¥¥

The Krays (11/90) British mobsters, and they're a bloodcurdling bunch. ¥¥¥¥

Listen Up: The Lives of Quincy Jones (See review) That music man. ¥¥¥

Memphis Belle (12/90) Off to aerial warfare in the wide blue yonder. ¥¥½

Miller's Crossing (10/90) The brothers Coen on a real kick with gang war. ¥¥¥¥

Mr. and Mrs. Bridge (See review) Novel doings for Paul and Joanne. ¥¥¥¥

Narrow Margin (11/90) Gene Hackman and Anne Archer on a fast train trip. ¥¥¥

The Nasty Girl (Listed only) German guilt uncovered one more time. ¥¥½

Postcards from the Edge (11/90) Sealed, stamped and delivered, indeed. ¥¥¥¥

Quigley Down Under (Listed only) OK Aussie Western starring Selleck. ¥¥

Reversal of Fortune (12/90) The Von Bülow case, flashily recapped. ¥¥

Sibling Rivalry (See review) Alley on an ill-fated infidelity binge. ¥¥¥

Taxi Blues (See review) From Moscow without too much love. ¥¥¥

To Sleep with Anger (See review) Danny Glover wakes up L.A. ¥¥½

Tune in Tomorrow (12/90) Fairly stale humor about a May–December affair. ¥

Vincent & Theo (11/90) Robert Altman takes a look at the Van Goghs. ¥¥¥½

White Palace (See review) Sarandon and Spader manage to heat it up. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

THE ART OF DISCOVERY.

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VIDEO

FENN AGAIN

a vid peek at *Peaks*' cherry-chomping lovely

Before her *Twin Peaks* triumph, our December pictorial knockout Sherilyn Fenn pulled a stint as a Playboy Bunny and bared her assets in a number of films. As a public service, we rate them here (the number of cherries indicates what you see of Sherilyn).

Crime Zone: A blonde Sherilyn plays a red-hot love scene bathed in blue light. 🍒🍒

Meridian: Totally nude, totally awesome; co-star Charlie also earns a cherry. 🍒🍒🍒

Out of Control: Fenn prudishly clings to her wet T-shirt, but we don't mind. 🍒

True Blood: Half-dressed, she flees an attacker. 🍒

Two Moon Junction: Blonde again, she falls for a roustabout; midnight-rendezvous scene tops all others. 🍒🍒🍒🍒

The Wraith: A pool of water, Charlie Sheen and a dropped top. 🍒🍒

(🍒 Temperature's rising; 🍒🍒 Fires imagination; 🍒🍒🍒 Bona fide scorcher; 🍒🍒🍒🍒 Fenn inferno.)

BRUCE ON VIDEO

our movie critic goes to the tape

Interesting names and unfamiliar titles, many of which didn't make it as theatrical features, keep cropping up in video stores.

Blaze Starr—The Original: Yes, the real Blaze Starr in a campy blast from the past (1963) about a burlesque star at rest in a nudist camp, where frontal nudity (on camera, at least) is strictly taboo. Stick with the Paul Newman–Lolita Davidovich version.

Bad Jim: A horse plays Jim in an unassuming Western, mostly memorable as the movie debut of John Clark Gable, Clark's son, in a see-worthy practice swing. With Richard Roundtree and James Brolin.

Eternity: Reincarnation and ridiculous flashbacks hamper Jon Voight as a TV journalist fighting media tyrant Armand Assante. Pretentious drivel.

High Stakes: A riveting performance by Sally Kirkland as a slutty stripper who survives prostitution, the kidnaping of her daughter and worse. Ripe melodrama.

Mortal Passions: As a young Hollywood wife trying to dispose of her husband, Krista Errickson sizzles in a Yuppie-style *Double Indemnity*, but it's no match for the original. —BRUCE WILLIAMSON

VIDEO SIX-PACK

this month: how-to videos

This New Year, nix those resolutions that accentuate the negative and learn a thing or two. For starters:

Fundamentals of Squash: The neat thing about this game is, you have fun no matter how badly you play. Find out what the racket's about (Athletic Institute; three tapes, $39 each).

The Juggling Video: After 25 minutes of expert tutelage by pro Carlos Dolz, you'll be able to keep three balls in the air. Don't *have* the balls? That's OK. They come with the tape (Western World Video; $19.95).

Casino Gambling: Gambling whiz Peter Demos demonstrates the basics of blackjack, craps, roulette and baccarat; David Brenner provides the laughs (Warner; $39.95).

Quarterbacking to Win: Throwing a perfect spiral every time is what you're after, so skip the other drills and FF to ex-pro Jim Zorn showing you how. Just in time for the play-offs (Morris Video; $29.95).

Basic Rockclimbing with John Long: Get a leg up a sheer cliff with a crash course from an expert (Gravity Sports Films; $39.95).

Attunement for Personal & Planetary Transformation: A Full-Spectrum Experience: For those into that sort of thing (Attunement; $29.95). —TERRY CATCHPOLE

GUEST SHOT

"I gravitate toward comedies when I rent movies," says Jackie Mason, the kvetching host of the *Jackie Mason's Town Meeting* specials (debuting this month on HA! The TV Comedy Network). "I'm a great fan of Woody Allen films, especially *Manhattan, Broadway Danny Rose* and *Take the Money and Run*." Mason's quick to add *The Sunshine Boys* and *A Night at the Opera* to his vid hall of fame. "The old comedies are still the best," he explains. "Fifty years later, the Marx Brothers are still funny. It's not like a horse compared to a car." That's not to say Mason isn't moved by modern clowns. "I'm a great fan of Eddie Murphy," he says, citing *48 HRS.* and *Beverly Hills Cop*. "There is more electricity when he's on the screen than in all the generators of Con Edison." Talk about a plug. . . . —SUSAN KARLIN

THE HARDWARE CORNER

All Wound Up: Save wear and tear on tapes with Ambico's two-way rewinder. It moves faster than fast forward, then slows to prevent stretching ($34.95).

Zoom Boom: As camcorders shrink, so must accessories. The six-inch variable zoom microphone from Azden comes with a mounting shoe and a Velcro strip. For $100, you won't miss a word of small talk. —MAURY Z. LEVY

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
WANT A SHOWDOWN	***Total Recall*** (conspirators from Mars play hide-and-seek with Schwarzenegger's brain; bloodshed ensues); ***The Fourth War*** (two diehards refuse to bury the Cold War on German–Czech border); ***How the West Was Won*** (the Fonda-Wayne-Peck pioneer mega-epic; remastered on laser disc).
WANT SOME HEAT	***Wild Orchid*** (Mickey Rourke encaurages lawyer Corré Otis to loosen up during Rio festival; she does); ***Night Trips II*** (follow-up to the lauded X-rated fantasy; different stars, same steam); ***Camille Claudel*** (affair with Rodin drives sculptress Isabelle Adjani insane).
FEELING OFFBEAT	***The Rocky Horror Picture Show*** (cult curiosity, finally available for viewing sans crazed fans); ***The Wall: Live in Berlin*** (Roger [Pink Floyd] Waters' thematically forced but effective concert spectacle); ***Thelonious Monk: Straight, No Chaser*** (cool docu-mix of Monk's life and music).
FEELING SENTIMENTAL	***Lassie Come Home*** (the 1946 kid-and-canine classic, with restored color on laser disc); ***Milo and Otis*** (cute puppy–kitty version of *The Defiant Ones*); ***Peter Pan*** (Disney's animated take on the pirate-fighting hero of Never-Never Land).

SHORT TAKES

Best Ask-a-Silly-Question Videos: *Why'd the Beetle Cross the Road?, Why Am I Afraid?, Why Am I Doing This?, Why Am I So Tired?, Why Me?, Why Is It Always Me?, Why Is This Happening to Me . . . Again?, Why Can't I Fly Like a Bird?, Why Don't I Fall Up?, Why Do We Still Have Mountains?, Why Do Animals Look Like They Do?, Why Work?, Why Calibrate? and Why Drown?*

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VIC GARBARINI

GIVE THESE guys a break. Living Colour is not the African-American Van Halen, Rush, Metallica or even the new Hendrix. Although they've absorbed and digested all those influences, ***Time's Up*** (Epic) proves them to be the most original and intelligent hard-rock band on the planet. They constantly push the envelope without popping out of it. Vernon Reid's postpunk, hard-bop guitar screams and soars while Corey Glover's vocals, fueled by righteous anger, have the street credibility of rap. Their message about pride, race, love, self-esteem and social dislocation is instructive without being preachy, so the Guns n' Roses/Van Halen crowd can't help but get it. Many fans—including Jeff Beck—who found their debut unfocused compared with their sensational live shows will discover that the musical jigsaw puzzle makes a coherent and powerful whole this time.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Although Neil Young will never have the iconic clout of Bob Dylan, some citizens will tell you he has made better music, and except for the flannel faithful who consider *Heart of Gold* a pinnacle of American culture, most of them are mad for rock and roll. Both singer-songwriters began as folkies strumming acoustics in politically correct cafés. For Dylan, the road from folk to rock led to that vast kingdom called pop music. But once Young learned to play electric guitar, other mortal pursuits moved to the back of the bus.

Since Young's hardest-rocking moments have come with the galumphing, otherwise barely working Crazy Horse, his madder fans consider the new Crazy Horse collaboration, ***Ragged Glory*** (Reprise), even bigger news than *Freedom*, which in 1989 was the first Young album in ten years to achieve general renown. It certainly has more guitar on it—four of its ten cuts solo for seven, eight, ten minutes, and all are keyed to riffs that grab and hold. Rock and roll! Really. But the lyrics are barely there, and on a disc that's more than an hour long, Young's and Crazy Horse's endearingly foursquare sense of rhythm gets pretty—I believe boring is the term.

Over in the kingdom of pop, meanwhile, Bob Dylan has emitted his latest. Since the coproducer is Don Was, the man behind commercial comebacks by Bonnie Raitt and the B-52's, ***Under the Red Sky*** (Columbia) is said to be fit for an icon, a claim we've heard frequently over 15 years of dubious product. Thing is, Was may have brought it off—Dylan's music sounds relaxed but not lazy, which is always the trick. And not since *Planet Waves* have his lyrics embraced such simplicity—a simplicity more beguiling because most of these laments for a dying world aren't love songs, except in a cosmic sense that's rarely anything but pretentious in the land of pop.

Colour: All the way, live.

Sizzlers from Living Colour and Dylan, plus hot boxes of Bo and Robert Johnson.

DAVE MARSH

Robert Johnson: The Complete Recordings (Columbia) is the greatest fruit of the current roots-music revival. It collects on two boxed CDs every take of the 29 songs Johnson recorded in a recording "career" that encompassed two sessions in the seven months from November 1936 to June 1937. On these 41 tracks, Johnson merely proves himself one of the greatest blues guitarists, singers and lyricists who ever lived. Along the way, he established the fundamentals of rock and roll and contributed to the repertoire of Cream, Led Zeppelin, the Rolling Stones and Eric Clapton. Here, his music is beautifully mastered and organized and annotated with the semi-hysterical obsessiveness such a monument deserves.

Johnson's salty sexuality and sense of fear and disaster are a crucial part of vocal black music's heritage, up to and including today's rap and hip-hop. The connection between Johnson and such rappers as Ice-T and Public Enemy runs straight through ***Bo Diddley: The Chess Box*** (Chess/MCA), which collects the 45 greatest examples of Bo's down-'n'-dirty diddy-bop. Like MCA's other *Chess Boxes*, this one sacrifices completeness for coherence, and the sound quality and annotation are superb. Bo is as funny as the Coasters, has justified his braggadocio with sheer musicality as well as Little Richard has, and his rumbling beat comes closer to primitive blues than even Chuck Berry's.

NELSON GEORGE

The Time made only three albums, but as the funky comic counterpart to Prince's more psychedelic Revolution, its sly humor left an enduring impression. And even though it replaced horns with synthesizers, on *What Time Is It?* and *Ice Cream Castles*, the Time had a refreshing live-band sound

GUEST SHOT

Tommy Conwell, *having completed his second major-label album release, "Guitar Trouble," chose to review the late Stevie Ray Vaughan's final LP, "Family Style," a collaboration with his brother Jimmie Vaughan.*

"I'm sure I own every single thing either Stevie Ray or Jimmie Vaughan has ever released—so, believe me, Stevie's death doesn't change how I feel about *Family Style*. I really love this album even more than I hoped. It captures the best of each of them better than their recent individual projects. *Family Style* seems to ignore any worries about what's commercial, yet producer Nile Rodgers brought out fresh, different guitar sounds. And Jimmie makes his singing debut here on *White Boots*. Sounds great! And, maybe most important, each one brings out himself in the other—Stevie's guitar tone gets more intimate and Jimmie's gets greasier. The track that really puts me away is *Brothers*. I've never heard this on record before—both guys are playing the same guitar through the same amp. You can hear the moments when they're passing the guitar between them. It's quiet and it breaks my heart now. In a world of sameness, these two were such originals. I'll tell you this, too—Stevie Ray and Jimmie Vaughan make all these heavy-metal guitar players sound like *girls*."

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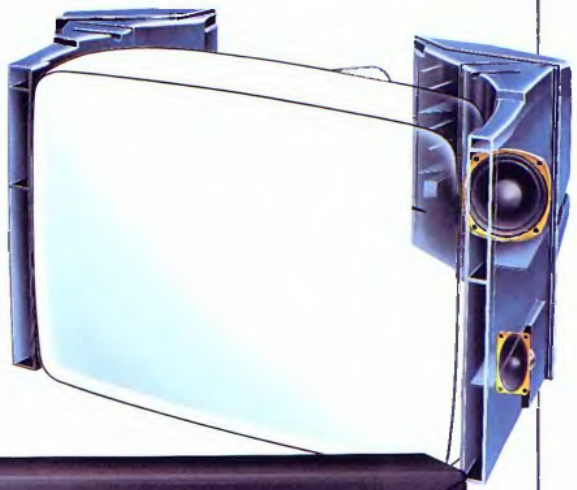

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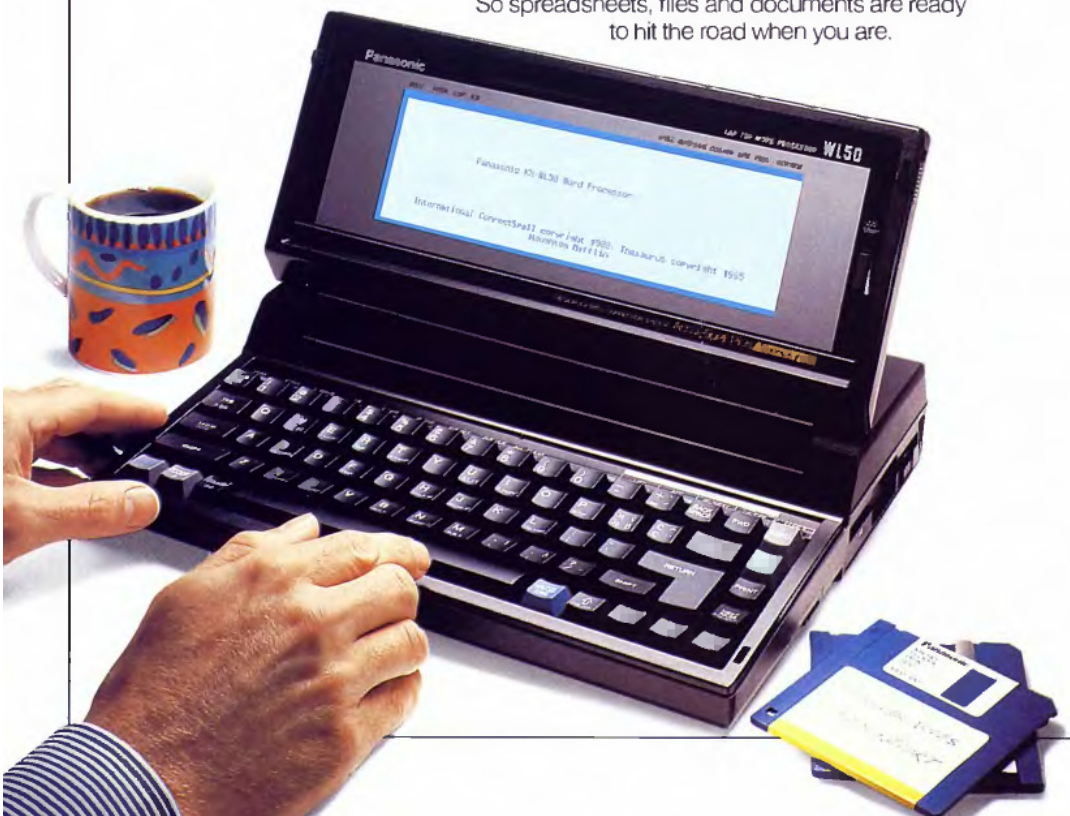

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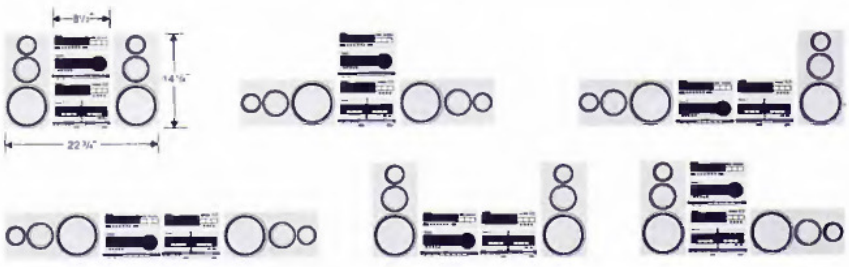

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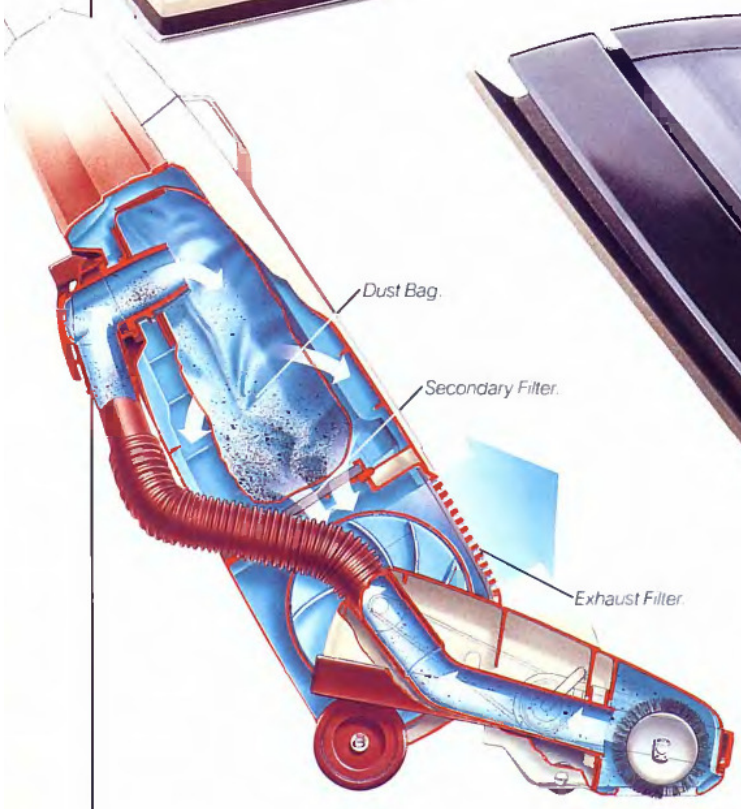

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just slightly ahead of our time.

back when computerized rhythm tracks were starting to overrun pop. And live, the Time was extraordinary, with leader Morris Day and valet-percussionist Jerome Benton avidly mixing vaudeville overstatement with jive talk. Since the band broke up, keyboardist Jimmy "Jam" Harris and bassist Terry Lewis have become one of the world's top production teams, Jesse Johnson has made a couple of platinum solo albums, Benton joined the Minneapolis band the Family and Day has had a spotty career in films and on record.

Happily, the Time's original cast has reunited for ***Pandemonium*** (Paisley Park), a lively and occasionally juvenile 11-song collection. Overall, the lyrics aren't as witty as on earlier efforts, but the Prince-penned *Donald Trump (Black Version)* is more than adequately bizarre. And the brothers do kick out the jams. The title track is vintage Time, with a slick sound and racing tempo. The songs that come closest to capturing the hedonistic spirit of the early live shows are *Blondie* and *Skillet*, two funk rockers that feature Day's insinuating vocals and some blazing guitar solos by Johnson.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

I tried to listen without prejudice the last time George Michael put out an album and I gave a positive review to a record that I grew to loathe. So now that Michael wants me to ***Listen Without Prejudice*** (Columbia) again, I'm going to let fly, be it prejudice or opinion. Stung by people who found his butt wiggling preposterous, his black-leather jacket less than dangerous and his stubble insufficient evidence of testosterone, this time he's declaring, "There's something deep inside of me / There's someone I forgot to be," apparently in the belief that having failed to convince with calculated sexuality, he will now convince with calculated sincerity. The problem is, what I hear deep inside George Michael is a glittering but empty vessel. When I hear, "I can heal the pain / That you're feeling inside," I think, *Bridge over Troubled Morons*. My pain will be healed when he gives all that endorsement money back to Pepsi.

Mojo Nixon's loathing for Don Henley on ***Otis*** (Enigma) exceeds even my loathing for George Michael. He wants Henley to die, and says so in *Don Henley Must Die*. Personally, I think this goes a bit far. Henley gives money to worthy causes, such as preserving Walden Pond, so I say let him live. Surrounding himself with a real, complete rock-and-roll band for the first time on record (including John Doe, Country Dick Montana, Bill Davis and Eric Roscoe Ambel), Nixon explodes on such equally subtle numbers as *I Wanna Race Bigfoot Trucks* and *Took Out the Trash and Never Came Back*. Although Mojo has made his rep on novelty tunes, let us not forget that he has one powerful thumb and can find the groove on rhythm guitar as well as anyone this side of Keith Richards.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Bob Dylan *Under the Red Sky*	9	5	6	6	6
Living Colour *Time's Up*	9	9	9	8	8
George Michael *Listen Without Prejudice*	3	9	8	4	3
Time *Pandemonium*	7	8	8	9	6
Neil Young & Crazy Horse *Ragged Glory*	8	8	7	7	9

YOUR HOUSE IS NOT YOUR HOME DEPARTMENT: Recently, a guy in Lincolnton, North Carolina, was arrested for playing **2 Live Crew** in his house.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Mickey Rourke** and **Don Johnson** are making a movie called *The Rock 'n' Roll Grill*, about two buddies who save a restaurant that's being threatened by drug dealers. . . . **Cher** and **Michelle Pfeiffer** are reportedly teaming up to make *Tabloids*, a comedy about a reporter and a celebrity. . . . As of now, **Oliver Stone** is still trying to decide who will be singing in his *Doors* film bio, **Jim Morrison** or actor **Val Kilmer**. You'll know this spring when the movie is released. . . . **Madonna** is making a documentary of her Blond Ambition tour that will include interviews and behind-the-scenes footage. . . . The executor of the **Jimi Hendrix** estate is still looking for the right script to do film justice to the late guitarist. . . . **Michael Schiffer**, who wrote the movie *Lean on Me*, is working on the script for the **New Kids on the Block's** first feature film. . . . After his movie *The Five Heartbeats* comes out next month, **Robert Townsend** and the four other actors who make up the mythical Heartbeats plan to do concerts.

NEWSBREAKS: **Stevie Ray Vaughan** fans who wish to make a contribution in the guitarist's name may send a check to the Stevie Ray Vaughan Charitable Funds of the Communities Foundation of Texas, 4605 Live Oak, Dallas 75204. . . . The music from all those old **Ed Sullivan** shows that is currently being released could eventually fill as many as 25 albums. . . . Have you heard of the concept album put together by the **Alan Parsons Project** called *Freudiana?* Inspired by guess who, it has already been staged as a musical in Vienna. . . . **Maurice Starr** (creator of the **New Edition**, New Kids, **Perfect Gentlemen**, et al.) wants to make Boston the Motown of the Nineties. He plans to call his new record company Boston International Records. . . . *Do It A Cappella*, **Spike Lee's** special that aired on PBS last fall, has spun off into a video and a sound-track album. . . . Now that the **Simpsons** have an album, expect to see toons cropping up everywhere. Case in point: **Paula Abdul's** friend the animated feline **Scat Cat** is doing a prime-time network special with a posse of characters. And speaking of Paula, besides her upcoming album, she is developing a feature-length musical to be shot this year. . . . We have *Rock & Roll Confidential* to thank for keeping us focused on censorship issues as well as an occasional state or local law that's, well, just plain nuts. This month's Give Us a Break Award goes to the Montgomery, Alabama, city council, which passed an ordinance making it illegal to play music in a car if it can be heard five feet away. You're going to be in trouble if your boom box can be heard ten feet away. We've told you before, but you need to be reminded: For a year's subscription to *R & R Confidential*, send a check or money order for $24 to Box 341305, Los Angeles 90034. . . . Finally, this is a good idea: They're rapping at Rahway—state prison, that is. Inmates at the New Jersey institution may be releasing their own rap record, thanks to entrepreneur **Funkenklein**, who helped break such groups as **De La Soul**, **Run-DMC**, **Public Enemy** and **Queen Latifah**. Funkenklein hopes to put the **Rahway Lifers** on vinyl for Hollywood Basic, the rap label he's starting for Disney.

—BARBARA NELLIS

STYLE

GANGLAND CHIC

How do you dress a gangster? Very carefully, but with plenty of flash and dash—just as you would in real life. Italian-born costume designer Milena Canonero, who already has two Oscars under her belt for *Barry Lyndon* and *Chariots of Fire*, is an odds-on contender again in 1990 for her costume work on *Dick Tracy* and *The Godfather Part III*. In the latter, you'll see senior *mafioso* Al Pacino (pictured here) dressed in Canonero's idea of what constitutes classic gangster garb—a dark, trim-fitting double-breasted suit with wide lapels, a pin-collared off-white shirt and a patterned wide tie. "I tried to show how time, money and lifestyle have affected their choice of clothes," Canonero said. Many of the suits in the movie were made by Verri and are available in the designer's Beverly Hills and New York stores. Richard Hornung created the gangster look in *Miller's Crossing* by dressing thugs in oversized coats, gloves and hats. Some of the hats were custom-made by Jay Lord Hatters and others are by Dobbs. If fashion designers take their cue from the movies, expect gangsterwear to be an off-screen hit—no gun intended.

WHISKY REBELLION

Single malts aren't the only Scotch whiskies being savored by connoisseurs. Superpremium blends are disappearing off the shelves in top liquor stores and/or airport duty-free shops almost as fast as they're stocked. The hallmarks of these new top-dollar whiskies are elegance and age. Pinch, for example, is offering Dimple Royal Sovereign, a 21-year-old blend priced about $300 a bottle. From Johnnie Walker comes Johnnie Walker Oldest, an exceptional blend of whiskies from 15 to 60 years old that is a replica of the way Johnnie Walker tasted circa 1850. Price: about $110. Buchanan's DeLuxe has a malty 15-year-old companion called Red Seal that's about $80 in a ceramic flagon. And J&B is offering a beautifully balanced 15-year-old special reserve for about $20. Cheers to all. Drink up!

"New Scotch blends are elegant and well aged."

RUNNING HOT AND COLD

When it comes to great winter getaways, some like it hot and others get a thrill from the chill. Here are some spots to whet either appetite. • **Anguilla:** A favorite among serious sun worshipers, this Caribbean island is said to have some of the world's best beaches. Check out the Cap Juluca resort with its 30 luxury rooms and suites and 179 acres of private beach front. • **Cabo San Lucas:** Home of Van Halen's new club, Cabo Wabo, this Mexican resort is located at the southernmost tip of the Baja Peninsula. It's more laid back than Cancún and Ixtapa and is tops for deep-sea fishing. • **British Columbia:** Heli-ski to the Monashees, Selkirks and Bugaboos in search of virgin powder. • **Neptune Beach, Florida:** Combine sun with pseudo snow fun at Mount Aqua East, a water-sport store with a 15' x 28' revolving ski deck for athletes who prefer their H_2O frozen.

VIEWPOINT

"I always wear things that are a little different," says Michael Bendetti, the 23-year-old actor who plays officer Tony "Mac" McCann, the new face on the force on TV's *21 Jump Street*. "When I go to a party, I'll put together a bright rayon shirt, a mustard jacket, black pants and suede boots—always cowboy boots." Bendetti says he started wearing cowboy boots in high school, before they were popular. "My friends asked me, 'Why the hell are you wearing those things?' because no one else did at the time. Now, five years later, they're in fashion."

PUTTIN' ON THE HITS

Planning a holiday bash? Here are some classic dance tracks that deejays from three of the country's hottest clubs would spin till that inevitable last call. . . . Deejay Keoki of the New York Limelight's Disco 2000: *French Kiss*, LiL Louis; *Situation*, Yaz; *Heart of Glass*, Blondie; and *Strangelove*, Depeche Mode. . . . Deejay Mark Farina of Chicago's Shelter: *Back to Life*, Soul II Soul; *Flash Light*, Parliament; *I'm Every Woman*, Chaka Khan; and *Strings of Life*, Rhythim Is Rhythim. . . . Deejay Shawn Willms of Los Angeles' Bar One: *Atomic Dog*, George Clinton; *Play That Funky Music*, Wild Cherry; *Got to Be Real*, Cheryl Lynn; and *I Wanna Be Your Lover*, Prince. For the over-40 crowd, there's always *Sinatra Swings* on CD.

STYLE METER

FORMALWEAR	IN	OUT
TUXEDO STYLES	Double breasted, shawl or peaked lapels; contrasting dinner jacket, especially white	Tails (except for weddings and white tie); uniform "waiter" looks
SHIRTS	White, solid or with tone-on-tone pattern; wing collars still strong, French cuffs only; narrow pleated or Jacquard bib front	Colored or boldly striped; ruffled fronts and cuffs; any buttons—studs and cuff links a must
ACCESSORIES	Vest (waistcoat) or unmatched cummerbund; slightly larger, rounder bow ties; matte-gold Romanesque looks in jewelry	Clownlike bow-tie-and-cummerbund sets; any tie left undone; plastic "freebie" studs and pink carnations

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SOFTWARE

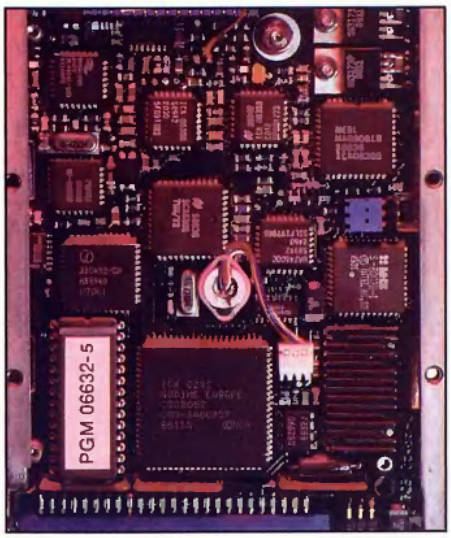
THERE ARE those among us who are mad for computers: nerds, technoids, techies, technocrats, byteheads, hackers—people who refer to foot traffic as "sneakernet." There are those among us who are slick with a mouse or play a mean keyboard but still look upon the computer as a means—not an end. But unless you're computerphobic or dead, there's some kind of software that will satisfy your needs or your whims. We'd like to share with you some of our favorite wares—some that have been around for a while that we're just discovering or rediscovering and some brand-new electronic wizardry.

•

Poor Larry Laffer. He lives in a tropical paradise, but his love life is strictly Arctic Circle. His beautiful wife, Kalalau, has dumped him for an Amazonian Harley-riding cannibal lesbian slot-machine repairwoman. So begins ***Leisure Suit Larry and Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*** (Sierra, $59.95), a game for IBM PCs and compatibles. In this third *Leisure Suit Larry* adventure, our polyester-clad hero is once again a swinging single in search of companionship. Unfortunately, Larry's not exactly a hot prospect. He's in the midst of a messy divorce, he's out of shape and, what's worse, he's low on funds. You can help him out by finding a hidden credit card, dressing him up as a native and having him hawk souvenirs on the beach. The game is loaded with trashy jokes and pick-up lines, and the scenery is excellent. There's a casino, a theater, a health club and, of course, a beach. But don't let Larry go swimming: He may melt. The water is a dumping ground for industrial waste. Midway through the game, there's an interesting twist. Larry meets jazz pianist Patti, and from then on, you can become Patti and play the game from a female's perspective. Will Larry find the woman of his dreams? Will he sweat off his mid-life paunch? And, more important, will he discover wool blends?

•

It's Monday morning and the thought of going to the office is about as appealing as going ten rounds with Buster Douglas. But you have no choice. You have to work on the Getrich contract. Your entire career hinges on it. If you've invested in two copies of ***Carbon Copy Plus*** (Microcom, $199 each), you can have another cup of coffee, leave the car in the garage and the tie in the closet. *Carbon Copy* gives you access to everything in your office machine from your home keyboard. One copy goes in your office PC (the "host" computer), the other in your home PC (the "guest" computer). The two stations don't have to be identical—one side can have a Hercules board and the other a VGA, one can be an IBM and the other a clone. Both computers must, of course, have modem hookups. It takes some effort to get the setup working properly, but it's well worth it.



Techno art.

Love at first byte: computer programs that do it all.

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Andrew Tobia$ Managing Your Money (MECCA Software, $220) will keep track of your personal finances and remind you to buy flowers on your anniversary, to boot. It calculates neat little permutations in investment strategies so you can see what your options are. For example, a $125,000 mortgage at ten percent interest will cost you $241,786 if you make monthly payments of $1343 over a 15-year period. Push a key and Tobias will show you that if you make a payment of $672 every *two* weeks instead, the total comes to $219,623—a saving of $22,163 over the lifetime of the loan. *Managing Your Money* has been around for a while, but each new version is a little slicker, a little more comprehensive than the last.

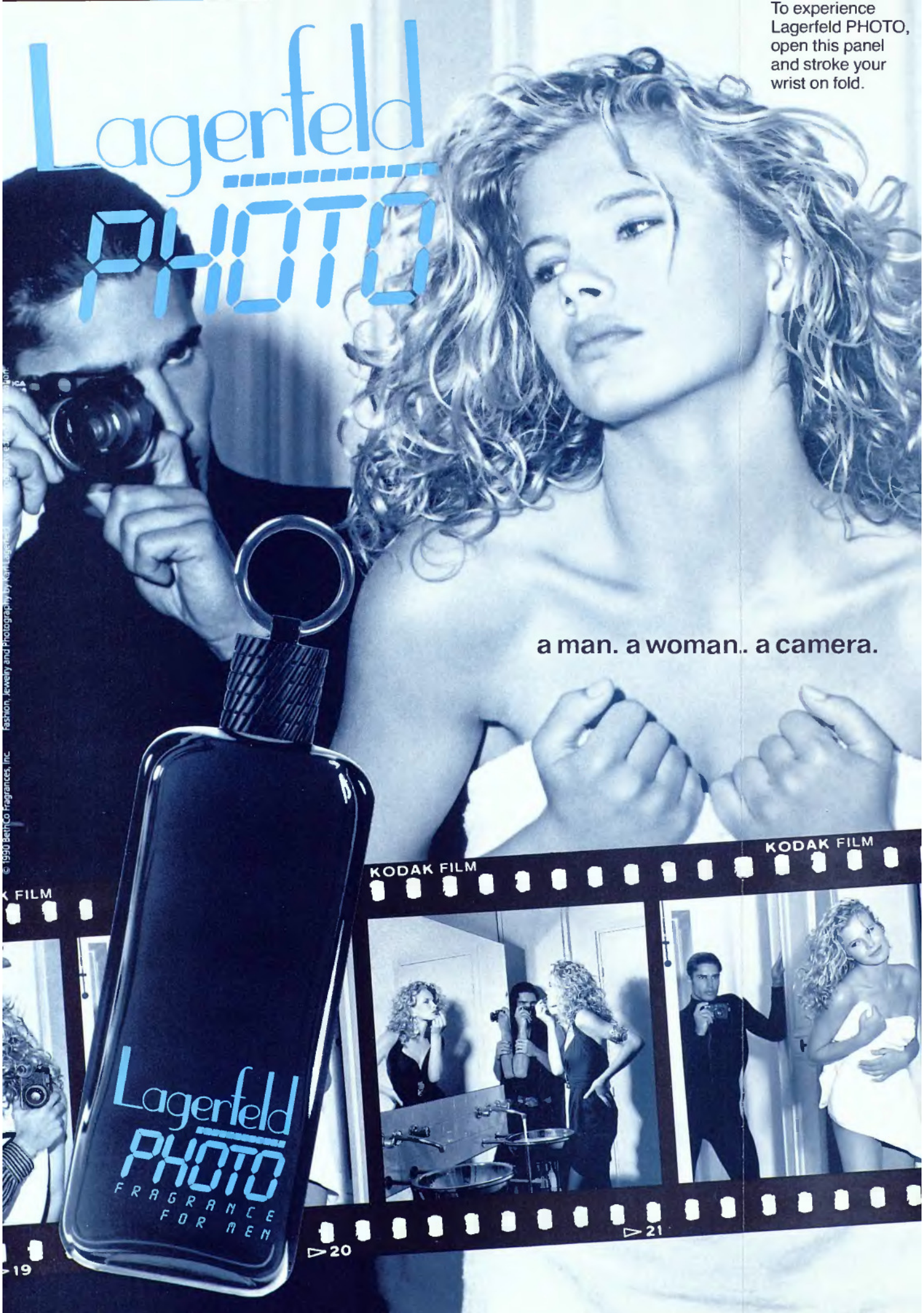
All spreadsheets and no joy sticks make Jack a dull boy. But if *Space Invaders* doesn't do it for you, try the game with a social conscience. ***Balance of the Planet*** (Chris Crawford Games, $49.95) is available for both the PC and the Macintosh. As "High Commissioner of the Environment," you can levy taxes on the bad stuff, such as pesticides, and subsidize the good stuff, such as solar research. When your tactics result in benefits to the environment, you get points. Tinker around with no real understanding of the big picture, however, and before too long, you can cause global warming, decimate the gene pool and put the Statue of Liberty under water.

•

For the advanced techy who has a computer with a CD ROM drive, a great selection of reference CDs is available from Quanta Press, Inc., 2550 University Avenue West, Suite 245N, Saint Paul, Minnesota 55114. ***The CIA World Fact Book*** ($129) is "the Government's own world almanac produced annually by the CIA" and it's the perfect software for salesmen, politicians and spies. ***The Sporting News*** ($129) contains a vast number of baseball statistics and more than 130 photographs of players. Everything you ever wanted to know about the Vietnam war is contained on ***USA Wars: Vietnam*** ($129). The name, rank, age and home town of every soldier on the Vietnam Memorial wall is included, along with the location on the wall itself. ***Wheeler Quick Art*** ($249) contains 2200 pieces of clip art that you can electronically cut and paste into your documents. And, finally, ***About Cows*** ($29.95), by Sara Rath, captured our interest with wonderfully esoteric information. As we browsed through it, we learned a great slogan written for a condensed-milk company to promote the convenience of canned milk: "No tits to pull, no tail to twitch, just punch a hole in the son of a bitch." All are available in either Macintosh or DOS format, with the exception of *About Cows*, which comes only in DOS.

•

Jack Nicklaus' Unlimited Golf & Course Design (Accolade, $59.95) for IBM PC and compatible computers truly is the next best thing to being there. Designed under the direction of the Golden Bear himself, this amazing program blends exceptional graphics with realistic sound effects, giving you a real feel for the game. Slice the ball out of the fairway and hear it shake the tree branches. Listen as it splashes into the water. And watch the sand scatter as your shot lands in the traps. (All of these shots, by the way, can be viewed in instant replay.) Go a few rounds by yourself, with friends or create a foursome from the game's list of country-club members. If you're feeling especially competitive, you can even challenge Jack. *Unlimited Golf* play includes two courses—The Bear's Track, an ocean-front 18-hole course, and Muirfield Village, a re-creation of the Nicklaus-designed course and site of the annual Memorial Tournament. When you tire of the built-in courses, you can create your own. Choose from coastal, suburban or mountainside land plots and an inventory of background objects, including water, hills, rocks, houses, trees and, of course, sand. Feeling artistic? Color the background, using the sophisticated paint program, or create your own objects. Our creation was an ice-cold brew after a grueling nine holes. Didn't taste great, but it *was* less filling.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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

WHAT'S GOING on here? The thinking man's coffee-table book? This year, there is a welcome change in the annual outpouring of those big holiday gift books. Instead of just presenting striking images in dramatically designed oversized formats, many of the best new picture books have genuine content.

For example, one of the most beautiful picture books of the season, ***Angkor*** (Houghton Mifflin), by Michael Freeman and Roger Warner, is also a fascinating report by the first Western photojournalist team in almost 20 years to be allowed into Angkor Wat in the heart of Cambodia. Freeman and Warner conjure the aesthetic and spiritual values of the world's largest religious monument and place this contemporary exploration in a historical context.

The stunning photographs of Galen Rowell are similarly well matched with a thoughtful and revealing text by the 14th Dalai Lama in ***My Tibet*** (University of California). His Holiness never wavers from his principles of peace and compassion as he recalls the devastation wreaked on his homeland in 30 years of occupation by the Chinese. Tom Turner is not quite such a pacifist in ***Wild by Law*** (Sierra Club) as he describes the Sierra Club's Legal Defense Fund's 20-year battle with lumber companies, developers and the U.S. Department of the Interior to preserve American wildlife. The 120 color photographs by Carr Clifton of places the club has saved are eloquent testimony to the importance of this continuing effort.

Nature photography is a favorite picture-book subject, and the dramatic action shots of adventurers rafting on such rivers as the Rio Grande, the Rogue, the Colorado and the Chattooga make ***Whitewater Adventure*** (Thunder Bay), by Richard Bangs, one of the most exciting books on anybody's coffee table. ***Wild Ice*** (Smithsonian), by Ron Naveen, Colin Monteath, Tui De Roy and Mark Jones, vividly evokes the stark beauty of Antarctica's icy mountains and exotic animal life. The world-wide crisis of rain-forest destruction has occasioned two equally compelling photographic studies: ***Vanishing Paradise*** (Overlook), photography by Stephen Dalton and George Bernard and text by Andrew Mitchell, and ***The Rainforests*** (Chronicle), compiled by The Living Earth Foundation.

African Ark (Abrams), by Carol Beckwith and Angela Fisher, is our choice for the most gorgeously produced and designed book of the year. Recording a five-year journey through Ethiopia and the Horn of Africa, this is an extraordinary immersion in ancient cultures and customs, with an informative text by Graham Hancock.

Books that decorate—and more.

Stumped by holiday shopping? Try your local bookstore.

African Canvas (Rizzoli), photographed by Margaret Courtney-Clarke, captures the brilliant colors of West African wall paintings and artifacts. In another felicitous pairing of text and pictures, Jan Morris writes with her customary evocative eloquence about the "kingdom of uncertainty" in accompaniment to Paul Wakefield's magnificent photographs in ***Ireland*** (Clarkson N. Potter). ***Australia: The Four-Billion-Year Journey of a Continent*** (Facts-on-File), by Reg and Maggie Morrison, traces the natural history of this vast island continent through remarkable discoveries in geology and archaeology. A tasteful and artistic reflection of Mediterranean style in art, design and food is ***Sara Midda's South of France*** (Workman).

Two new picture books about Native Americans are curiously appropriate companion volumes. ***Native American Portraits*** (Chronicle), by Nancy Hathaway, presents historical photographs from Kurt Koegler's collection dating from 1862 to 1918. The grim faces in these duotone prints contrast strikingly with the colorful presentation of contemporary American Indian culture in ***Native America*** (Clarkson N. Potter), by Christine Mather. Despite the turn-of-the-century fear that the original inhabitants of this country were a dying breed, Mather documents flourishing Native American cultures and cites increasing appreciation for their artistry.

Civil War buffs have a bonanza in the joint publication of ***Memoirs and Selected Letters,*** by Ulysses S. Grant, and ***Memoirs,*** by William Tecumseh Sherman (both published by Library of America), as well as an impressive companion volume to the nine-part PBS-TV series, ***The Civil War: An Illustrated History*** (Knopf), by Geoffrey C. Ward with Ric Burns and Ken Burns.

In keeping with this year's victory of substance over style, even sports picture books are filled with informative text. ***The Super Bowl: Celebrating a Quarter-Century of America's Greatest Game*** (Simon & Schuster), with a forward by Pete Rozelle, offers knowledgeable play-by-play commentary along with complete stats and three-page foldout illustrations for each game. ***Game Day USA*** (Thomasson-Grant), produced by Rich Clarkson, captures the excitement of college football weekends across the country, with dramatic photos and the talents of writers such as David Halberstam, Frank Conroy, Richard Hoffer and Willie Morris. Ace mystery writer Robert B. Parker has teamed up with his wife, Joan, to write a funny and insightful chronicle of some race-track expense accounting in ***A Year at the Races*** (Viking), with photographs by William Strode.

Wilfrid Sheed lends a touch of class and intelligence to a rogue's gallery of close-up portraits (yes, including one of Pete Rose) in ***The Face of Baseball*** (Thomasson-Grant), with photographs by John Weiss. Gene Schoor's ***The History of the World Series*** (Morrow) practically goes pitch by pitch, anecdote by anecdote through every championship game from 1903 to 1989. Schoor re-creates the fervor of the games and provides a Trivial Pursuit lover's bundle of statistics in the appendix.

If your idea of sports has more to do with tying feathers and fur to a hook, then Steven J. Meyers' ***Streamside Reflections*** (Thunder Bay) is the perfect gift. Meyers' stories about fly-fishing for trout and salmon in the world's best streams and rivers are illustrated with some fine nature photography. A more extensive collection of great fishing photographs and classic fishing literature is beautifully packaged in ***An Angler's Album*** (Rizzoli), by Charles H. Traub, with an introduction by Charles Kuralt. The book for sailors is ***Maxi: The Ultimate Racing Experience*** (Concepts). Author Preben Nyeland explores every aspect of the biggest sailboats that race under the maximum IOR rule, from hull design to sailing strategy.

For a book that takes full advantage of the big coffee-table format, take a look at ***Epic! History on the Big Screen*** (Abrams), by Baird Searles. All your favorite spectacular scenes (*Ben Hur*'s chariot race, the Battle of Waterloo, Lawrence doing his thing in Arabia) are here, too, in impressively sharp production stills. ***The Look of Horror: Scary Moments from Scary Movies*** (Courage), by Jonathan Sternfield, is perfect for the Stephen King fans in your family—if only

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because several of the movies included are based on his novels. Sternfield dutifully synopsizes 70 horror-movie plots while trying not to snicker, and many of the stills are wonderfully gruesome. No such problem with ***Great Hollywood Westerns*** (Abrams), by Ted Sennett. This richly nostalgic tribute to America's love affair with the Old West is as charming and entertaining as the cowboy films themselves. The title-page spread of Duke Wayne from *The Horse Soldiers* (1959) is worth the price.

The 35th anniversary of James Dean's death has occasioned two pictorial biographies. ***James Dean: Shooting Star*** (Doubleday), by Barney Hoskyns, has the advantage of many remarkable photographs from the James Dean Museum in Dean's home town, Fairmount, Indiana, and a solid analytical text by Hoskyns. However, the photographs, studio memos, telegrams and letters from the Warner Bros. archives edited by Leith Adams and Keith Burns in ***James Dean: Behind the Scene*** (Birch Lane) are a fabulous discovery. What went on around Dean at the studio during the making of his only three films—*East of Eden*, *Rebel Without a Cause* and *Giant*—is revealed in riveting detail.

Anyone who still doesn't believe that cars are sex objects should get a copy of ***Porsche: The Fine Art of the Sports Car*** (Thunder Bay), by Lucinda Lewis. From that first Porsche 356 prototype in 1948 to the sleek 911 of 1989, Lewis lovingly chronicles the automobile's development in voluptuous color pictures. Although the pedigree of the Nissan/Datsun Z car goes back only to 1969, Ben Millspaugh justifies the exuberant title of his new book, ***Z Car: A Legend in Its Own Time*** (TAB), with a fascinating history. Car enthusiasts will not want to miss the parade of forgotten prototypes and unused design innovations in ***Cars Detroit Never Built: 50 Years of American Experimental Cars*** (Sterling), by Edward Janicki.

Some refreshingly original atlases also grace the holiday shelves. Gearing up for the Columbus quincentennial, ***The Explorer World Atlas*** (Rand McNally) documents 500 years of world exploration with 128 pages of detailed, full-color maps and historical text. Professor Pascal Ribereau-Gayon takes us on the oenologist's dream tour in ***The Wines and Vineyards of France: A Complete Atlas and Guide*** (Viking), with a foreword by Robert M. Parker. ***Vietnam: The Decisive Battles*** (Macmillan), by John Pimlott, is a lucid battle-by-battle military analysis of the war, with amazing three-dimensional computer-generated maps of battle sites and troop movements.

Finally, just so you know we're well on our way into the Nineties, guess what is the top title from the distinguished international art-book publisher Rizzoli. It's an all-singin', all dancin' pictorial on America's favorite new rock group that's so hot you can feel the beat of the music: ***New Kids*** on the Block!

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AC/DC: Back In Black (Atlantic) 13772

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Milli Vanilli: Girl You Know It's True (Arista) 01048

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Bryan Adams: Reckless (A&M) 51540

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Allman Bros. Band: Eat A Peach (Polydor) 63353

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Eric Clapton: Journeyman (Warner Bros.) 53940

Chicago: Greatest Hits 1982-69 (Reprise) 63363

Norrington: Beethoven, Symphony No. 9 (Choral) (Angel) 00467

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By ASA BABER

THE FEMALE-SENSITIVITY QUIZ

I hereby declare 1991 the year when we finally ask women if they are sensitive enough *for us*! Yes, men, it is now time to turn the question around. What follows is a sensitivity quiz for the woman in your life. See how she scores. If she chooses anything but the last option in any of these examples, she is an insensitive broad who owes you a lot of loving. And she had better start to repay you right now. Even as you read!

1. You and your wife are at parents' night at your child's grade school. You have had a long day at your office and are not as alert as you might be. But your child's home-room teacher is a vivacious blonde woman with Deborah Norville lips and incredible legs, and suddenly, you feel an amazing jolt of energy. "Boy," you say to yourself as you and your wife climb into your car after the meeting, "I wish I'd had a teacher like that when I was in school. I'd never have gone home." Your wife overhears you and she
   A. Hits you upside the head with her purse.
   B. Calls you an insensitive, sexist pig, gets out of the car and walks home.
   C. Rolls down the window and prays for the Spirit of the Arctic to attack your groin and testicles.
   D. Says, "I'll get you her phone number tomorrow, honey, but in the meantime, how about a blow job?"

2. You have identified a perfect flag formation on the bar chart you are keeping of the Standard & Poor's 500. On several occasions, you have almost followed your convictions, but at the last moment, your courage has failed you. Now, convinced that the stock market is about to make a major move, you invest your savings in an S&P position that quickly deteriorates. The margin calls wipe out your savings. When you tell your woman, she
   A. Hits you upside the head with her brass knuckles.
   B. Answers all phone calls at home for the next year by saying, "Donald Trump's residence; profit is our only motive."
   C. Has her attorney send you a bill for the money you lost, with the suggestion that the IRS may be interested in your entertainment deductions.
   D. Smiles graciously, rips off your clothes, makes fierce love to you, then says, "Money doesn't matter, darling, and I couldn't care less that you gambled with our savings and lost, because you're hung like a horse and that's all that counts."

3. You and your woman are on a vacation cruise, traveling first class on an elegant luxury liner. The two of you are attending a formal dinner in honor of the ship's captain, but you are not at your best. It has been a long and boring journey, you are sunburned and overfed and irritable, you hate dressing up and, on this particular evening, you have consumed too many drinks. Suddenly, something inside you snaps. You drunkenly insult the woman sitting next to you by suggesting that she has great melons and you'd like to conduct a ripeness test. Then you tell the captain that he couldn't navigate his way out of a bathtub. Finally, you throw up in the punch bowl, call your steward a terrorist, then moon the entire dining room as security drags you away. Back in your stateroom, your woman
   A. Hits you upside the head with a life preserver.
   B. Informs you that she has been sleeping with both the captain *and* the steward, that they are great lovers and that your imbecilic behavior has hurt her reputation.
   C. Agrees with the ship's physician that putting you into a strait jacket and preparing you for a continuous Librium I.V. *and* electroshock treatments is a fine solution.
   D. Smiles graciously, says, "There, there, into every life a little rain must fall," and climbs into bed to hold you and rock you to sleep with your favorite lullaby.

4. You and your boss are on the golf course at his country club. This is a first. He is a respectable golfer and you are honored to be invited. Rumor has it at the office that if your boss golfs with you, he promotes you. But, as luck would have it, this is one of your awkward days. You slice every drive, you four-putt every green, you hold up play when you lose sight of your ball, you forget to laugh at his jokes and you forget to replace your divots. Worse, when he asks your advice about business, he seems distinctly unimpressed with your answers. Then, as the two of you are heading for the clubhouse, you take a turn too fast and the golf cart tips over. Your boss is thrown onto the gravel and breaks his hip. In your haste to make amends, you start to drag him toward the putting green. He screams in agony. You drop him, causing him even greater pain. You try to lift the golf cart back into an upright position, but it slips and falls and breaks your boss's arm. You finally decipher his screams: "You're fired!" Forlornly, you go home and tell your woman the bad news, and she
   A. Hits you upside the head with her three wood.
   B. Turns pale, screams, "Oh, no, I love him so and I must be with him in his moment of pain," and runs out the door.
   C. Calls in the children and says, "See Daddy? Do you know what he is? He's a total failure. Remember, kids, you don't want to be like Daddy. You don't want to fail. Daddy's going to be a homeless person now. Wave goodbye to Daddy, kids."
   D. Smiles brightly, fixes you a mint julep, wipes your brow with her panties and dives for your fly while she says, "Honey, it's tee time at the old rancho, so let's get out your driver and shoot us a round."

Remember—you have feelings and you're sensitive. But what about her?

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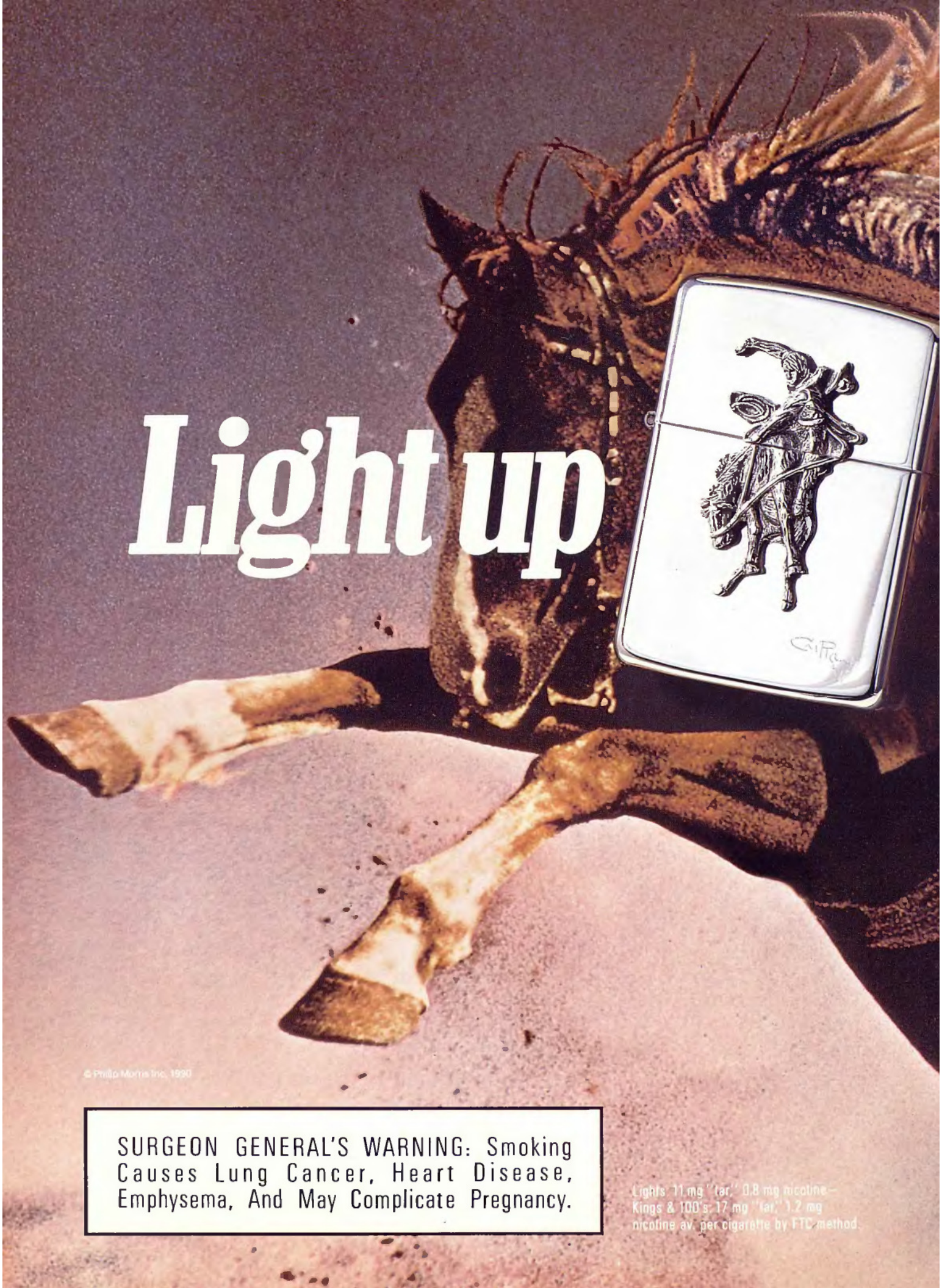

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

There was a quiz in a recent *USA Today* that was supposed to test sexual literacy. One of the questions asked how long it took for sperm to reach an egg. The correct answer was five minutes. How can this be?—W. E., Los Angeles, California.

A sperm cell can swim about as fast as an average cross-town bus—it doesn't have all that far to go, and it makes no local stops. So, yes, your little speed freak on steroids can make it to the egg in about five minutes. Now, is that really the correct answer? We wondered if it took into account the time for dinner and a movie. And isn't the politically correct answer "Never," since you're all supposed to be wearing condoms? We also started wondering how this figure was arrived at. Did some guy in a lab coat have sex by penetrating his partner in view of a radar gun? Is this the start of a new Olympic event, similar to the one described by Mark Twain in "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," only smaller? Will there be a distance event? As far as your own planning, the more important finding is that sperm can live eight days inside a woman—a window of opportunity that renders the rhythm method useless.

I've read that most visitors to a national park spend less than three hours there. I would like to plan some overnight trips for this spring. How does one guarantee a campsite? I've heard that some parks are so crowded you have to get reservations. What's the scoop?—T. O., Dallas, Texas.

Would you believe Ticketron? You can reserve campsites for tents, trailers and RVs via computer starting eight weeks in advance of a visit. So two months before your trip, stand in line behind the Deadhead with all the ecology buttons on his denim jacket and request a piece of the earth. Ticketron handles the following parks (Acadia National Park, Assateague Island National Seashore, Cape Hatteras National Seashore, Grand Canyon National Park, Great Smokey Mountains National Park, Joshua Tree National Monument, Ozark National Scenic Riverway, Rocky Mountain National Park, Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks, Shenandoah National Park, Whiskeytown National Recreation Area, Yellowstone National Parks and Yosemite National Park). Depending on the park, the maximum stay is between seven and 14 days. If there is no Ticketron outlet near you, you can make reservations by mail (write to Ticketron, P.O. Box 62429, Virginia Beach, Virginia 23462) or call the Ticketron Automated Information Number 212-399-4444.

My girlfriend and I like to experiment with sex aids. I have brought her to orgasm by touching her clitoris with ice cubes, candles (unlit), feathers, paintbrushes, slices of fruit (which I subsequently consumed) and, most recently, Q-tips moistened with oil or hand lotion. I've run a silk scarf

lightly between her legs. A string of beads works just as well. Have I left anything out?—W. A., Portland, Oregon.

Yes. The rest of her body. Try a full-body massage, with hot oil. When she is fully relaxed, touch her clitoris with your penis. You'll be surprised at the sensation. If you want to explore massage, order "Playboy's Art of Sensual Massage" ($20) or "Secrets of EuroMassage" ($30) from Playboy Products, P.O. Box 1554, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60009-1554, or call 800-345-6066.

I just inherited an old Porsche from my grandfather. It runs great but could use a new coat of paint. I've found places that charge a few hundred to a few thousand dollars. Why the discrepancy?—R. R., Atlanta, Georgia.

If you just want someone to spray on paint, leave the car parked in an urban area. The paint jobs that cost a few hundred dollars are only slightly better than graffiti. Before you put down the dough, ask the dealer to go step by step over the procedure. Cheap outfits will mask windows and bumpers with tape and simply spray on synthetic enamel. Better outfits will take as long as 80 hours preparing the car—removing wax, sanding, pounding out dings and ripples, filling the more serious flaws. They will sand the old finish or, if necessary, take it right down to the metal. The craftsmen will apply and wet-sand a primer coat, then attack any imperfections. It should be as smooth as the proverbial baby's bottom—only then will the top coats take on that liquid sheen. The final factor that affects cost: the type of paint. Look for an acrylic enamel or a catalyzed acrylic enamel—worth the cost. Before you spend a dime, consider a complete restoration. Talk with your local Porsche-owners' club about good mechanics and shops, as well as the sequence of subprojects. This is an heirloom.

A friend and I recently were discussing the worldly topic of women, which led to a debate of who had the most innovative idea for a romantic evening. My friend won. What he had done involved the elements of excitement, suspense and surprise. He picked up his girlfriend without previously discussing what they were going to do that night. Next, he blindfolded her and said he was going to do something new. He drove back to his house and parked the car in the garage, asked her to wait a minute, got out of the car and placed a television set and a VCR (which had been set up earlier) on the hood. They watched a romantic movie. I want to take this one step further. Instead of parking in a garage, I'd go to a favorite secluded place. But to do this, I'd need either battery-operated equipment or some sort of device that a TV and a VCR can plug into. Preferably, I'd like a device that can work off my car battery. Is there such a device or even a better way to watch a movie in a car?—R. W. K., Washington, D.C.

Yes, it's called a drive-in movie. We think you need to go back to the drawing board. (We assume that you've thought of a Sony Watchman or a gasoline generator and ruled out doing "Gone with the Wind" with hand puppets.) Check out the weekend rates for hotels in D.C. Rent a room, stock it with champagne, fruit, presents (a nightgown or lingerie) and, if you really are a videophile, your own VCR. Another idea: Hire a limousine to drive you to your secluded spot. In the trunk will be a fold-out table, chairs, wine, glasses and a picnic basket, and perhaps a servant. Do it at the zoo and you can pretend you are Robert Redford and Meryl Streep in "Out of Africa." Hire a chef or a catering service to prepare a special meal for two at your house. Romance seems to be a combination of spontaneity, privacy and class. Somehow, we doubt that the sight of lawn tools and grease spots worked for your friend, but who knows?

Recently, I tried a very pleasing vodka that tasted unmistakably of lemon. I believe it's a Scandinavian item but don't know the name. Do you know what it is and whether it's generally available?—I. S., Cleveland, Ohio.

The vodka you're referring to sounds like Absolut Citron, a fairly new import from Sweden. It's sold in better liquor shops in the U.S. Stolichnaya Limonnaya, from the Soviet Union, is a similar product. If you like, you can produce a lemon-flavored vodka at home with very little trouble. With a vegetable peeler, remove the washed peel of a smooth-skinned lemon; try to peel an unbroken spiral

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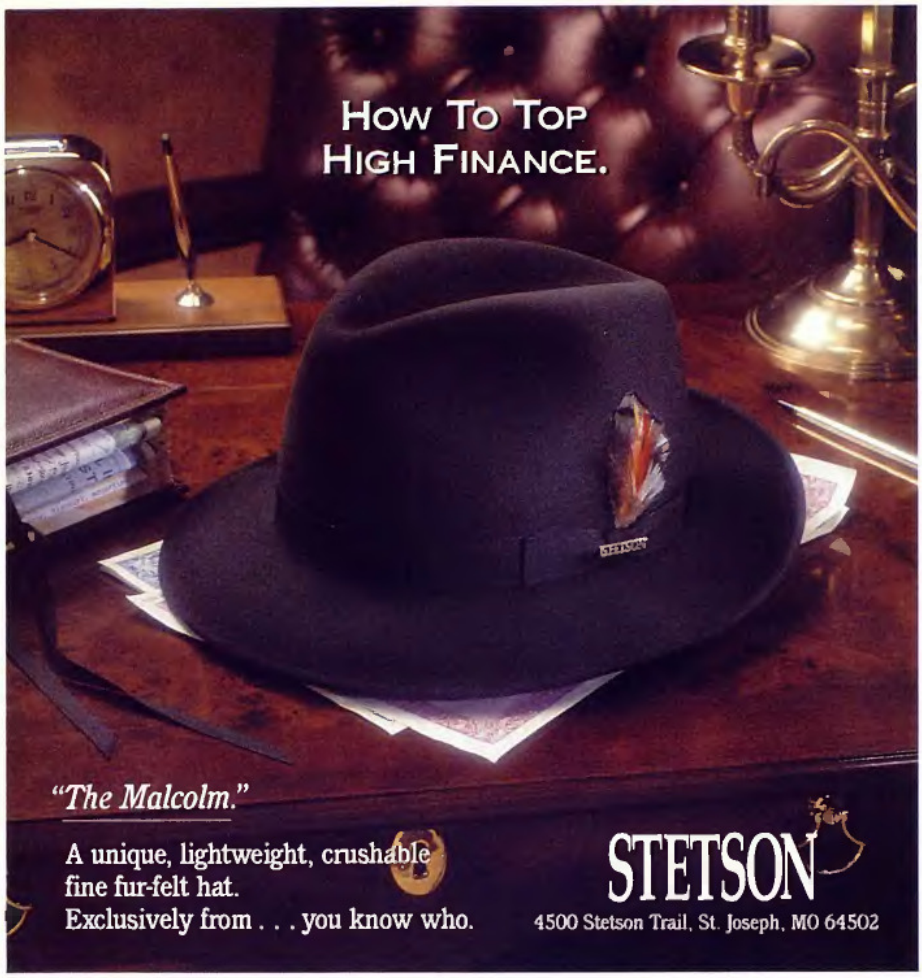
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State, Zip

and take only the zest, or colored part. Pour off about three ounces from a 750-milliliter bottle of vodka. Slide the peel spiral into the bottle, replace the vodka and recap tightly. Start tasting after two days. When the flavor intensity is as you like it, fish out the peel and enjoy the vodka. Great on the rocks, in punches and with fruit juices.

My wife and I recently attended a Victorian Ball. In order to have the tiny waist of a Victorian woman, she bought a corset. Surprisingly for both of us, she found the corset not uncomfortable and very erotic. I helped her shop for it and insisted on one that gave her a wasp waist but did not cover her breasts or hips. She tried the corset before the ball to make sure she would not be too uncomfortable, because I had to lace her in fairly tightly in order for her to fit into the dress. We had a wonderful time at the ball. She looked so sexy I could not keep my hands off her when we got home. She still had her corset on when we started to make love. She experienced multiple orgasms, which she described as the most intense she had ever had. She explained that the pressure from the corset increased the intensity of the orgasms. Since then, we have made love a number of times while she wears the corset. Our usual approach is for me to lace her in as tightly as I can and then for us to go into a social situation that we cannot easily leave. That allows both of us to anticipate lovemaking. In addition, we found that she needs to wear the corset for several hours in order to experience the really intense orgasms. I have several questions: Do most women enjoy wearing corsets? Is there a medical explanation for such intense orgasms? Can the corset harm her in any way?—L. D., Boston, Massachusetts.

And we thought Scarlett wore them for the 18-inch waist. We don't know how many women enjoy wearing corsets, but we suspect that the number will increase after they read this letter. The only explanation we can offer for the intense orgasms is that the corset is a form of restraint, adding to the physical tension of sex (and the subsequent release). The only harm we see in this is the quest for social situations from which you cannot easily leave. What are those? Bowling? The opera? Dinner with your boss? But what the hey—enjoy.

One of my friends likes to use an equalizer when taping old LPs. I've heard of an equalizer's improving playback, but never recording. What is he up to?—F. D., Nashville, Tennessee.

When music is converted to squiggles in the grooves of an LP, certain sacrifices are made. The bass is weakened and the treble boosted. Most amplifiers automatically restore the balance on playback. Some LPs are beyond a simple fix. If you think the bass is feeble, run the signal through an equalizer, boosting the range between 80 and 160 hertz. The other ranges will not be affected. If you think the track is too bright, try reducing the signal in

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the 3000-to-6000-hertz range. You can use the equalizer to remove some of the background noise by de-emphasizing the 7000-hertz band. Experiment; it's only tape. You can dramatically improve the sound of your LPs on tape—or you can say "What the fuck!" and buy the CD reissues.

How come guys don't know how to enter a woman? My boyfriend and I will be hot and bothered with foreplay and when he goes to put it in, he turns into a bumbling idiot. We usually get our pace back and proceed to finer things, but can you give some helpful hints to the teeming millions?—Miss T. S., Detroit, Michigan.

The best advice we've heard on this involves a little experiment. Take a bowl of food. Put on a blindfold. See how easy it is to feed yourself. The spoon goes right into your mouth. Now, try to feed your boyfriend. Does it end up on his shirt or in his ear? The solution to this problem: Do it yourself.

Do any rules exist for the wearing of a pocket watch?—P. S. P., San Diego, California.

Antique- and retro-style watches are enjoying a comeback, and most better department stores carry a good selection. If you choose a pocket watch, it should be worn in a vest or trouser pocket designed for that purpose. When using the latter, wear it with a slim chain or fob. The chain can then be hooked to your belt loop or anchored in the pocket by your key ring. When worn in a vest, the fob can be tucked through a buttonhole into the opposite vest pocket. An antique chain will enhance the look if you wear a vest. The pocket on the right side is considered the most appropriate for carrying your watch.

I am a bachelor in a small Midwest town. Recently, I went out with a girl I had met in the local coffee shop. We had sex and I continued to see her when it was convenient. At one point, she invited me to go to her place—and we both knew for what. When I got there, we had a few drinks, fooled around on the couch and then headed for the bedroom. Here is where it got interesting. Before we climbed into bed, she pulled out a snub-nosed .38 revolver and stated that she did not like being used. Furthermore, she wanted my company once a week, with no conditions on either party, until she relocated in Atlanta in six weeks. I thought about it—or should I say we thought about it, as I had an erect, blue-veined throbbing head in my pants at the time—and accepted the terms. We crawled into bed and I have been seeing her once a week like clockwork. The problem is, I detest seeing her on the designated day, even though it is only once a week. I dread going out with her and the last time we were together, I couldn't even come. I fear that if I go back on our agreement, she will shoot my ass. You probably think she is bluffing, but I have noticed signs of psychotic behavior and I have always been a good judge of character. Since I run my own business, I can't leave town. Any ideas would be appreciated.—B. P., Dubuque, Iowa.

What is this—creative-writing class? The sequel to "Fatal Attraction"? "The Secret Love Life of Laurie Dann"? If by chance you are not kidding, then wake up! Firearms are not a recognized form of foreplay. Bail out, now.

I had to turn down a last-minute invitation to London—my passport was out of date and I didn't have the six weeks to wait for a new one by mail. Do you know of any last-minute solution to the problem?—R. Q., New York, New York.

Washington Passport & Visa Service (800-272-7776) will stand in line for your passport and visas. The service offers a four-to-six-day turnaround for $30, a 72-hour response for $60 and same-day service for $90. We assume that you have already renewed your passport; keep the above number on hand for the unexpected encounter with a woman you'd like to take to Europe on short notice.

Sometimes I suffer from premature ejaculation. I've read that you can utilize something called the squeeze technique to delay orgasm. Can you describe this? The information I have says the woman squeezes the head of the penis. This sounds OK, but does it mean that I have to pull out every few seconds so she can grasp my erection? Are there any secrets I should know about?—E. G., Dallas, Texas.

Sex therapists do recommend the squeeze technique for premature ejaculation. Simply put, when the woman feels that her partner is becoming aroused, she puts her first and second fingers just above and below the coronal ridge (imagine holding a cigar) and her thumb on the underside of the penis. She applies pressure for about four seconds front to back, never side to side. The mistake most novices make is to wait until the man is experiencing ejaculatory inevitability (pulling his hair out, bouncing like the springs of a flat-bed truck, shadow-boxing with the big one). Rather, you use the squeeze throughout the foreplay—before insertion. Once you've mastered this, you can switch to a basilar squeeze technique, in which either the man or the woman slows his excitement by squeezing the base of his penis (again, front to back) for about four seconds.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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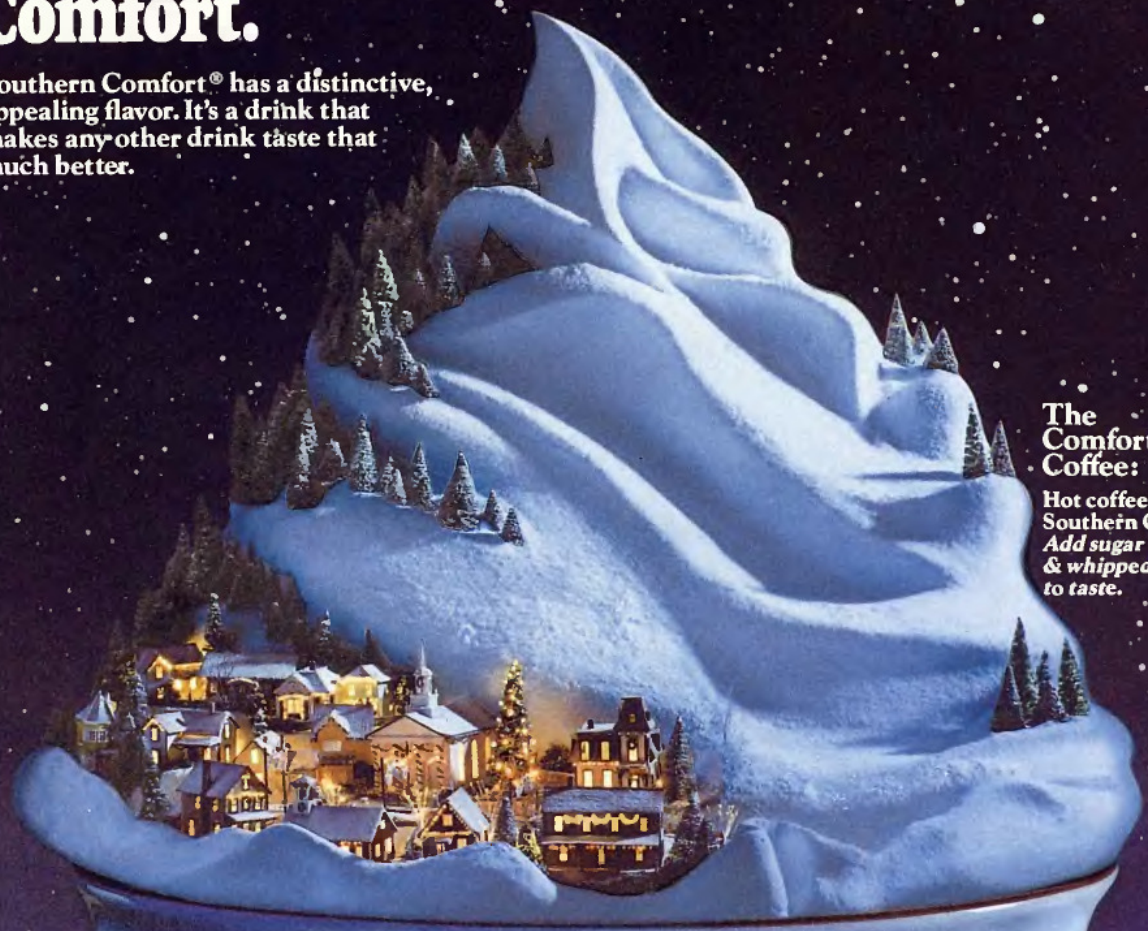

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SOUTHERN COMFORT

SIMPLE THINGS YOU CAN DO TO SAVE THE SEXUAL ENVIRONMENT

Sex is a form of personal expression that can thrive only in an environment that affirms sexuality—that grants citizens the right to know, the right to see, the right to find out, the right to play. Cripple the environment outside the bedroom and you cripple the sex that happens within.

We call it the Glasshouse Effect. Couples who have kept warm and happy performing a wide assortment of intimate acts together are beginning to feel a chill wind blowing through the bedroom window. We live in a sex-negative environment: The headlines assault our desire with stories of death, disease, violence, repression. Organized groups of conservatives actively fight sex education, birth control, abortion and erotic expression. You can save the sexual environment, but you have to act. Here are some things you can do.

THE FACTS OF LIFE

DID YOU KNOW?

The average age at which Americans first have sexual intercourse is between 16 and 17. (A recent survey by the Kinsey Institute for Research in Sex, Gender and Reproduction found that 76 percent of Americans did not know this fact.)

• According to The Alan Guttmacher Institute, the average American teenager has sex for 11 months before using birth control.

• In 1988 in the U.S., there were 172,163 out-of-wedlock births to white teenagers (54 percent) and 139,530 out-of-wedlock births to black teenagers (91 percent).

SIMPLE THINGS YOU CAN DO

Join syndicated columnist Carl T. Rowan in his campaign to make sex education a national necessity. In a column last fall, he wrote, "I say that we need sex education desperately in our schools, even though I know that not all teachers understand the joys and perils of sex. I know that schools can never do it all, but they can do far more than the parents—more likely, the one parent—to whom most youngsters cannot talk meaningfully about sex.

Call your local board of education. Find out which facts of life are being introduced into the curriculum and the grade level at which they are being taught. Don't get caught in the debate over "value-free" sex education. The facts are valuable.

Join Planned Parenthood Federation of America, 810 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10019-5818. In the absence of coherent, in-school sex ed, the storefront clinics of Planned Parenthood are your first line of defense.

Volunteer for a sex-information hot-line. There are hotlines in some major cities, including Los Angeles, New York and San Francisco, open without charge to anyone who wants to call. They're staffed by trained volunteers. How successful are the hotlines? The San Francisco hotline—now in its 20th year—gets 100 calls a night.

If your city doesn't have a hotline, organize one. For more information, write to San Francisco Sex Information, Board of Directors, P.O. Box 640054, San Francisco, California 94164.

PROTECT THE RIGHT TO CHOICE

The right to control your body is where sexual freedom begins. The right to choose when and with whom to have sex is closely linked to the right to choose when and with whom to reproduce. Either the Government must recognize that the right of privacy covers this most intimate of human activity or we must recognize the need for a new Government.

DID YOU KNOW?

Last year, there were 350 bills introduced in the United States and its territories seeking to alter or abolish a woman's right to a safe, medical abortion. In several instances, anti-choice legislation was stopped by one man—a governor exercising his right to veto.

SIMPLE THINGS YOU CAN DO

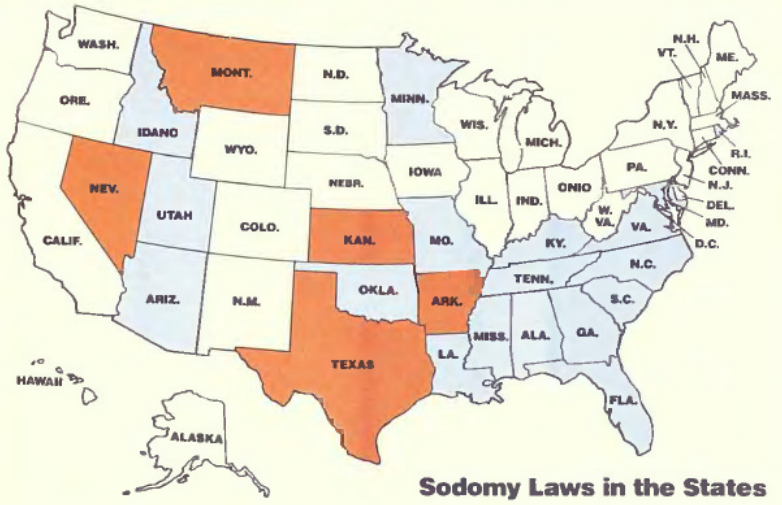
Join NARAL (National Abortion Rights Action League), 1101 14th Street

N.W., Fifth Floor, Washington, D.C. 20005.

Study the voting records and statements of candidates for office. Their views on abortion may give you an idea about their views on other sexual issues. Lawmakers who vote against abortion rights tend to vote against bills that would fund sex education in schools, vote against gay rights, obstruct AIDS-education programs and try to censor artistic expression that is erotic. Supporting funds for AIDS research does not mean you are pro-gay—it simply means that you can see the effect AIDS has had on all sexual beings.

CHALLENGE A BLUE LAW

DID YOU KNOW?



• In 1986, the Supreme Court refused to overturn a Georgia statute outlawing oral sex between homosexuals. The law also covers heterosexual behavior.

• In 1988, James Moseley was sentenced to five years in prison for performing oral sex on his wife. (He was released—after serving 19 months—on appeal.)

• In 1988, William Fry was sentenced to ten years in prison for admitting in court that his girlfriend had performed fellatio on him.

• Sodomy, or the "infamous crime against nature," is prohibited by state law in 25 states and the District of Columbia.

• In 1990, Donna E. Carroll agreed under a plea bargain to perform 40 hours of community service after being charged with adultery—a felony—in Wisconsin. In Connecticut, police charged four people with adultery—which is against the law in about half of the states.

SIMPLE THINGS YOU CAN DO

Ask your state legislators to draft legislation voiding any archaic sex statutes. In Georgia, state senator Cynthia McKinney and her father, state senator Billy McKinney, both introduced bills liberalizing the state sodomy laws.

Hire a lawyer to challenge these statutes in court. Under Michigan law, a first sodomy offense can bring up to 15 years' imprisonment, a second offense up to life. In 1988, a homosexual-rights group challenged a statute on behalf of 12 adults, including a woman who suffered from postpolio syndrome and who, confined to a wheelchair, was unable to have sex without breaking the law. A judge overturned the statute, saying the state constitution "embodies a promise that a certain private sphere of individual liberty will be kept largely beyond the reach of the government."

PRACTICE ETHNO SEX

DID YOU KNOW?

Sex researcher Alfred Kinsey found that virtually all Americans usually made love in one position—the missionary.

Sex researchers Masters and Johnson invited couples to have sex for science. They witnessed more than 14,000 orgasms in the lab. Almost every heterosexual couple made love in the same way: "a kiss on the lips, hand on the breast, dive for the pelvis." When the man determined the woman was lubricated, he climbed on top, penetrated, set the thrusting pattern until his partner reached orgasm.

One way to kill sex is to make it boring. Most of the sex laws and the family-value rhetoric are attempts to force the nation into sexual conformity.

According to Indian sexologist Yashodhara, there are 529 possible positions for sexual intercourse.

The gecko lizard is what the Marquesans call the side-by-side, face-to-face coital position. It's preferred in societies where people sleep on a hard surface, which would scrape men's knees in the missionary position.

Chinese erotic art portrays a woman seated on a swing with her legs spread. As two assistants push from behind, she swings forward onto the exposed erect penis of her lover, and then back, withdrawing. This can go on for hours.

SIMPLE THINGS YOU CAN DO

Broaden your sexual horizons by experimenting with the exotic and erotic. A good source for information: *Sexual Practices*, by Edgar Gregersen.

You can learn such techniques as Trukese striking, an Oceanic coital technique in which the man sits on the ground with his legs spread open while the woman faces him, kneeling. The man places the head of his penis just inside the opening of the vagina and moves it up and down without inserting, to stimulate the clitoris. When he penetrates her and the woman becomes more excited, she lets him know by poking a finger into his ear.

SPREAD THE NEWS, NOT THE DISEASE

Several sexually transmitted diseases are on the rise. You can help reverse the trend.

DID YOU KNOW?

The estimated cases of S.T.D.s in the United States, per year:

Chlamydia	4,000,000
Trichomoniasis	3,000,000
Gonorrhea	1,400,000
Nonspecific urethritis	1,300,000
Mucopurulent cervicitis	1,000,000
Human papillomavirus	1,000,000
Genital herpes	200,000–500,000
Hepatitis B	200,000
Syphilis	100,000

Did you know that doctors now believe that having a venereal disease, especially one causing genital ulceration, significantly increases the likelihood that you will contract AIDS? The first line of defense against AIDS is to maintain sexual health. If you suspect that you have an S.T.D., seek treatment.

SIMPLE THINGS YOU CAN DO

Conduct a genital self-exam. Look for any bumps, sores, warts or blisters on the skin. Be alert to any swelling or soreness in the testicles. If you experience pain or a burning sensation in your genitals, call a doctor. If you have a discharge or drip from the genitals, call a doctor. For a detailed guide to a genital self-exam, write to GSE, P.O. Box 4088, Woburn, Massachusetts 01888-4088.

Take out an ad in your local paper listing hotlines for S.T.D.s. Or write the numbers in every telephone booth at the local school.

National HIV and AIDS Information Service: 800-342-AIDS.

The National S.T.D. Hotline: 800-227-8922.

Herpes Resource Center Hotline: 919-361-2120.

Order "The Complete Guide to Safe Sex" from the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality; it's an honest, practical and authoritative primer. Send $6.95, plus $3.50 for shipping and handling, to Exodus Trust, 1523 Franklin Street, San Francisco, California 94109.

THINK GLOBALLY, ACT LOCALLY

We asked several prominent sexologists what they'd recommend to preserve the sexual environment. These men and women possess an advanced curiosity about sexual behavior and a willingness to share what they've learned.

Michael Castleman, author of *Sexual Solutions*: "I suggest trying it outdoors occasionally, in a sylvan setting. Not public parks, but remote areas. Or if you have the privacy to do it, pitch a tent in your back yard. Also, I recommend supporting your local legitimate massage studio. Take massage classes together. Experiment with Swedish and Esalen whole-body massages. Hot-tub and sauna together. Learn how to touch each other's feet, hands and head. You can really experience an altered state of consciousness through touch. Especially the feet. They're incredibly sensuous and erogenous areas for many people.

"Other ideas? I like play-off sex. That's when you and your lover take advantage of the interminable time that passes during televised play-offs in any sport. Make a game of it to alleviate the boredom: See how sexually playful you can be in the final two minutes. Then there are lingerie shops. Many now have dressing rooms large enough for two. It's a Nineties concept. You get to see her trying on camisoles and choose your favorites with her."

Lonnie Barbach, editor of *Erotic Interludes* and author of *For Each Other* and other books on heightening sensual and sexual enjoyment: "There's a widespread myth that sex should always be spontaneous. In our society, where each member of a couple can be working 50 or 60 hours a week, that's unreasonable. So pen in sex. Don't pencil it in or use an erasable ballpoint. Lock the bedroom doors against children, if you have any; turn off the phone, shut off the fax and enjoy each other without interruption. Sex needs to be prioritized. Make a date and keep it. Use your calendar. Or, if you're both feeling sexy at dinner, forget the dishes and go make love. Don't put it off. We're so frenetic and exhausted after a long workday, one person's almost certainly going to be too tired later on. Sex isn't a survival need like earning money. It needs to be nurtured."

Bernie Zilbergeld, author of *Male Sexuality*: "Some parents who came out of the counterculture Sixties have turned into prudes when it comes to giving their teenage children the freedom to experiment. We, as adults, need to loosen up, teach our kids safe, smart sex and not limit their right to sexual experimentation. And, we need to make ourselves heard. The other side does, and very well. I read last week about a committee formed to remove the swimsuit issue of *Sports Illustrated* from a high school library. We need to fight back. We need to press for open sex education in schools, where love and sex get connected. Not simply organ-recital courses."

Isadora Alman, author of *Aural Sex & Verbal Intercourse*: "We might think about changing the social order to encourage strangers to show photos of themselves and their main bounce in their favorite positions. Like, 'This is my sweetie, Sue. Doesn't she have nice breasts? Here we're doing the reverse trapeze.' Or, 'Let me show you Hank—isn't that some tush?' These snapshots would be great icebreakers at cocktail parties and would liven up boring plane rides. Another idea: Condoms should be available like peanuts at bars or toothpicks at restaurants—in bowls. Free. Paid for by the company that advertises on the package. With logos like PARK IT SAFELY from Max's Downtown Garage. Or a camouflage condom with the logo, DON'T LET THEM SEE YOU COMING. On a more serious note, I recommend we teach our kids that self-esteem is the greatest aphrodisiac, and the brain is the biggest sex organ."

—STEPHEN YAFA

BECOME SEXUALLY LITERATE

DID YOU KNOW?

According to a *Playboy* telephone sex survey, only one out of four adults has read a sex manual such as *The Joy of Sex*. The Kinsey Institute recently administered an 18-item questionnaire to 1974 adults that concerned basic facts of sexual health: 55 percent failed the test, missing more than half the questions.

Your library should be an excellent source for information about sex, so visit it. See if you can find the answers to the following questions. If not, donate books about sex to your library.

QUESTIONS

A. Which living creatures have the smallest and the largest penis, respectively?

B. Which mammal has the most unusual vagina?

C. What is the most famous sex aid in China, and when was it introduced?

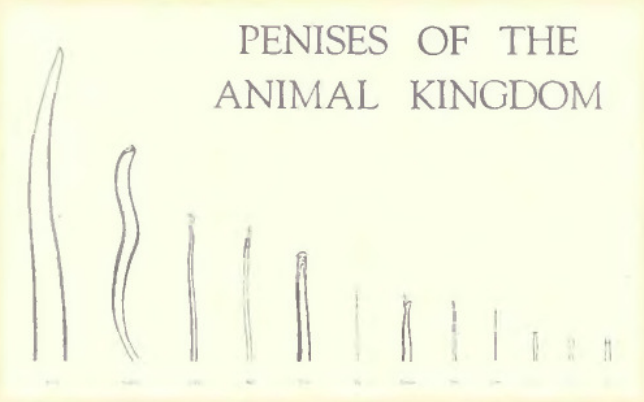
D. What's a happy ring? Why do women love it and goats hate it?

E. Name three of history's great male sexual athletes—not counting Casanova or Wade Boggs.

ANSWERS

A. The world's smallest penises, at 1/100 inch or smaller, belong to the insect world; the rorqual whale has the world's longest, at ten feet. And you thought John Holmes was well hung?

B. The female hippo's vagina comes equipped with a dozen or so deeply corrugated interlocking fibrous ridges. What did Harriet Hippo say to the hubby? "Tighten your seat belt, dear, it's gonna be a bumpy night."



From left to right: the male anatomy of the whale, elephant, giraffe, bull, horse, pig, porpoise, ram, goat, hyena, dog and man.

C. The silver clasp was invented in China. Clamped around the base of the penis, it prolongs erection by preventing blood from leaving the engorged organ. This may also help explain why the penis is referred to in China as the jade stem: Many have turned green with gangrene.

D. Ah, such pleasure! Tibetan lamas in the 13th Century introduced the happy ring to Mongols. Recipe: Kill a goat; remove eyelid with eyelashes intact; dry eyelid in quicklime; steam in bamboo basket. When firm, tie around jade stem prior to coitus. Eyelashes give women exquisite tickling stimulation. We ask, why let the other 99.4 percent of the goat go to waste? Heat up coals, barbecue, cut into bite-size chunks, spear them with toothpicks, pop a few beers and have a happy-ring happy hour.

E. The French writer Guy de Maupassant could make love six times in one hour. The Arab lover Abu'l-Hayjeh deflowered 80 virgins in one night. The Chinese emperor Yang Ti made love to 3000 palace maidens. OK, so numbers don't impress you. How about resourcefulness? He would take ten chariots with him on his caravans when traveling; in each lay a naked beauty on heavily padded red satin, awaiting his favors. We'll leave the lights on for you, Yang Ti.

STOCK YOUR FALLOUT SHELTER WITH SEX TOYS

DID YOU KNOW

Censorship is as American as apple pie. More than a century ago, Anthony Comstock led a crusade to rid the U.S. of the portrayal of sex in any form, and he almost succeeded. He lobbied through Congress the first major obscenity law, which made it a felony to send birth-control information through the mails. The Post Office seized 200,000 pictures and photos, 100,000 books and more than 60,000 condoms.

The Meese commission—a reincarnation of Comstock's group—ostensibly investigated pornography. The National Obscenity Enforcement Unit—a crack team of Federal prosecutors created to ferret out kiddie porn and adult pornography—has moved beyond the scope of its charter, recently busting mail-order supply houses that, in addition to selling videos, offer condoms and other contraceptives (see "Project PostPorn," *The Playboy Forum*, September 1990).

Several states have tried to outlaw the sale of dildos and vibrators as "obscene devices."

SIMPLE THINGS YOU CAN DO

Stock up. How many miles do you have on that old Orgasmatron? Do you think it will be easy to get spare parts if the Reverend Donald Wildmons get their way?

Test the technology at the local store that sells sexual aids. Some of the products are tacky but may suggest new uses for items around the house. Check out the lickable lotions, massage mitts and silky talcum powders. Splurge on a mirror to go over the bed. Don't apologize for it, just do it.

Commission a local craftsman to make designer sex toys—a silver cast of your erection or special leatherwear. Decentralization may be the answer.

SOURCES

Send one dollar for a mail-order catalog to Romantasy, 199 Moulton Street, San Francisco, California 94123.

Ten dollars to The Pleasure Chest, 7733 Santa Monica Boulevard, West Hollywood, California 90046.

Adam & Eve (no charge), P.O. Box 800, Carrboro, North Carolina 27510.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

INTRAUTERINE BUGS

ANKARA—*Kurdish rebels fighting for their independence from Turkey make trouble for the Turkish government any way they can. Their latest method is*

spreading the rumor that the free I.U.D.s supplied by the population-control agency are electronic surveillance devices. According to public health officials, women are having the I.U.D.s removed because "they think the government can listen in on their most intimate conversations."

THE FRENCH CONNECTION

STOCKHOLM—*The French are fuming about Sweden's use of the Eiffel Tower—made out of condom packages—in a poster warning travelers to take precautions against AIDS. The French ambassador wrote to the Swedish social minister, "I leave it to you to judge whether it is good manners to link my country with a plague that unfortunately affects all mankind." The government-funded group that made the poster explained that the tower was "just a symbol of an exciting international setting."*

FREE THE RU-486

CHICAGO—*Clinical tests of RU-486, the so-called abortion pill, are currently frozen, according to doctors writing in the* Journal of the American Medical Association, *because the manufacturer has been threatened by anti-abortion boycotts. The pill has therapeutic potential for those who suffer from cancer, Epstein-Barr, AIDS and osteoporosis, among other diseases. "It is tragic that in this country, 43,000 victims die of breast cancer each year while abject surrender to abortion politics delays clinical studies that might help them," wrote the doctors. Physicians should "join the public debate on the ethics of denying drugs to the living because of political activism regarding the unborn."*

ANTI-ABORTION ANTICS

FAIRFAX COUNTY, VIRGINIA—*An unknown Right-to-Lifer has spliced anti-abortion messages on five video tapes rented by the local library. The graphic information on how abortions are performed was added to family and children's tapes by someone who got around the videos' tamper-proof protection. The library is investigating the matter.*

CORPUS CHRISTI—*In the city whose name translates as "body of Christ," a Catholic bishop and a Lutheran minister chastised local police for protecting abortion clinics from anti-abortion protesters and likened police who complied with the law to Nazis. The police chief, a Lutheran, said the bishop's letter was "a personal opinion" and that he expected his officers "to enforce the law and keep the peace."*

COLOR ME GAY

FORT WORTH—*The Tarrant County Gay Alliance would like officials at a Fort Worth jail to stop designating homosexual inmates with color-coded wristbands. Under present policy, red wristbands are for felons, blue for misdemeanor offenders, orange for prisoners awaiting transfer, yellow for prisoners with medical problems and gray for acknowledged homosexuals. Although the bands are intended to indicate that the wearer needs protective custody, the gays are put with other prisoners during meals and exercise periods, which, the alliance says, is "like throwing meat to the dogs."*

DRUG DAZE

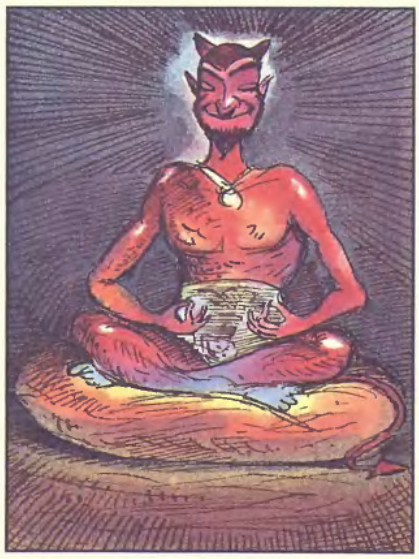
WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Drug czar William Bennett has introduced regulations aimed at punishing middle-class drug users. He announced that Federal benefits such as student aid, small-business loans and medical, scientific and academic research grants will be withheld from those convicted of drug use or drug trafficking. "We think this will have an impact on the so-called casual user," he said.*

DIRTY DIALING

MINNEAPOLIS—*When three Minnesota roommates started receiving obscene telephone calls, they called the police, who were puzzled to find that the calls came from phones all over the city. Then the callers started complaining. One griped about the lousy service and wondered what kind of low-rent operation the women were running. An investigation uncovered the fact that the roommates' number was the same as one advertised for a toll-free phone-sex service—and some of the customers were failing to dial 1-800.*

DEVIL-MAY-CARE

TOCCOA, GEORGIA—*The local recreation department has canceled its yoga class after protests from fundamentalists who say that yoga is tantamount to Satan worship.*



"The people who are signed up for the class are just walking into it like cattle to a slaughter," said a yoga protester. The program director tried to explain that the class teaches only simple stretching and relaxation techniques, but he finally said to hell with it and nixed the course.

READER

LICENSE TO KILL

Saddam Hussein must have started Iraq's war with Kuwait to get his people's minds off domestic decrees. Not too long before the invasion, Iraq's ruling Revolutionary Command Council ruled that an Iraqi man can kill his wife, mother, daughter, sister, aunt, niece or cousin on his father's side if he thinks she has committed adultery. "Although spineless Americans probably couldn't understand the morality behind this decree, we Iraqis can," said an Iraqi pardoned for matricide. "When I killed my mother, I did so because I knew it was what God wanted." His wife, who is in hiding from him, disagrees: "I am sure he killed her just because he didn't like her." Now, instead of killing their own, the Iraqis can concentrate on killing foreigners.

R. Morgan
Montgomery, Alabama

MC MARTIN

The public will find out the truth of how we were suckered into financing the $20,000,000 McMartin fiasco only if there is a third trial (*The Playboy Forum*, June). But this time, with an entirely different guilty-until-proven-innocent group of defendants. Criminal charges should be brought against all those responsible for creating and aiding the most brutal and expensive hoax of the century. The following people should be tried—with five-year jail sentences (the same amount of time Ray Buckey spent behind bars) imposed:

- Detective Jane Hoag of the Manhattan Beach police department, for thinking that Buckey was guilty on the strength of a mentally ill woman's accusations that got wilder with every teiling.
- Former district attorney Robert Philibosian, who apparently saw political advantage in the McMartin case.
- Kee MacFarlane, a self-proclaimed child-abuse expert, who led the children, the media and the public into believing the child-abuse charges.
- Lael Rubin, chief prosecutor in the McMartin trial. For nearly ten months, she negligently withheld from the defense the information that the original accusing mother was mentally ill.

FOR THE RECORD

HOW THEY'D FIGHT THE WAR ON DRUGS

CALLER: My question is to Mr. Bennett. Why build prisons? Get tough like Saudi Arabia. Behead the damned drug dealers. We're just too damn soft.

DRUG POLICY DIRECTOR WILLIAM BENNETT: It's actually—there's an interesting point. One of the things that I think is a problem is that we are not doing enough that is morally proportional to the nature of the offense. I mean, what the caller suggests is morally plausible. Legally, it's difficult, but say——

LARRY KING: Behead?

BENNETT: Yeah. Morally, I don't have any problem with that. —*The Larry King Show*, June 15, 1989

•

"I guess it gets down to one of my concerns about, again, that definition of casual user and what you do with the whole group. The casual user, if there is such a thing as a casual user, ought to be taken out and shot, because he or she has no reason for using drugs, and then we ought to direct our attention to those who really have an addiction problem." —DARYL F GATES, Los Angeles police chief, to the Senate Judiciary Committee, September 1990

It is a shame that the above people will walk away from the Buckeys' nightmare scot-free. This is justice?

Jackie Starmer
Redondo Beach, California

TRIFLING WITH RIGHTS

Totalitarian bluenose Donald E. Wildmon seems to show up on the pro side of every censorship issue. His most recent exercise of his *own* freedom of speech—in opposition to almost everyone else's—is an editorial in *USA Today* that begins as a malediction of those "few" of us who would let a trifle such as the Bill of Rights deter such important business as persecuting rappers 2 Live Crew for obscene lyrics. Wildmon alerts us to the dangers of sexual freedom; according to him, sexual repression is *good* for culture.

Steve Williams
Homestead, Florida

I had never heard of the Reverend Donald Wildmon until I read about him in *Playboy*. I wrote to him and began receiving his *AFA Journal*. I have written to many of the companies he has targeted to boycott, encouraging them to combat his efforts. It is disturbing that Wildmon is even a little bit successful. Christian fundamentalists apparently will not be satisfied until they replace the Constitution with *their* version of the Bible.

Please don't publish my name; I don't want Wildmon to take my name off his subscription list.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

KIDS AND GUNS

Jerome Stern could have added one more sentence to "What They Learn in School" (*The Playboy Forum*, August): Educators want kids to avoid accidents with guns, but they don't teach them about firearm safety, because they don't want them to be curious and fool around with carelessly stored guns.

Education—about sex or guns—can prevent accidents and stupid acts.

George S. Crotts, Jr.
San Ramon, California

RESPONSE

GUNNING FOR ANIMALS

One of the complaints of the gun-owning community is that the media are dominated by an urban intelligentsia that associates firearms with crime and violence, and hunting with killing Bambi's mother. The result is that studies and surveys that are not antigun are also not reported. Such selectivity may not be conscious, but it does reflect a bias.

D. H. Naismith
Chicago, Illinois

CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'

In 1969, California formed a panel to do a long-term study of its drug policy and to provide some answers to the problem of illegal drugs. The panel recently delivered its recommendations—one of which was to decriminalize marijuana. State attorney general John Van De Kamp immediately squelched the report. The suppression of the 21-year-long study is an outrage.

Clifford A. Schaffer
Canyon Country, California

The California Research Advisory Panel to which you refer suggested that the California legislature recognize the failure of its antidrug policies and experiment with different approaches to the drug problem.

The panel has made proposals that are, if anything, monuments to caution. It requires that the reforms be monitored closely and be subject to immediate legislative reversal at the first sign that they are leading to increased drug use. It also cautions that drugs are not a singular, massive problem seeking a singular, massive solution, but a complex of problems, each requiring a different approach. And that's where it got into trouble.

The panel proposes to remove penalties for possession of needles and syringes—in part as a public-health measure to combat the spread of AIDS and hepatitis—and to permit cultivation of marijuana for personal use, to help separate the pot smoker from the drug-using community.

It offers other, noncontroversial suggestions, including creating a climate of disapproval of drug use. The state's law-enforcement agency objected strenuously and compelled members of the panel to publish and distribute their recommendations privately—which shows that the immediate obstacle to dealing with drug problems seems to be the resistance to innovation.

HIT THE (PUBLIC) BEACH

The item titled "Florida Follies" in *The Playboy Forum*'s October "Newsfront" needs amplification. The ban on thongs, G strings and other skimpy swimwear applies only to Florida's state parks. Public beaches are still fair game in Florida.

Mike Trent
Atlanta, Georgia

It is still a silly law. We ask all of our female readers to send their old bikinis to Governor Martinez with a note: "You won't see this or the person who wears it anywhere in Florida. I'm taking my tourist dollars to the Caribbean."

"DATE RAPE"

The article "Date Rape on Campus," by Stephanie Gutmann (*The Playboy Forum*, October), distresses me. Although Gutmann admits that rape is a serious problem, she asks, "If you have to convince a woman that she was raped, how meaningful is that conclusion?"

Many years ago, I worked at a restaurant as a cocktail waitress. Late one evening, a man came in who'd just had a fight with his wife. He was drunk and angry. He pinned my hands behind my back, pushed me up against the bar and slapped me around. I begged him to stop.

I was totally shaken and it took me several hours to acknowledge that I'd been beaten. Does that make the beating any less brutal or valid?

Jill Mollenhauer
San Diego, California

No, of course not—and you should have called the police. After the shock of your experience wore off, you knew exactly what the score was. Gutmann is questioning those cases in which the sexual experiences of women are reinterpreted long after the fact—and often by researchers and not by the women themselves.

TUFTS LIFE

In response to students who make racist and sexist remarks, 137 American universities have recently passed laws restricting free speech. At Tufts University, the wave of repression was kicked off when a student distributed T-shirts proclaiming FIFTEEN REASONS WHY BEER IS BETTER THAN WOMEN. Some students found the T-shirts offensive (as though freedom of expression applied only to HAVE A NICE DAY). None of the stories I've read about the incident published the 15 reasons. Therefore, for the public's edification, I present the 15 reasons that beer is better than women.

1. You can enjoy beer all month long.
2. Beer stains wash out.
3. You don't have to wine and dine beer.
4. Beer is never late.
5. Hangovers go away.
6. A beer doesn't get jealous when you grab another beer.
7. When you go to a bar, you know you can always pick up a beer.
8. A beer won't get upset if you come home with beer on your breath.
9. Beer never has a headache.
10. If you pour a beer right, you'll always get a good head.
11. You can have more than one beer a night and not feel guilty.
12. You can share a beer with your friends.
13. You always know you're the first to pop a beer.
14. A beer is always wet.
15. A frigid beer is a good beer.

R. Ryen
Boston, Massachusetts

Instead of protesting the Tufts T-shirt, the women who were offended should have come up with their own T-shirt with, maybe, 15 ways a cucumber is better than a man. We'll provide the first five; you fill in the rest.

1. A cucumber is always at least six inches long.
2. You can fondle a cucumber in the store.
3. You can see how hard a cucumber is before you take it home.
4. You have to eat a cucumber only when you want to.
5. With a cucumber, you don't have to lie on a wet spot afterward.

THE THIRD ANNUAL DRUG TEST FOR MEMBERS OF CONGRESS

The Government's so-called war on drugs suffers from too much posturing and not enough constructive policy making. However, through a national educational effort—evidenced by thorough discussion in *The Playboy Forum*—some of us in Congress have been able to make some measurable progress. Clearly, the public is ahead of the politicians on this issue: It now recognizes that we will never prosecute our way out of the drug problem and that we must treat drug abuse as a health problem rather than as merely a law-enforcement problem.

Congress, however belatedly, has quietly recognized this, too. I hope to continue to rally the troops by inspiring a healthy dialog and debate. The first and second drug tests, with *Playboy*'s help, have been successful vehicles to get my fellow Congressmen to see through the posturing and to work toward implementing constructive policies.

Representative Pete Stark
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

THE TEST

1. Since 1986, the U.S. Customs Service has spent more than $100,000,000 to test, build and deploy seven radar balloons on the U.S.–Mexican border. How many smugglers have been caught in this effort?

A. More than 5000 C. 942
B. About 2500 D. Fewer than 50

2. The total number of musicians in the U.S. Army is greater than the total number of Drug Enforcement Administration agents. True or false?

A. True B. False

3. In 1989, sailing for a combined 2347 ship days costing $33,200,000, the U.S. Navy and the U.S. Coast Guard:

A. Seized 879 ships and arrested 2368 drug smugglers
B. Seized 637 ships and arrested 1472 drug smugglers
C. Seized 348 ships and arrested 856 drug smugglers
D. Seized seven ships and arrested 40 drug smugglers

4. Which statement is false?

A. Enough urine is tested each year to fill Lake Michigan.
B. Two ounces of a particular diet soda held under the arm for one hour will be accepted as a valid urine sample 98 percent of the time.
C. Adding a certain brand of eyedrops to a urine sample camouflages any trace of marijuana in a drug test.
D. Cocaine users can avoid detection by simply adding bleach to urine.

5. According to the Bush Administration, the typical cocaine user is white, male, a high school graduate, employed full-time and living in the suburbs.

A. True B. False

6. The Netherlands has a far lower per capita consumption of drugs than the United States. Who wrote, "The fundamental difference in Dutch drug policy is its demand-oriented approach to the problem as opposed to the supply-oriented approach favored by the United States and many other countries"?

A. The Reverend Jesse Jackson
B. The Bush Administration's State Department
C. Vice-President Dan Quayle
D. Roseanne Barr

7. Instead of expending the time and effort to catch and prosecute marijuana users, "we should concentrate on prosecuting the rapists and burglars who are a menace to society." Who made this statement advocating the decriminalization of marijuana?

A. The Reverend Jesse Jackson
B. The Bush Administration's State Department
C. Vice-President Dan Quayle
D. Roseanne Barr

8. For every dollar we spend on treating hard-core drug users, the U.S. taxpayer is saved three dollars in reduced crime and other social costs.

A. True B. False

9. Every day, 56,000 hard-core addicts seek treatment but are turned away because of lack of staff or space.

A. True B. False

10. Coca is the primary ingredient in cocaine. The biggest legal importer of coca in the United States is:

A. The Federal Government
B. The makers of nicotine chewing gum
C. Coca-Cola
D. RJR Tobacco

11. The Bush Administration claims that the U.S. has 862,000 regular cocaine users. How was that number determined?

A. By the number of *High Times* subscribers
B. By a survey of hospital emergency rooms
C. The Government interviewed 8621 people, 65 of whom admitted using cocaine weekly. The number was then extrapolated to account for the total U.S. population
D. By a May 1990 Gallup Poll of white, suburban males

12. The inhalant used most by students in Texas is typewriter correction fluid.

A. True B. False

13. In the U.S. last year, the total number of overdose deaths from aspirin was virtually the same as overdose deaths from:

A. Tobacco
B. Heroin
C. Alcohol
D. Typewriter correction fluid

ANSWERS:
1. D; 2. A; 3. D; 4. A; 5. A; 6. B; 7. C; 8. A; 9. A; 10. C; 11. C; 12. A; 13. B

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LEE IACOCCA

a candid conversation with the steely industrialist and national icon about friction with japan, calamity in the gulf and life behind the chrysler wheel

There was a time in this country, believe it or not, when nobody had ever heard of Lee Iacocca. Hard to imagine today, when the name is as recognizable in American households as McDonald's, Frigidaire and MTV. Along with the original Henry Ford, he is the best-known figure in the history of American car building. From a scrappy car salesman toting flip charts up and down the Eastern Seaboard, Iacocca has risen to the number-one chair in the high-pressure chamber atop the Chrysler Corporation, along the way earning the status of national icon—a generic substitute for all that is right, or wrong, with the American automobile business.

But to millions of his countrymen, Lee Iacocca is simply the central character of an old-fashioned success story, a Fourth of July kind of guy who gives hard work a good name. His fairy-tale rise from the ashes of defeat—he was fired by the Ford Motor Company, for which he had developed the enormously popular Mustang, then saved Chrysler from bankruptcy—made him an almost mythic figure imbued with supposedly superhuman qualities.

By repaying Chrysler's 1.2-billion-dollar Government-guaranteed bailout loan "the old-fashioned way"—seven years early—Iacocca became, in the eyes of many Americans, a genuine hero in a world notably lacking in leaders of stature. It was a role that in 1984 made him a widely touted favorite for the Presidency. Many voters believed that a man who could save a sick company while making it look simple could bring the same bromidic solutions to the baffling problems of modern life and a Government gone wrong.

Iacocca still flirts with a foray into political life ("I should start a third party just to shake things up"), but whether he's on the outside spitting in or simply raising hell on the international lecture circuit, he is a man of uncensored opinions who never shrinks from sharing them with the world.

Most recently, Iacocca has taken the lead in criticizing Japanese trade practices and calling for a fundamental rethinking of the American free-enterprise ethic, which he feels is dogmatically tied to old ideas of the Thirties. Japan has publicly winced at Iacocca's allegations, singling him out as the most glaring symbol of American mismanagement. The son of Italian immigrants, he is also a roving superpatriot who last September helped cut the ribbon on the Ellis Island Memorial—the gateway to America through which his parents passed more than half a century ago. The ceremony was an ironic honor: Iacocca had chaired the committee that raised $350,000,000 to polish the skirts of the Statue of Liberty and refurbish Ellis Island, but was fired from the project's advisory board after a conflict over how the money was to be spent.

The making of the Iacocca legend began with a reverse twist. After climbing to the presidency of Ford, he was unceremoniously dumped in 1978 by the company's tyrannical chairman, Henry Ford II, in one of the most controversial firings in American history. Meanwhile, the Chrysler Corporation, then close to breathing its last breath, grabbed up Iacocca as its emergency surgeon. Iacocca promptly jawboned the U.S. Government into massive loan guarantees, then used a classic mix of chutzpah, *hucksterism and high-profile salesmanship to make the Chrysler comeback one of the great business stories of the postwar period.*

That's when the unbridled public adoration began. Before long, Iacocca's take-no-prisoners pitch was popping up on TV screens nationwide, projecting the image of the self-made American who could still do things right, still punch the clock according to an older generation's work ethic. By personally going on air to hawk his wares ("If you can find a better car, buy it!"), Iacocca gave rise to a new era of highly visible corporate peddling. The tactic also lent him, the head of a car company with only an eight percent share of the U.S. market, visibility and influence far out of proportion to his actual business clout.

Within four years, Chrysler was back in the

"[The Japanese] are aggressive. When you hurt them commercially, they fight back. It's a war. If we get too thin-skinned about it, then this country's got a problem. I'm a red-blooded American. I fight back."

"With all our problems, this is still the kind of country I want to live in. This past century was our century totally. How did we do it? Diversity. Guts. Courage. We stuck with the program. That's why the world is so great."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN

"We have to live within our means. . . . Then we won't be so dependent on Japanese money. It's one thing to get hooked on a Sony Walkman, or on a Toyota. But when you get hooked on their money, you're hooked."

ring and competing with the auto industry's leading heavyweights, while Iacocca continued his campaign to burnish the industry's tarnished reputation for cranking out shoddy workmanship. By persuading the automobile workers' union to take pay cuts—and by putting former United Auto Workers president Douglas Fraser on the Chrysler board—Iacocca ignited a spirit of teamwork not seen since the Fighting Irish had been asked to win one for the Gipper.

At Chrysler, Iacocca again stunned the world with a new concept in cars: the minivan. A roomy, stylish alternative to the family station wagon, the minivan has become a cash cow that other car companies, including those of the Japanese, are still struggling to match at a competitive price. For such successes, Iacocca has reaped ample personal rewards: His salary went from a symbolic one dollar in 1980 (a privation certainly eased by the $1,500,000 Chrysler paid to buy out his severance contract from Ford) to an estimated $20,500,000 in 1986—bonuses and stock sales included.

Then came the book: No shrinking violet, Iacocca agreed to write a memoir in 1984 explaining how he brought Chrysler back from the brink of ruination. Like its author, "Iacocca: An Autobiography" touched a nerve in the public. This was not just a car book; it was a combination morality tale and primer of shrewd business management. Consistent with Iacocca's now-Midas touch, the book became a runaway best seller, with sales of 7,000,000 copies world-wide. His second book, "Talking Straight," was published in 1988.

Born Lido Anthony Iacocca in Allentown, Pennsylvania, on October 15, 1924, the future business tycoon was one of a handful of Italian boys in a neighborhood jammed with Pennsylvania Dutch families. "We fought, but we assimilated," Iacocca remembers of his immigrant upbringing. "Education was the key." Iacocca's father, Nicola, was a successful businessman who made most of his money in real estate, though he once owned part of a rental-car business. He was also a taskmaster who rarely allowed young Lido to slip below the threshold of academic excellence. "[When I finished] 12th in a class of 900," Iacocca wrote in his book, "my father's reaction was: 'Why weren't you first?'"

The hard studying paid off. Iacocca graduated with high honors from Lehigh University and accepted a graduate fellowship to Princeton, where he earned a master's degree in engineering. Beginning his career at Ford with a rotation through several manufacturing jobs in Detroit, he realized within nine months that he was more of a salesman than a draftsman. The real action, he recognized, was in marketing and management. He promptly got a transfer.

The radical job switch meant sending Iacocca into the boonies of car selling—and into the teeth of an early-Fifties recession. Yet economic hardship only served to fine-tune Lee Iacocca's sales savvy (he began calling himself Lee when he grew weary of long-distance operators laughing at the name Lido), and he thrived on the day-to-day challenges.

By the early Sixties, it was obvious to Ford's top brass that Iacocca was a comer. His success in launching the sporty little Mustang spotlighted him as Henry Ford's chosen protégé and front runner for the company presidency. But then came his monumental falling out with Ford, his jump to Chrysler and his subsequent rocket trip to folk-hero status.

Despite Iacocca's success at resuscitating Chrysler in the early Eighties, today he finds himself once again facing trouble. After nearly a decade of steady profits, the company has just announced its second losing quarter since 1982, with profits down a whopping 65 percent in recession-prone 1990. Iacocca is faulted for a series of dubious moves, including the acquisition of the problem-ridden AMC (despite the popularity of the perennially best-selling Jeep), the production of a doomed Chrysler-Maserati luxury car and especially the failure to develop a new mid-sized car for the late Eighties—a shortcoming Iacocca pledges will be remedied within two years. There is also frequent talk of a Chrysler merger with a European white knight such as Volvo, Renault or Fiat. Iacocca insists that his company will remain solvent and that he faces nothing like the problems he had ten years ago, if only because he is sitting on four billion dollars in cash reserves that could help see Chrysler through some lean times.

To explore these and other critical issues with Iacocca (most importantly, his ongoing battle with the Japanese business establishment and the recent crisis over the politics and oil of the Middle East), Playboy *sent veteran journalist* **Peter Ross Range** *to the Chrysler chieftain's headquarters in Detroit. Range's previous "Playboy Interview" assignments have included conversations with Sony Corporation cofounder and chairman Akio Morita and CNN owner Ted Turner. Here is Range's report:*

"Iacocca is at once larger and smaller than life as personified by the jut-jawed mug seen in his TV commercials. He's a tall man who, on our first meeting, rose from behind a formidable desk covered with a yard-sale assortment of big black loose-leaf binders—sales reports from around the nation. He came toward me with a cigar in his hand and an impish grin on his face, as though this whole interview enterprise were a special lark that only the two of us knew about. 'Finally got to me,' he said, chuckling, explaining that he had held out for two decades before consenting to the 'Playboy Interview.' He was right on both counts: We had been dogging him for quite some time and, yes, now we'd finally nabbed him.

"As we held forth for our first scheduled 90-minute session—then stole an extra hour—I was struck by how much softer an impression Iacocca makes in person than when in public: The hard-charging, tough-talking executive surfaces only occasionally—most notably, when he embarks on charged topics such as Japanese trade barriers.

"But pensive or passionate, Iacocca never runs short of the energy to engage. He occasionally remembers to light his cigar—a Cuban-made Montecristo from a mysterious supplier he refuses to identify—but then it promptly goes out as he barrels into yet another lane of conversation. 'You're messing up my morning smoke,' he complained at one point—then launched enthusiastically into his next tirade: on education, Japan, car safety and Government regulations.

"From the general clutter in Iacocca's office—a football helmet behind his desk, a three-foot-high stuffed ram on the floor, a gallery of life-encompassing memorabilia on his walls—I soon got the impression that self-discipline is not Lee Iacocca's middle name. But, clearly, instinct is. Although he is rigorously implementing a two-and-a-half-billion-dollar cost-cutting program at Chrysler, I sensed in Iacocca a businessman of the old school, a guy who smells the territory and goes with his gut. True to his now-familiar style, Iacocca has greeted the problems of the decade—and various new crises at Chrysler—with a roar rather than a whimper. As the Japanese share of the U.S. auto market has jumped to nearly 30 percent, he has been touring the country with a message of warning about Japanese market restrictions—a mission that has made him the lightning rod of controversy in the already touchy U.S.–Japan relationship.

"This seemed a good place to begin our conversation."

"I always go after the leader. Now Honda's the leader—so I took them on. What should I compare myself with, the Yugo?"

PLAYBOY: You've been storming the country this year, taking shots at Japan and claiming in television commercials that Chrysler cars are better than Hondas and Toyotas. Why the sudden competitive advertising?

IACOCCA: I was going out on these trips and saying that our cars would beat the Japanese cars. I was just using Honda and Toyota as examples. If you keep beating that drum, in the end, the customer's got to try your car. And when he does, he'll decide whether you're bullshitting him or delivering. I think it's time to start beating the drums.

PLAYBOY: But why the Japanese cars in particular? Honda is now considered the most popular car in America.

IACOCCA: I always go after the leader. All my life, G.M. was the leader. So when I was at Ford, we went after Chevy. Now Honda's the leader—the biggest-selling car—so I took them on. What *should* I compare myself with, the Yugo?

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PLAYBOY: Is Honda your toughest competitor?

IACOCCA: We really don't have any competition in the Jeep and minivans, unless you want to pay forty thousand dollars. But in the basic cars, I'd put Honda first and Toyota second. They are the two biggies. That's why, when I advertise our cars, I never denigrate Honda or Toyota—I never denigrate *any* car—because their cars are good. I just say our cars have gotten a lot better. We shipped a lot of crap in 1980; by 1985, it was much better. We think we're really pressuring Honda now.

PLAYBOY: How do you try to match yourself with the leader?

IACOCCA: We get their cars, drive 'em and then tear one apart—just rip it apart. Then we say, "Here's where we've got to improve a little bit, and here's where we've got Honda by the balls"—for instance, with air bags.

PLAYBOY: We'll talk about the air bags later. But let's stick with the Japanese: You've been accused of pumping out ads that stoke American xenophobia toward the Japanese, of simply bashing Japan.

IACOCCA: I'm not a Japan basher! *Newsweek* once put out a list of the top-ten Japan bashers and I didn't even make the list. Still, I'm called a Japan basher. Why? Because I did this TV commercial saying that Americans are getting an inferiority complex and our cars are as good as Japan's, so they call me a racist. Every time you turn up the volume in any way, the Japanese yell racist and everybody backs off. Why? Because we've got a guilty conscience in this country, and they know that over in Japan. They're playing back to us what we don't like to hear. It comes from our black–white problem. We're carrying around this guilt. We had a civil war over slavery, remember? That's the big stigma on our two-hundred-year record as a democracy.

PLAYBOY: But do you ever just *feel* like bashing Japan?

IACOCCA: Well, privately. But I've never bashed the Japanese people, and I'm going to stay clean on that. You don't stoop to that level—my father told me that. So I never take on the Japanese people. If you look at anything I've ever said in a speech or especially in a commercial, you'll notice I've never taken on a Japanese individual or taken a shot at their culture or the fact that they're homogeneous. I've never used bad phrases. Yet all of a sudden, I'm the ogre.

PLAYBOY: You use fiery words. In a newspaper column, you evoked images of the Forties, rekindling the anti-Japan sentiment of that era.

IACOCCA: Once, in an interview, I was asked about the recognition of Chrysler products in Japan, so I said, "Jesus Christ, they certainly know the Jeep—they saw enough of them in World War Two!" You know what I *really* wanted to

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Please respond by February 28, 1991.

Survey exclusively for smokers 21 years of age or older.

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SMOKER'S SURVEY

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☐ Mr.
☐ Ms. _____
☐ Mrs. First M.I. Last

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone ( ) _____ Birthdate / / ☐ Male ☐ Female

By responding to the following survey and signing below, I certify that I am a cigarette smoker 21 years of age or older. I am also willing to receive free samples of cigarettes and incentive items in the mail, subject to applicable state and federal law.

Signature (required) _____

MGMKN

For Smokers Only

FOLD HERE

1. What is your regular brand of cigarettes—that is, the brand you smoke most often?

_____
(full brand name)

2. About how long have you smoked this brand?
   ☐ Less than 1 year ☐ 3 to 5 yrs.
   ☐ 1 to 2 yrs. ☐ Over 5 yrs.
   ☐ 2 to 3 yrs.

3. Is your regular brand...?
   (Check one in each column.)
   ☐ Filter ☐ Menthol ☐ Regular/King Size
   ☐ Non-Filter ☐ Non-Menthol ☐ Long/100's
   ☐ Extra Long/120's

4. Are any of these words on your pack?
   (Check one.)
   ☐ Lights/Low Tar/Milds
   ☐ Ultra/Ultra Lights/Ultra Low Tar
   ☐ Extra Milds/Extra Lights
   ☐ None of these words are on my pack.

5. How do you usually buy it?
   ☐ Soft Pack ☐ Box

6. Do you usually buy it by the...?
   ☐ Pack ☐ Carton ☐ Both Ways

7. The next time you go to the store, if your regular brand were not available, what would you do?
   (Check one.)
   ☐ Go to another store to buy my regular brand.
   ☐ Buy another type or length of my regular brand.
   ☐ Wait until the store has my regular brand.
   ☐ Buy a different brand entirely.

FOLD HERE

8. Out of the last 10 times you bought cigarettes, how many times did you use money-off coupons?
   ☐ None ☐ 3 to 6 times
   ☐ 1 to 2 times ☐ 7 or more times

9. What percent of the time do you buy your cigarettes at each of the following types of stores?
   Supermarket _____ %
   Grocery _____ %
   Convenience/Gas _____ %
   Drug Store/Pharmacy _____ %
   Other _____ %
   Total = 100%

10. How many packs of cigarettes did you smoke in the past month?
    (Note: 1 Carton = 10 packs) Total # Packs _____

FOLD HERE

11. Of these total packs, how many were your regular brand and how many were other brands?
    Regular Brand # Packs _____
    Other _____ # Packs _____
    (full brand name)
    Other _____ # Packs _____
    Other _____ # Packs _____

12. If your regular brand were not available, which of the following brands would you consider buying?
    (Check all that apply.)
    ☐ Alpine ☐ Kool ☐ Richland
    ☐ Benson & Hedges ☐ Magna ☐ Salem
    ☐ Cambridge ☐ Marlboro ☐ Saratoga
    ☐ Camel ☐ Merit ☐ Store/Generic
    ☐ Carlton ☐ More ☐ Superslims
    ☐ Century 25's ☐ Newport ☐ Vantage
    ☐ Doral ☐ Parliament ☐ Virginia Slims
    ☐ Kent ☐ Players ☐ Winston

13. On a scale of 1 to 6, please indicate how much you agree or disagree with the following statements.
    (Circle only one answer per statement.)
    a. A store brand or generic cigarette is usually just as good as a nationally advertised "name brand."
    1 Disagree Completely **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** Agree Completely

FOLD HERE

    b. I feel that all this anti-smoking publicity is being exaggerated.
    1 **2** **3** **4** **5** **6**

14. I am willing to contact my congressman about my rights as a smoker.
    ☐ Yes ☐ No

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say? I wanted to say, "But they always saw the ass end of the Jeep—running them over." Now, *that* would be Japan bashing, right?

PLAYBOY: The actual wording in your column was, "They might be wiser men to look at why Japan is riding so high today. They should remember 1945, when America and the world owed Japan nothing but its contempt. And they should remember that Japan would be nowhere today without American generosity, humanitarianism, forgiveness and, yes, tolerance."

IACOCCA: You've got to point up the facts! You've got to remind them once in a while of our heritage—and *theirs*. You've got to remind them to play fair. After all, they made it by our opening up our markets. I don't see why that's Japan bashing.

These guys are aggressive. When you sting them and hurt them commercially, they fight back. It's a war. If we get too thin-skinned about it, then this country's got a problem. I'm a red-blooded American. I fight back.

PLAYBOY: Your column was a reaction to the controversial book *The Japan That Can Say No*, by Sony Corporation chairman and cofounder Akio Morita and Japanese politician Shintaro Ishihara. Ishihara has accused America of anti-Japanese racism, and you wrote, "[Their] arrogance pours salt into an already open wound."

IACOCCA: That book is pretty bad, pretty bad. Morita took a powder and distanced himself from the book; he knew that Ishihara had gone off the deep end. For a while, they said they didn't think it would be picked up in English.

PLAYBOY: Weren't they being naïve?

IACOCCA: Now you're being naïve. You think a high-ranking politician and the top industrialist in all of Japan would write something that vitriolic and *not* expect it to be picked up? This wasn't Joe Tamimoto working down in the Ginza.

But I don't think they expected such a violent reaction to their theories that the Americans are so racist that we dropped an atomic bomb on them just because they were yellow—and that we didn't drop one on the Germans because they were Caucasians. We didn't even *have* the atomic bomb before World War Two ended in Germany.

PLAYBOY: In his *Playboy Interview* [October 1990], Ishihara said——

IACOCCA: Listen. I knew you were going to bring this up, so I read the interview. Let me tell you: Ishihara is one of those revisionist guys who don't want to remember what happened, OK? Anybody who can say the rape of Nanking [in 1937] was Chinese propaganda—he probably forgot the date of Pearl Harbor, but I remember the *hour*! I'm from that generation, goddamn it! He's reading history and when it doesn't suit his own bigotry, he *changes* it. Why should I respond to a guy like that? The fact that a thinking, grown adult could invoke racism proves that *he*'s a racist. I put Ishihara in the class of—to be polite—reactionaries. Everybody has his share of loose cannons and he's a loose cannon. I would hope that he wouldn't become the leader of the nation, because I don't think he represents the mainstream of Japanese thinking today.

PLAYBOY: What about his comments that American business leaders such as you are at fault for the dire economic situation in this country?

IACOCCA: We're all at fault, I guess, for going astray. You can't point fingers. We must have done something wrong—our industrial policy is in disarray. The Government, the unions and the management—I give them all one third of the blame. That includes me on the management side. But to have these [Japanese] second-guessers pointing fingers and saying that because they've got their house in order economically, that makes them a superior race—well, I just don't buy that shit. I never will.

PLAYBOY: "Look at Mr. Iacocca," Ishihara said. "He's irresponsible, incompetent, dirty dealing, and he says different things at different times."

"The Japanese don't walk on water. They're not superior. Don't get an inferiority complex, Americans; they've got a lot of warts, too."

IACOCCA: You will not provoke . . . I'm not going to call him names. I could call him better names than that—they'd be dirty, but more original.

We work hard every day and we don't like being called racists or bashers. The Japanese are feeling a little bit arrogant now. [Their charges] are all smoke screens—they're red herrings, because they haven't joined the free world yet when it comes to trade and business.

Listen, Morita's own son was quoted in *Forbes* magazine [July 24, 1989], saying, "My father's generation knew that they were playing by different rules from the West when it came to trade, but they pretended they didn't understand the rules. That's why they won." Now, that's according to the kid. I've never met [Akio Morita], but, believe me, we keep a book on the guy.

PLAYBOY: In an article you wrote, you said that Japan has wrapped itself in a "Teflon kimono." What does that mean?

IACOCCA: That's just an expression used to talk about peeling back this veil they've wrapped themselves in. It shows that they don't walk on water. They're not superior. Don't get an inferiority complex, Americans; they've got a lot of warts, too. Let's look at their weaknesses and exploit them like they do ours. Let's get together.

Notice: If I had written a similar article about Germans—who are much fairer in trade—and I said I wanted to peel back the Scotchgard *Lederhosen*, I wouldn't have gotten one line of criticism in any press. Why? You tell me.

When I wrote that, I never thought mentioning a kimono would be any different from people referring to us as the guys with the three-piece suits—the gray-flannel syndrome. I would never feel offended by that. But the Japanese are touchy about everything, especially if you get to them on any commercial basis. Then they really turn up the heat.

PLAYBOY: Is this reverse racism?

IACOCCA: If you want to talk about racism, talk to a Korean [who lives in Japan]. Or talk to the Vietnamese boat people. Nobody took them in—but *we* took them, OK? But the Japanese are really pure; they don't want any of those guys contaminating their society. Historically, the most bigoted countries are the ones with absolute, pure races. They really get racist. Whether it's Adolf Hitler with his superior-race theory or the Japanese and the way they treat Koreans. We don't go for that jazz. And yet they call our country too heterogeneous.

PLAYBOY: You're referring to the comments made in 1986 by former prime minister Nakasone, that American educational levels are pulled down by the presence of blacks and Hispanics.

IACOCCA: That blows my mind. Our diversity makes this country great. Sure, we argue more, we sue more—I know all that. But that's our damn strength. Our creativity comes from me and an Arab sitting down together. Yes, we get argumentative, but we're both Americans, we're citizens. But now I've got to hear this unadulterated crap that if you're not homogeneous and pure, somehow you can't resolve problems, you can't compromise, you can never get consensus management. It bothers the hell out of me that people believe that.

This subject gets me right in the groin. When I helped open up the Great Hall on Ellis Island in September, it was to honor our seventeen million immigrant parents and grandparents—all different—and a hundred million of us offspring. I don't think I have an Italian temper, but this gets me hot. It's saying, somehow, we did it wrong. The unsung heroes of our industrial revolution are the immigrants.

PLAYBOY: But hasn't our diversity contributed to some of the country's current problems?

IACOCCA: Sure, there are conflicts. But

with all our problems, this is still the kind of country I want to live in. This past century was our century *totally*. How did we do it? Diversity. Guts. Courage. We stuck with the program. That's why the world is so great.

We're the country that won the big war fair and square; the country that won the Cold War by hanging in there with your tax money and mine, until Gorbachev emerged and said, "That's what we want, too." And notice, when it comes to crunch time in the Persian Gulf, only the U.S. can pull it together. We're the only guys who'll play pivot. Who else would have stopped the madman, huh? Saddam Hussein, he's like a Hitler. What's Japan going to do as he takes over all of Africa—*protest?*

PLAYBOY: America did play the pivotal role in the Gulf crisis, but what about the cost? Can this country really afford such a huge commitment to the Middle East?

IACOCCA: It's expensive. The price of leadership for sending troops to the Persian Gulf was more than one billion dollars a month by October. [Secretary of State James] Baker says we're there for the duration. OK, I agree with that. But understand, as somebody wrote in one of the newspapers, the true cost of sending the Navy and the troops back and forth over there is like paying eighty dollars a barrel for oil. So we've got to get some of our friends to help pay.

Look at this! [*Removes newspaper clipping from briefcase*] I cut this out of *The New York Times*—the reason I cut it out is that I couldn't believe my eyes. It's a story about Tokyo's response to criticism that they're not pulling their share in the Gulf. Jesus Christ, that's the understatement of the year. But here's the thing that killed me: It says that Japanese auto makers have agreed to let their government use ships taking Hondas and Toyotas to the U.S. to pick up war material they bought from us and take it to Saudia Arabia. On the way over, they drop their product here. In other words, we've got to keep the oil flowing so they can build the cars, ship them over here and contribute to our trade imbalance of forty-nine billion dollars. We spend a billion dollars a month on troops, supporting Japan's ability to keep doing the same thing to us for another twenty-five years. And our Treasury borrows from the Japanese at [eight point eight] percent interest so they can keep sending the cars and make the imbalance worse. Pretty soon I say, "Oh, shit, I'm chasing my tail." If a red-blooded American doesn't respond to that, what the hell is he going to respond to?

PLAYBOY: So what would you have them do? Fight in the Middle East?

IACOCCA: No. They always invoke the name of Harry Truman, or the fact their constitution forbids them to send troops. I say, "You've got it wrong: We don't

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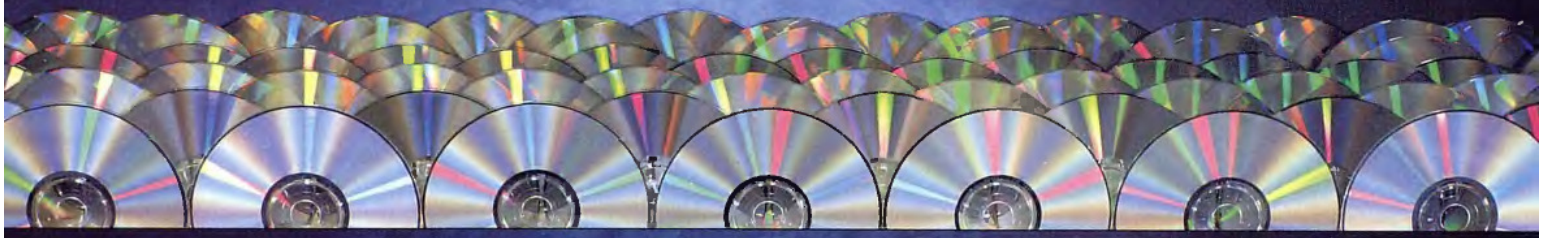

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want you to change your constitution and send soldiers. Just send money. Lots and lots of money."

PLAYBOY: What does the Gulf crisis mean for the car business?

IACOCCA: The industry is on its ass, really down. Nobody's buying anything and people are worried about their jobs. I'm seeing all kinds of layoffs. Let's hope this doesn't last more than a year.

PLAYBOY: The last two times there was an oil crisis—in 1973 and 1979—you downsized your cars and switched to four-cylinder engines. But in the past ten years, the trend is once again toward heavier cars with larger engines. Can you again reverse the trend?

IACOCCA: You can't force people to buy anything. So far, there isn't much change. You can't downsize anymore. That's like going on a diet and losing forty pounds, then the doctor says, "Lose forty more, then forty more. . . ." Then you're dead. With all the technology, we might be able to get ten percent more fuel efficiency.

But it's true that the American public still goes for bigger cars. It's crazy; you have a four-thousand-pound car with a four-hundred-cubic-inch V-eight engine moving around a one-hundred-fifteen-pound woman. That's wasting gas and putting fossil-fuel emissions into the air. At Chrysler, our biggest monster is a V-six three-point-eight-liter engine; but these Cadillacs and Lincoln Town Cars with five-liter V-eights are selling in great volume. Chrysler is poised to make a lot of four-cylinder engines. But if I took the lead in building those cars, my epitaph would read, THIS GUY WAS RIGHT. BUT HE WENT BANKRUPT BECAUSE HE IGNORED HIS MARKET. Much as I hate to say it, you still have to follow the market.

PLAYBOY: How does the country avoid getting itself into another oil crisis?

IACOCCA: We have to get away from these continuous fluctuations in the price of oil. We'd be in less of a wrench if we had kept oil at twenty to twenty-five dollars a barrel instead of letting it fall to twelve dollars a barrel. What causes dislocations all over the world are these sudden, violent swings. I could be radical and say I don't think we'd be having this crisis if we had an energy policy. I've been saying for ten years that we need to raise the gas tax. If I were a leader, I'd give the country a dose of castor oil right now and say it was due to one guy: Saddam Hussein.

PLAYBOY: Do you think President Bush understands the concept of an energy policy and an industrial policy?

IACOCCA: No. I think Republicans by nature don't *want* to understand it. They define it as some bureaucrat sitting around in a room picking winners and losers. Reagan snookered us by saying industrial policy was a dirty word because it was used by Jimmy Carter and Walter Mondale.

PLAYBOY: So, in a way, the Gulf crisis and the renewed attention to conservation have vindicated Carter's attempt to get Americans to save energy?

IACOCCA: Yes, but Carter just didn't say it right. He used the conservation ethic, turned down the thermostat and got blasted out of office. Sometimes it takes twenty or thirty years to prove that a guy was right. But at the time, it didn't seem politically right.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to the question of racism toward the Japanese, you have been accused of fanning those flames.

IACOCCA: I get fucked by juxtaposition. I was in Monte Carlo a few months ago, watching Cable News Network in my hotel. Here comes a story: Racism is running rampant in the United States. West Los Angeles: people beating the shit out of Hispanics. Bensonhurst: white guys beating the hell out of a black. Somebody else is burning a flag. It's a wild tape. It shows the Ku Klux Klan, then Adolf Hitler, then some skinheads. And right in the middle, they drop me! Just because I did a commercial saying we're getting an inferiority complex and our cars are as good as the Japanese.

You journalists do it all the time. You can write something real bad and say, "Oh, by the way, not for attribution, but

a guy said . . . ," then you mention my name between two paragraphs. That's the same as putting me between the skinheads and the Ku Klux Klan.

PLAYBOY: OK. Then let's get basic: What's your *real* quarrel with the Japanese?

IACOCCA: We don't have free trade. We don't have access to their markets. They're beating our brains in! They are mercantilistic till hell won't have it. They're an island, a small enclave out there at the end of the world. But they've got to open up their thinking. These guys are dragging their feet. It's been forty-five years since the end of the war. It's time for them to join the big leagues.

The great free-trade dogma—you know, "Free trade forever"—is a charade. The Bush Administration took Japan off the unfair-trade list, but it kept India on. Can you believe that? What the hell's going on? They're still playing games down in Washington. And sure as hell, there's going to be a trade war—retaliation—if we continue to argue about oranges one day, rice another.

PLAYBOY: Specifically, how should they change?

IACOCCA: For starters, they should open up their markets, open them up fully. Start playing fairly in that regard, OK, guys? It's a huge market, that whole Pacific rim. We're up to a fifty-billion-dollar trade deficit and they won't even buy our world-class F-16 fighter jet, which has the highest quality at the lowest cost. You just can't go on like that.

This Government under Bush, led by [Trade Representative] Carla Hills, says, "Oh, no, what we have to do is get our macroeconomics in order," which means, "Let's get our deficit down, then everything will be OK."

I say to her, "I could change that fifty-billion-dollar trade imbalance: thirty-five billion dollars of it is cars. I, Lee Iacocca, could cut two billion dollars in the morning."

"That's great. One guy? How would you do that?"

"Honda has agreed to sell up to five thousand Jeeps. Give me a commitment for fifty thousand, I cut a billion off the deficit right there."

PLAYBOY: Has Honda agreed to sell up to five thousand Jeeps in Japan?

IACOCCA: Yeah, they're just now getting started. They don't have a light truck, so it's compatible with their product line. We asked our partner, Mitsubishi, to do it. They said, "We already built one, we don't need you." I said, "Yeah, but guys, remember, someday. . . ."

The U.S. already has nineteen thousand American entrepreneurs and dealers selling Japanese cars, and for a long time, we didn't have one selling our cars in dual dealerships in Japan. The Ministry of Trade and Industry [MITI]—or someone—had put out the goddamn word not to do it. So Morita said, "Why doesn't he come to Japan and sell Jeeps on his own?"

PLAYBOY: Well, why didn't you?

IACOCCA: We tried it three years ago. We did one study of a small dealership in Tokyo. The land would have cost us twenty-three million dollars; Japan is a little island. By the time I bought the land and put right-hand drive in the cars [*in Japan, vehicles are driven on the left side of the road*], with the low sales volume I could have expected, I would have gone bust before I even started.

PLAYBOY: But you solved that problem with a U.S.–Japan joint venture that recently opened Chrysler dealerships in three large Japanese cities. So what's your problem now?

IACOCCA: Well, we also have ten transplants—Japanese and Korean car factories that have opened in the U.S. and in Canada. Every one is loaded like a Christmas tree with tax benefits from the individual states. But nobody's invited *me* to do a transplant over in Japan. I have a joint plant with Mitsubishi in Illinois, and that's where I could get the other one billion dollars off the trade deficit.

PLAYBOY: From one plant? How?

IACOCCA: I could reverse the national content of the car we build there—the

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Laser, a very good car, by the way. Right now, it's seventy percent Japanese content and thirty percent Chrysler content. So I just reverse it—put in one of my designs—so that seventy percent of the content is ours and not coming over in boxes from Japan. We're going to talk with Mitsubishi about this. We're hopeful it will work out. Otherwise, we'll have a big, big argument over the thing.

PLAYBOY: More than two thirds of the Laser is Japanese-built?

IACOCCA: Yeah, and that brings up another job I think our Government should do to help us: There should be a truth-in-local-content law. When you say content, you're trying to relate it, like unions do, to how many jobs you have. The Japanese pretty well control all the sophisticated stuff on these cars. What they use from us is the assembly labor and little automated stamping plant, and they buy the tires and batteries. Essentially, the rest of the stuff comes from them. And that's the kick in the pants to me.

PLAYBOY: Why?

IACOCCA: Take just the car parts. How many parts do you think the U.S. car makers buy from Japan? We spend eleven and a half billion dollars a year! Morita and others ask why we buy so many parts from them. I say, "Well, that's what free trade is all about: the best quality at the lowest price." How much do you think they buy from us? Only five hundred million dollars! That's an eleven-billion-dollar imbalance just in parts!

PLAYBOY: Maybe the Japanese feel that your components aren't up to their standards.

IACOCCA: Then I say, "Don't give us this crap that we're not good." [The American parts manufacturers] sell fifteen billion dollars a year to Germany, Europe and the rest of the world. If the U.S. can sell parts to Mercedes—like we did at Ford, with our speed control—that proves we have quality *and* competitive cost. G.M. and I are partners—we build the best four-wheel-drive equipment in the world. Truck transmissions. We are two powerhouses, two of the biggest companies in the world. And Japan doesn't buy shit from us, OK?

PLAYBOY: Do you really think that even if Japan fully opened its markets, we could sell them enough product to make a real dent in the trade deficit?

IACOCCA: We will never sell a million cars in Japan. Never. But how about other products? And how about those F-16 fighter jets?

PLAYBOY: The Reagan Administration signed a deal to build a joint fighter aircraft with Japan rather than sell them our F-16.

IACOCCA: The new Administration inherited the deal from the Reagan Administration, and they know we got snookered. Take that as gospel. I was down at the White House one day talking to a high official—I won't say who—and said, "Why don't we just renege? The Japanese change *their* minds." He said, "That would be like breaking a contract." I said, "The Japanese break them when it suits *their* purpose." But what I really think is that maybe they had us by the balls.

PLAYBOY: How so? Do you know something we don't know?

IACOCCA: I can't prove it, but I think maybe there was some Japanese pressure—somebody saying, "Hey, we're buying all of these bonds and taking care of your debt. We may not come to your financial markets for a while. We could really put you in a tail spin, so you'd better talk turkey with us." The U.S. was in a crisis then at the Tuesday bond auctions.

So what I worry about as an American is our financial destiny, which I think is floating somewhere out in left field. We're just too dependent on those IOUs.

PLAYBOY: Let's get real fundamental. In the past twenty years, older companies such as Toyota, Sony and Honda started making great products and going for the overseas market——

IACOCCA: And they said, "Screw our own market. We'll send everything we have overseas. If we have to dump [sell below cost] to get our beachhead, we'll dump." And they did.

And look what happened next. In 1985, the dollar–yen exchange rate changed. After that, American products cost less overseas. My sales went up five thousand units in Korea, five thousand in Taiwan; we're up to fifty thousand now in Europe. But how come I'm up only a thousand in Japan? How come Japan is the only country in the world that didn't respond to the reduced costs of our cars? The Japanese market is rigged, I'm telling you. The son of a bitch is rigged! It's rigged!

PLAYBOY: OK, so if Japan opens its markets, what's your second wish?

IACOCCA: Simple: Get the cost of capital down. Do whatever it takes to get my interest rates from ten percent to seven percent. I would show you a lot of Chrysler car sales starting tomorrow. In Japan, the banks work very closely with certain companies and have very low interest rates. When I get up in the morning, I feel like I'm taking on Toyota, Honda, the Bank of Japan and MITI.

PLAYBOY: But the U.S. is dependent on relatively high interest rates to finance its budget deficit, right?

IACOCCA: Exactly. We give Japan our IOUs, which they take and say, "Hey, as long as we have them, you'd better keep that goddamned interest rate at nine or ten percent or we may go to Germany with our investment capital." Or they say, "We have so many of your IOUs, we'd better swap some of them in. So we'll buy Rockefeller Center." And then everybody goes apeshit. Well, what are they supposed to do with the money? They can't put it under a mattress.

PLAYBOY: How much trouble is the United States really in with its twin deficits—trade and budget?

IACOCCA: If I didn't work at Chrysler, I'd tell you how deep. But every now and then, I go off the deep end and our dealers say, "Jesus Christ, people weigh your every word and you're depressing them. You might create a self-fulfilling prophecy and cause a bigger depression."

But I think our politicians are trying to conceal from us how bad it is. They said the S&L losses would be three hundred billion dollars; now they're maybe five hundred billion dollars. They really cooked the books! They were even going to show a fifty-billion-dollar *profit* by having this mess. Talk about creative accounting. Now they've decided they're going to put fifty billion dollars on the books and the other two hundred fifty or three hundred billion dollars they're not going to show. It's going off the balance sheet and they're going to sell bonds. Well, who the hell are they bullshitting? It's a liability on *somebody*'s books.

PLAYBOY: So what do you propose?

IACOCCA: The first thing is, we have to start living within our means. We should produce more and consume less. We should save more and borrow less. Geez, I sound like Ben Franklin. Anyway, for openers, let's cut the budget deficit in half; interest rates will come down and we'll have a boom. Then we can start digging our way out of this hole and not be so dependent on Japanese money. It's one thing to get hooked on a Sony Walkman, or on a Toyota. But when you get hooked on their money, you're *hooked*.

PLAYBOY: Specifically, how do we cut the budget deficit in half?

IACOCCA: You go where the money is. The same as Willie Sutton: Why did he rob a bank? Because that's where the money was. I was on the National Economic Commission from 1987 to 1988 and we went to the Defense Department—that's where the money was. This was pre-Gorbachev. We said, "Take a five percent cut right off the top for inefficiency."

PLAYBOY: What about the thorny issue of income taxes and President Bush's turnabout on his "No new taxes" promise.

IACOCCA: I went to see George Bush at his house before he was elected. I've known George for a long time, he's a good guy; I didn't even call him Mr. Vice-President—just George. Anyway, I remember it well: He was seventeen points behind Dukakis at the time, and I said, "George, why would you want to be President and have the deficit nipping at you day and night? Kill it quick. Take a good shot at it. It will make the next

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four years much more pleasant." Then I said, "Look, why don't you use the National Economic Commission as a sheet to windward? You can say these distinguished, bipartisan people came up with a wonderful program that you decided to present to the American people."

PLAYBOY: What was his response?

IACOCCA: I'm not going to tell you everything that was discussed, but basically, he said, "I've got to get elected first." Of course, I didn't know he'd go way out on the cliff and say, "Read my lips." That boxed him in.

PLAYBOY: And he won the election.

IACOCCA: Yeah, everybody was spooked by what happened to Walter Mondale when he mentioned taxes in 1984. Now the Republicans can say, "We got elected by saying no to taxes."

It reminds me of Ronald Reagan. You've got to give him credit for one thing—he had a very simple message: "Everybody who wants a strong defense so that we stand tall in the saddle, raise your hands." Everybody shouts, "Yeaaahhh!" "OK, I'm going to give you a defense budget of three hundred billion dollars, because Carter screwed it up. Now, anybody who wants their taxes reduced at the same time, raise your hands." "Oh, that's my man." Talk about a communicator.

PLAYBOY: Back in 1984 and 1988, people were talking about you as a potential Presidential candidate. In fact, polls once showed you beating both Bush and Dukakis. What about it? Would you run?

IACOCCA: I think I should start a third party just to shake things up. I would never win, but I would like to get twenty-five percent of the vote and scare the living shit out of some people, bring them back to their senses. The problem is, I don't believe in doing anything you know you're not going to win.

PLAYBOY: So would you run?

IACOCCA: Not really. I'm not that dumb that I'd want to get into politics. I wouldn't run for President, simply because the Lord's already touched me and said, "I'm going to give you a taste of how bad it is: You are going to be head of the commission to restore the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island." It sounds innocuous, but it almost drove me nuts. I helped raise three hundred fifty million dollars, and they end up firing me.

PLAYBOY: What for?

IACOCCA: Because the guys down in Washington didn't realize the American public was pouring out its heart. When they saw three hundred fifty million dollars coming in, they couldn't wait to get their crummy little hands on it. They put out a new rule: A man who raises money should have nothing to do with spending it. I asked myself, If I'm having this much trouble doing something as beautiful as restoring a symbol—which should be fun—how would I like to live in Washington every day?

PLAYBOY: So that scared you off.

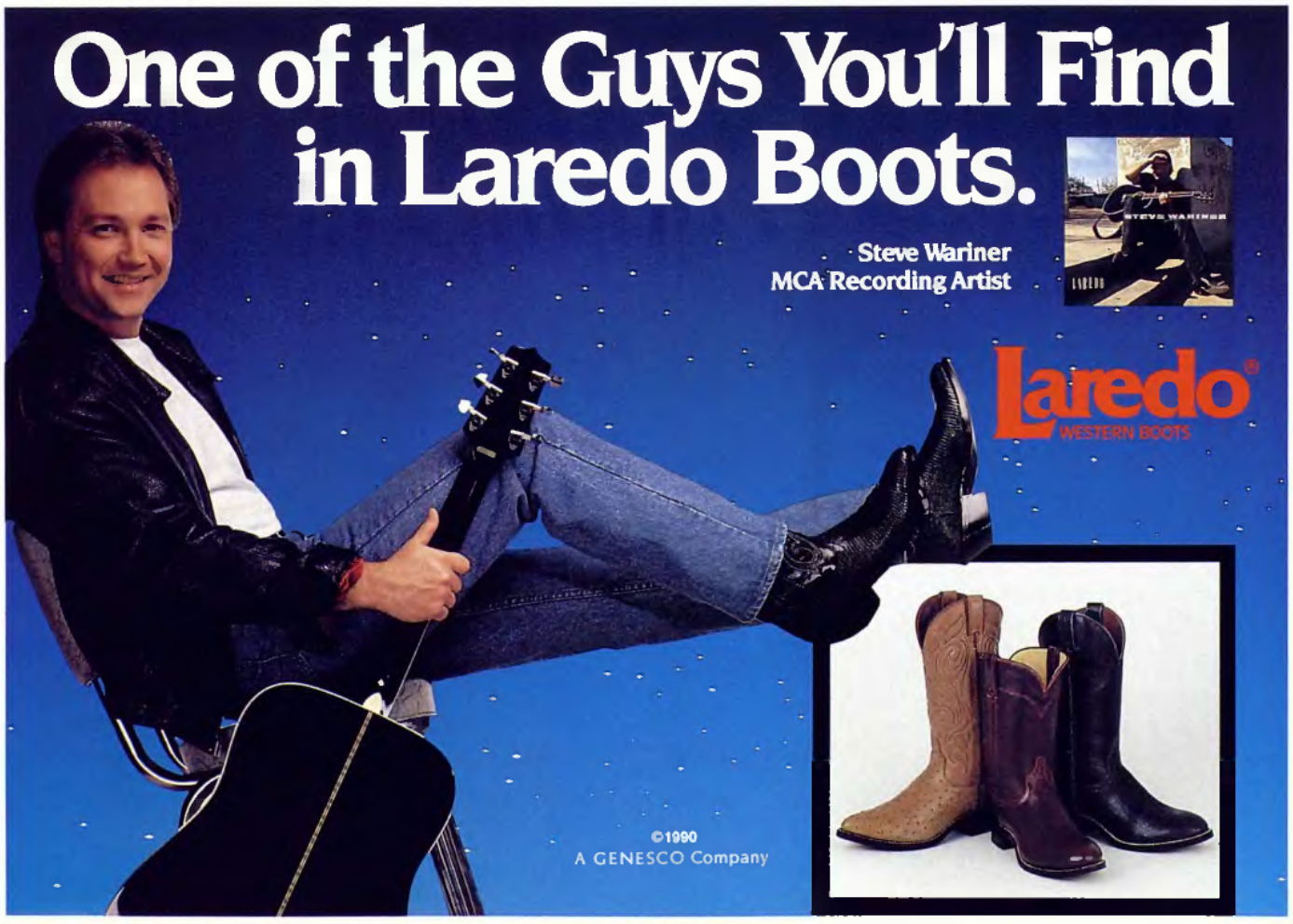
IACOCCA: It taught me a lesson. But if I died and went to heaven, what I'd like is this: to have a President come to me and say, "I need a Mr. Inside to be my C.E.O. while I'm chairman of the board." I'd like to do that. I'd like to be the inside man. I'd like to run the economic side of the business. People say I'm a crisis manager. In a way, I am.

PLAYBOY: Do you have some solid ideas about what this country's leaders should do to turn things around?

IACOCCA: Oh, hell, yes. For starters, I think the President ought to have one six-year term. Otherwise, all he's thinking about in his first term is how to get re-elected. If I were President, I'd come in and say, "Here's my plank, elect me for one term and I'll deliver: One, educate everybody. Two, take care of the sick and the aged." Any society that can't take care of their aged or their handicapped is a sick society. And then I'd take one third out of the defense budget—despite the Persian Gulf crisis. And I'd be on TV every thirty days giving you a synopsis of how we were doing.

PLAYBOY: Have these issues been overlooked by recent Administrations?

IACOCCA: I once asked President Reagan, "What policies are there? What's



your monetary policy, what's your fiscal policy, what's your trade policy, what's your tax policy, what's your energy policy, what's your environmental policy? Tell me in twenty-five words or less." Of course, he didn't know what the shit I was talking about.

PLAYBOY: How has President Bush responded to your suggestions?

IACOCCA: Oh, Bush knows my poems cold—he's tired of hearing it from me. He likes me; he even tells his guys, "Listen to what he's saying, because he knows how to say it and sell it."

PLAYBOY: What kinds of policies *do* you want to help formulate?

IACOCCA: Industrial policy. I hate to use the words—they're dirty words in our system. The Republicans say, "There's no way we're tampering with this wonderful system of ours"; but this wonderful system is losing! And when you're losing, you say, "Hold it! Change your ways!" A good manager doesn't sit around when he's getting his brains knocked in.

PLAYBOY: Do you think we need a MITI like Japan's?

IACOCCA: We need something like it. There are certain areas where we should not pick winners and losers but maybe pick industries that we think are important. We thought we were the world leader in microprocessors, but Japan has caught up with us, and now they're going to pass us. We need a better organization at the highest levels of Government to understand what trade and commerce are all about.

PLAYBOY: The notion of Government directing business sounds like heresy, coming from a captain of capitalism.

IACOCCA: Look, let's be honest. We've had industries that have always had a lot of subsidies, such as agriculture and aerospace. If biochemistry or medical breakthroughs are important, we should probably do more than just support the National Institutes of Health. If we want to rule the world in supercomputers and the seed money isn't there, the Government should be subsidizing the launch.

How did Japan do it? We taught them. They had cartels before the war, and General Douglas MacArthur went in and broke them up. But now Mitsubishi—well, God, now they're huge. Mitsubishi has an aerospace company, they have electronics, they have autos, they have the bank. If one of their people has a good invention or something, but he's having trouble, they just call everybody together as a group. They say, "We're going to take care of the poor black sheep of the family for a couple of years and eventually he'll pay it back." They've got a system of everyone protecting one another. Why don't *we* work out something to help one another?

PLAYBOY: So you think we should have *zaibatsus*—the old Japanese cartels? And Chrysler would have a bank and a shipbuilding company and consumer electronics and——

IACOCCA: I don't think it's in our nature to do that; that would be like changing the whole goddamned system. So I've got to watch what I say here.

We don't have to have the *zaibatsus* or the interlocking managements. *That* would be heresy; it would go against our country's history—our laws, the Sherman Act, trust busting, the railroads, the oil companies and the big robber barons. They got so much control that they were ruling the whole country and setting the prices. Still, our whole system has got to be redirected a bit to the stakeholders and not just to the stockholders. Somewhere in the Eighties, we lost our way. I think it came from Wall Street and the scramble for the fast buck. We've got to think about people's jobs, the people who pay the taxes, and maybe those who *don't* pay taxes when their plant is closed. Then a town like Detroit only gets seedier because there's no tax base.

PLAYBOY: But relying on the Government to come up with an industrial policy breaks with America's laissez-faire business tradition. Why would you even consider this?

IACOCCA: Because I've had experience with it. When Chrysler almost went bankrupt, the only way we could make it was by having an industrial policy—Government and management and labor in the same room saying, "We're all going to sacrifice." That's when I said, "OK, the first year, I'll work for one buck."

PLAYBOY: Fine, but you sure made up for it on the other end when Chrysler became a success: You earned more than twenty million dollars in 1986.

IACOCCA: That was because when I came to Chrysler, I took a whole lot of paper—stock options—instead of salary. Chrysler stock was then at its lowest [three and one eighth dollars] per share. But we decided I shouldn't get it at below par, so I got it at six dollars. I still have a lot of it. I've watched it go up and watched it become worthless again. When it hit fourteen dollars, I kept hearing, "Dump it, dump it. Take your fourteen dollars—that's a hell of a profit from six dollars." But I didn't sell mine at fourteen dollars. Each year, I would just take a certain slug and cash it in. At its peak, with splits, it was up to one hundred dollars.

So I don't apologize to the banks that rode with me. I don't apologize to anybody for the fact that I had confidence in the company. Everybody who held on went up with me on that same tide.

PLAYBOY: Not the guy on the assembly line. Even if he held on to his stock, he's still in a different world. The fact remains that, under your contract—with salary and stock options—you made almost forty-six million dollars in a four-year period.

IACOCCA: The board gave me that contract because they felt that I was a good ballplayer and they wanted to make sure they kept a no-hit pitcher. They also wanted to make sure I didn't get rich fast and take a powder on them.

It's tough to define making money to the guy on the line, because there's no difference to him between one million dollars and one *hundred* million dollars. We've had some profit-sharing years, but now he's making thirty-five dollars an hour with fringes. There aren't many jobs elsewhere for thirty-five-dollar-an-hour workers.

And it is true that we've always paid executives fairly highly in the auto business. But our basic salaries are pretty nominal by U.S. standards.

PLAYBOY: What do you call nominal?

IACOCCA: Well, I'm up to eight hundred thousand dollars a year now. After forty years, that's the highest I've ever been paid in salary. The auto business was always cyclical, boom or bust, and in the good years, you got a bonus that could equal your salary. You could make another eight hundred thousand dollars.

PLAYBOY: Does making so much money play a big role in motivating you?

IACOCCA: Not at all. After the first couple of million. . . . Anybody who is motivated by just trying to keep score, to see who's the richest guy—well, I'm just not built that way. You can't take it with you, so what's the motivation? I was making good money when the Ford Mustang came out, because it scored. I was thirty-nine. I said, "Geez, I don't know what I'm working for, but I do know I want to pay back society," which I'm doing now with my left hand. I have the Diabetes Foundation, our education work with Reading Is Fundamental, and I started the Iacocca Competitiveness Institute at my alma mater, Lehigh University.

When you start out, you're a materialist. There are certain nice little toys you want: a vacation house, a home with seven bathrooms, instead of one with two bathrooms like the one I grew up in. We don't need seven bathrooms, but it's part of the deal, right? I have a good standard of living, but I've never had an airplane or a horse or a boat.

PLAYBOY: But you've had some nice cars along the way.

IACOCCA: Oh, yeah. I just bought a Lamborghini Countache.

PLAYBOY: Bought? Doesn't Chrysler *own* Lamborghini?

IACOCCA: Oh, yeah, but that's a two-hundred-thousand-dollar car. Can you imagine me taking one as a company car? They'd be all over me!

PLAYBOY: You come to work in a chauffeured Chrysler Imperial. Do you ever have time to drive your own cars?

IACOCCA: Sure. I like to drive a minivan. Just the other day, I bought a knockout

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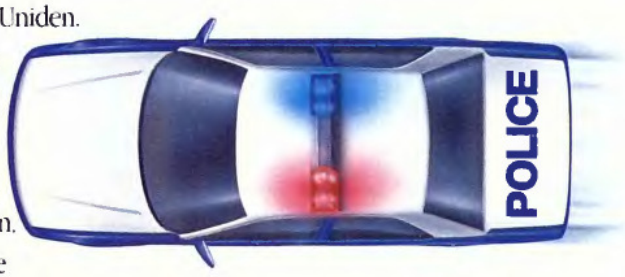

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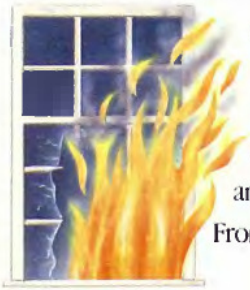

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MG roadster—it's red with wire wheels. I have a virtually new 1964 Mustang, blue and white, with the pony package, V-eight engine. My father gave me a Model A, an original, because he was in the Model A business.

PLAYBOY: Where do you do your driving?

IACOCCA: In Italy.

PLAYBOY: That's where you have your vacation villa and your vineyard. What do you do there?

IACOCCA: Read. Rest. I just put up five hammocks. I also have a *bocce* court. *Bocce*'s good exercise—you get in big fistfights, but it's good exercise.

PLAYBOY: Do you find yourself returning to your Italian roots as you get older?

IACOCCA: A bit, yes. When I grew up in Pennsylvania, my sister and I were trying to assimilate, so we didn't talk Italian. But my daughter speaks and writes it fluently. I think we skipped a generation to go back to the roots. But it's a shame we don't have those big Italian Sunday dinners anymore, with fifty people around. There are no neighborhoods left, so where the hell are you going to find the people? They're all on a jet going someplace. It's a crime so much of our culture has been crushed.

PLAYBOY: We're told you like to cook Italian food.

IACOCCA: I went to cooking school in Modena, Italy, with my daughter. We got pretty good. Knock you dead with some veal dishes—*osso bucco* and *saltimbocca*. If you want a great pasta dish, just make some semolina pasta. Then take a couple of cloves of garlic and olive oil—*my* olive oil, the best virgin olive oil. Maybe throw some greens on it now and then for flavor, or a hot pepper. You can eat that day or night. But I've got to watch my weight. That's why I try to do the treadmill every lunch hour for thirty minutes.

PLAYBOY: You've written that you lived in the lap of luxury at Ford—white-coated waiters, the works. What's it like at Chrysler?

IACOCCA: Tuna fish on rye at my desk.

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PLAYBOY: After the boom years of the mid-Eighties, the company now seems to be on the skids. You've taken losses in recent quarters, you've asked the unions to accept company stock instead of a pay increase, you've lost some of your highest executives in the past year. What happened?

IACOCCA: Wait a minute, this sounds like it's piling-on time. Sure, doing some extracurricular things like the Statue of Liberty project took my eye off the ball. But if I had thought that one guy had to watch everything in a company this size, a thirty-five-billion-dollar company. . . .

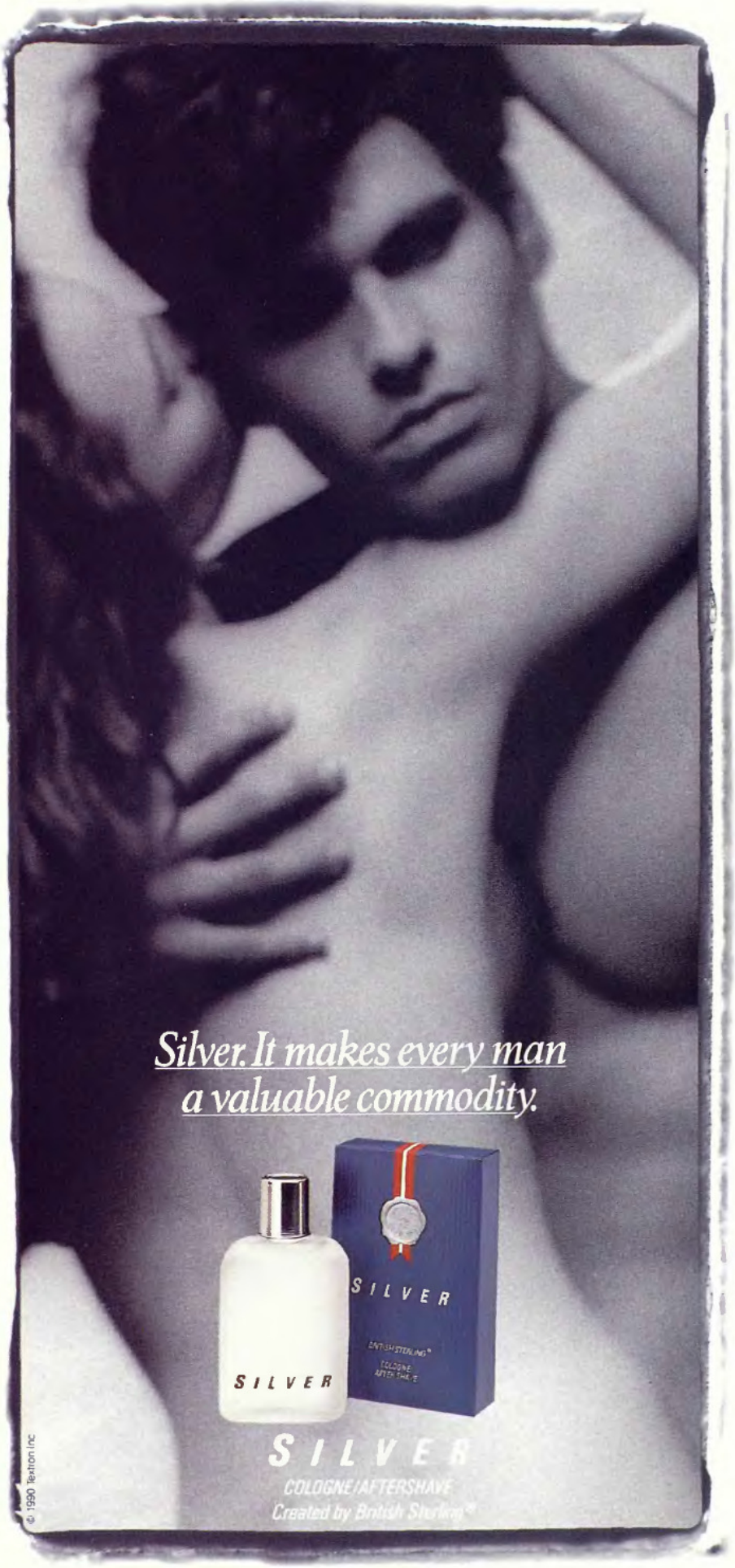
Listen, I delegated to Jerry Greenwald, who delegated to Hal Sperlich, who delegated to Bob Lutz. Then you say, "Well, your guys as a team didn't score as highly as they might have." OK, what did we learn from it? Let's change it.

PLAYBOY: Of the top men who left you last year, Gerald Greenwald's departure was the most devastating. He was your heir apparent.

IACOCCA: Yeah, Jerry's leaving was a blow. He was more than the heir apparent, and he was making plenty of money, too. But he got an offer of nine million dollars for just ninety days of trying to put together the financing for the union buy-out of United Airlines. And then if that worked, he was to stay on as C.E.O. and get more than a million dollars a year. But that's peanuts compared with stock he'd get from the union, which would be maybe up to twenty-five million dollars. When he flew over to Italy and laid the deal on me, he said it wasn't the money alone—it was the challenge. I told him he'd have plenty of challenge at Chrysler. But nine million dollars is enough to give any reasonable or sane man pause—win or lose, you get nine million dollars. That's a good summer's work, right? [As of mid-October, the attempted union buy-out of United Airlines had failed.]

PLAYBOY: Do you fault him for leaving?

IACOCCA: Sure I fault him. Why not? He grew up with me. He'd been in the car



business for thirty-two years, same two companies as me—Ford and Chrysler. Isn't there anything sacred anymore? Isn't there any loyalty to anything?

I told him, "Jerry, it's the Nineties. The Eighties were this kind of thing; you should have done it then, and I would have written you off as caught up in the Yuppie movement. But that's over. The mere fact that they can pay nine million dollars for ninety days shows that it's go-go time again. After you've drawn your nine million dollars—and even if you become C.E.O.—you'll still look back on all the friends you talked into coming with you to Chrysler, and it's *still* an act of walking out on the gang. Easy come, easy go." I even told him, "If you want to climb a mountain twice, do it with Chrysler."

PLAYBOY: How high is the mountain you have to climb right now? Is it 1980 and possible bankruptcy all over again?

IACOCCA: No. That last mountain—the turnaround ten years ago—was like going up Mount Everest without any tools. That was climbing barehanded. Now I can relax at night, because I've got four billion dollars in cash reserves. I can meet payrolls and pay the suppliers on time. But I'd like to do more than just break even, which is all we've done for the past nine months.

PLAYBOY: People have begun faulting Chrysler for the gaps in its car line: You don't have a small-car successor to the Dodge Omni and Plymouth Horizon; you don't have a mid-size car to compete against the Ford Taurus and Mercury Sable; your only real money-makers are the Jeep and the minivans.

IACOCCA: What the hell's wrong with our cars? I think we have a damned good product line out. The Spirit and the Acclaim are rated up there with the Hondas—we're selling the shit out of them. And even though I can't advertise it, what gave me a real boost was *Consumer Reports*. Out of the fifty-nine cars they recommended in 1990, fifteen of them are Chryslers. OK, two are joint-design cars with Mitsubishi, and three others are Colts that we buy from Mitsubishi. But ten are Chryslers.

PLAYBOY: What about a small car?

IACOCCA: We can't afford an Omni or a Horizon—we can't build a small car and make a dime. We just came out with our America series at seven thousand five hundred ninety-nine dollars; we'll get half the small-car drivers back that way. Everybody's chasing the law of comparative advantage. Japan wants to build its small cars in Korea now; Korea is probably going to let some developing nation like Poland do it, if they can get dirt-cheap labor.

PLAYBOY: And a mid-range car?

IACOCCA: That's coming for 1992-and-a-half. I'm the first to say I wish I had it today. But I made the decision—me alone—to develop the minivan first, a

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car that had never existed. We decided to do that as opposed to a new pickup truck. Each [vehicle] costs a billion dollars to develop, and I couldn't do them all at once. After that, we felt it was important to take care of the full Jeep line. So what we're missing is what is longingly called the pure middle and upper-middle end of the market—what we call our LH program.

PLAYBOY: But it's those decisions that left you with the gaps.

IACOCCA: Look, there's a recession on. Chrysler is the smallest of the big-three car companies, and the transplants are coming on strong. So people say we have lackluster product. Where's the lackluster product? I go burn myself out on a six-city promotional trip that costs four million dollars; the press dogs me, led by the America bashers, the Japanese, beating my head in at every stop, saying, "How dare you?" I say, "Hey, I'm Willy Loman. I've got a smile on my face and a shine on my shoes. I'm out there hustling. I'm selling what I got. And what I got is pretty damned good! You want me to give up? Drop dead!"

PLAYBOY: How much is the recession hurting you?

IACOCCA: There's *no* problem that a three-point drop in interest rates wouldn't cure. But there are too many cars being built right now for the American market. You get rebates up to twelve hundred fifty dollars a car, just when we're struggling to cut costs by two point five billion dollars at Chrysler. There's too much capacity. Ford and G.M. are in the tank, too—most of their earnings over the past two years came from overseas sales. We're expecting to sell fifty thousand minivans in Europe this year.

PLAYBOY: You've extended your contract to stay on as Chrysler chairman indefinitely. Is that because you're on a crisis footing? Are you girding for war?

IACOCCA: I've got to be honest with you. Given the voices of my mother, my daughters and my fiancée—all of them asking, "What the hell are you staying on for?"—I just want to see our program for the Nineties unfold right; we've got a great program and we've got to implement this baby right. I've said I'll stay as long as it takes to get this thing back on the rails.

PLAYBOY: Your planned joint deals with Renault and Hyundai fell through this year. Is it possible that Chrysler won't survive——

IACOCCA: This company will survive.

PLAYBOY: Without a merger? Will there be a Chrysler-Fiat, a Chrysler-Hyundai, a Chrysler-G.M., for that matter?

IACOCCA: We already formed a joint venture with G.M. on the four-wheel drive, so I asked them about doing a small car together. The country needs it. We both say we can't make money; we go to Korea and Japan for our small cars. Of course, the antitrust guys might die. They'll say, "Building a transmission together was one thing, but a *whole car*? Are you guys crazy?"

PLAYBOY: But what about merging?

IACOCCA: It's a matter of time frame—after the year 2000. We talked with Renault, we've been talking with Fiat, and I made big news by talking with Volvo. They called us, by the way. But can you imagine a merger with Volvo? They represent eleven percent of the G.N.P. of Sweden. All these companies recognize that there's going to be a consolidation of the world auto industry. They know that if you want to be a world player, you must have some presence in each of the big-three markets—the Pacific rim, North America and Europe. But you can't be all things to all people in all markets. So we're going to have to form alliances.

PLAYBOY: What about your proposal to build a joint car with General Motors?

IACOCCA: Well, at first, they didn't throw it out. And it may come to pass one day, because the world is changing. But our laws are stupid; we're stumbling in our underwear. G.M. and Toyota can get together to build joint cars at the NUMMI plant in Fremont, California, but I can't [legally] do a joint small car with G.M., because I'm U.S.-based. You can do a deal with the enemy, but not with me. There are only three of us left in the U.S., so what's the big deal?

"My record on safety is impeccable. I was gung-ho into padded dashboards . . . and, especially, seat belts."

I still dream about my "Global Motors" concept—say, a consortium of Chrysler, Nissan and Volkswagen where we pool our efforts on huge capital investments like engines. But it's hard enough to slam together two companies that come from the same culture. A true merger—bringing together a Mitsubishi and a Chrysler, even after holding hands for twenty years—would be real tough.

PLAYBOY: Because of exchange rates and import quotas, the price of Japanese cars rose dramatically throughout the Eighties. But you and the other American car makers didn't take advantage of the import protection. You raised prices, too, and had a sales boom, but the consumer suffered.

IACOCCA: Well, as usual, that's poppycock. If you want facts as a journalist, take the facts. If you want to twist them into an opinion, then you got the pen in hand, not me.

The facts are, with all the currency changes in the past five years, imports—particularly German and Japanese—have gone up, on average, thirty-eight percent. Chrysler has gone up eight percent, which is less than the consumer price index; G.M., because of a richer mix, probably, has gone up about eighteen percent; and Ford has gone up about sixteen percent. You can see it on the sticker prices; but nobody wants to believe it. So we're going head to head with Honda. We say the Spirit and the Acclaim have everything a Honda's got, but for twenty-five hundred dollars less. And I throw in an air bag for free.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the air bags. Since late 1989, you've led the industry toward air-bag installation by putting a driver's-side air bag in most of your U.S.-built cars, excluding the minivans. Why the sudden turnaround?

IACOCCA: I adapt to facts. I try to preach to kids that when you get additional facts, you can change your position as life goes on. Don't feel that you're a goddamned hypocrite if you change your position every few years.

PLAYBOY: Still, you were among those who practically said that air bags might cause accidents.

IACOCCA: My record on safety is impeccable. I was gung-ho into padded dashboards, deep-dish steering wheels and, especially, seat belts with the interlock system so you couldn't start your car without being belted.

PLAYBOY: Well, your record also includes a conversation in 1971 with President Richard Nixon—it's on the famous White House tapes. You said, "Safety has really killed all of our business." You were fighting air bags tooth and nail then.

IACOCCA: I don't recall saying that. Henry Ford and I went to Washington to say, "They're moving too fast on air bags."

PLAYBOY: But it's on the tapes——

IACOCCA: I didn't know we were being taped at the time in the Oval Office, but I do remember that, on the way out, the President of the United States got up from behind his desk [*stands and waves his arms, Nixon-style*] and said, "Well, I don't want one of those goddamn things in my car." I kiddingly said to Henry, "God, somebody should have heard that last line." I remember that part clearly, because Nixon leaped to his feet.

But, hey, I'm like a [recovering] alcoholic. I'm a convert now to air bags.

PLAYBOY: What took you so long?

IACOCCA: We kept watching the air bags. Watched them go off, watched them fail. Watched them cost a thousand dollars. Electronic sensors weren't reliable enough. But in the past few years, the air bags were becoming reliable and the cost was down to about eight hundred dollars. Meanwhile, Volkswagen invented the passive seat belt; then the belts became motorized. They cost only

The following advertisement doesn't pop up, hum carols, wiggle, or smell like lavender-scented mountains.

about two hundred to three hundred dollars to install. So my guys are saying, "We think we can get the price of an air bag down to where the cost over the spaghetti *and* the motorized belts is only a couple hundred dollars." I said, "OK, it's time to go with them."

PLAYBOY: Spaghetti? What's that?

IACOCCA: All the add-ons. So, anyway, I took a crap shoot on the air bags. But let's be honest, I had to worry about liability. Suppose somebody gets killed—even with the air bag—and we have a court case. Drivers may get a false sense of security from the air bag and leave off their seat belts, which is a big mistake. Remember: If you're not belted, the air bag isn't enough. I mean, shit, at sixty miles an hour, you're in motion, you can take a second hit!

I didn't know they would succeed this well and I didn't know putting them in would get to me emotionally. It's incredible, the letters I'm getting. Of the six thousand air-bag deployments so far, so many seem to involve young girls.

But now I really feel bad inside. I wish I could have done them twenty years ago.

PLAYBOY: Now everyone wants to know when you'll start installing a passenger-side air bag.

IACOCCA: I know, I know. Once you start advocating safety and using ads that show young girls being saved by an air bag on one side, it begs the question, "Well, what if I had my boyfriend with me on the right side?" Joan Claybrook [former head of the National Transportation Safety Board and promoter of air bags] recently came up to me at a big awards ceremony. She congratulated me on finally seeing the light. Then she said, "What have you done for me lately? Where's the passenger-side air bag?"

PLAYBOY: So, where is it? Honda has promised them by late 1993.

IACOCCA: We hope to have them on our new LH car in late 1992. First we've got to redesign the whole instrument panel. It'll cost about seventy or eighty million dollars a hit. Passenger-side bags are harder to design, because there's no steering column and the seat is farther away. Knee blockers are the problem. You don't want to submarine when that bag hits you.

PLAYBOY: The time it took to implement air bags is just another example of the American automobile industry's reputation for foot-dragging, for having to be dragged kicking and screaming——

IACOCCA: For being monolithic. We were controlled by General Motors; we've marched in lock step to the big guy. It was an oligopoly of four guys—back when we still had American Motors. Now we're down to three. But there is no question that G.M. set the pricing, they set all the levels. Everybody tried to imitate G.M., and they were building lousy quality. They didn't do it on purpose, but we all said, "That's the standard." I'm a student of this—I lived through it. G.M. was so powerful. They were the biggest bank in the world, the biggest everything. They had fifty percent of the market. They were so damned big, they could do anything they wanted. We were really in the ring with a thousand-pound gorilla.

PLAYBOY: What changed all that?

IACOCCA: Looking back on it, foreign competition spurred on Chrysler and even big G.M.—starting with the German boutique houses of BMW and Mercedes. That began to change a lot of people's minds. Then the Japanese came in and started showing quality just by selling ten or twenty thousand cars. You'd be a fool not to admit that free world trade and competition is good. Otherwise, we'd still be the monolithic follow-G.M. group, and the cars wouldn't be as good. G.M. has taken the biggest hit. Their fifty percent market penetration is now down to thirty-five percent.

"I didn't know putting air bags in would get to me emotionally. It's incredible, the letters I'm getting. I wish I could have done them twenty years ago."

PLAYBOY: Ford has been noted for a strong turnaround, with radically redesigned cars in the Eighties. What are they doing right?

IACOCCA: Well, developing the Taurus and the Sable was a fresh, clean-sheet approach, not the usual Detroit way of building a car. They didn't committeeize it. They put together a team, the same as we've now done.

PLAYBOY: What was the usual Detroit way?

IACOCCA: Sequential design. First the design guys work. Then they pass it on down the line to the manufacturing guys. Then the manufacturing guys say, "Hold it, we can't build this son of a bitch. This design has eight different pieces, it'll kill us." And so forth.

Now we've reorganized the whole company. With our new LH car, we have everybody on one team right from the beginning: design, manufacturing, engineering, marketing. The car is theirs from cradle to grave. Even the suppliers are tied in early enough to give their input on how to save money, or how to do the vanity mirror for half the price.

We had a mixed-generation team in here recently, critiquing the minivan. Little kids lying all over the floor. One of them came up with a neat little design change. He suggested we take out the springs in the coin holders in the console and let gravity feed the coins down. It'll probably save eight cents a car. But it's so damned simple. One of the other teams came up with a car phone that is built into your sun visor, so you don't have to look down and take your eyes off the road. It has a little microphone in it.

PLAYBOY: What is going to save the auto industry?

IACOCCA: Competitiveness. One, get the action back on the factory floor—make it a matter of pride to be running a plant yourself. And two, get good minds coming into industry from the scientific community. We looked at the farm system—the junior high and high schools—and nobody's taking math or science. Ask the schools about that and they say there are no teachers—"The football coach does that shit."

PLAYBOY: Should the Government be involved in making this country scientifically competitive with countries such as Germany and Japan?

IACOCCA: Sure. I've suggested a way to use the peace dividend for that. Look at the defense and aerospace contractors. They're going to be laying off some of the best scientific minds in the country. These are guys who are used to working for Government pay. Why not let the Government pay them to work with us, for instance, in licking the national problem of carbon emissions?

PLAYBOY: Is pollution control the great sleeper issue that will someday undermine the car business completely?

IACOCCA: You can play word games all day long on that. I think the hotheaded environmentalists have gone overboard. They say, "We're sure you can find a technological solution to car emissions. After all, ten years ago, you said you couldn't make it and you made it." I say, "Yeah, but all the cars got twelve hundred pounds smaller. If we take another twelve hundred pounds off, there will only be little shit boxes running around the country."

But, yes, we're certainly studying the pollution problem. Take Los Angeles: They've said that by the year 2008, they will effectively [eliminate the use of petroleum as fuel]. That means they will have outlawed the car as we know it, and we'll have to have a breakthrough in battery technology for an electric car by that date. But what they haven't figured out is where the energy will come from to power the batteries. Will it be coal or oil or nuclear? What the hell is it?

PLAYBOY: You've called G.M.'s experimental electric car nothing more than a

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TO SEND A GIFT OF WILD TURKEY®/101 PROOF ANYWHERE,* CALL 1-800-24 ANYTIME. *EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. ALC. BY VOL. 50.5%. AUSTIN NICHOLS DISTILLING CO., LAWRENCEBURG, KY © 1990.

gussied-up golf cart. Obviously, you're not optimistic.

IACOCCA: Twenty-five years ago, at Ford, I gave the engineering guys in the lab a million bucks a year to come up with an electric car that could get me home and back—say, eighty miles round trip—without a recharge. "Go invent a battery and then we'll build all the fancy cars around it." And they couldn't do it. So I said, "Get lost, busters." Twenty-five years later, I don't think there has been any movement at all. We have to work on flexible fuels, propane, a methane mix, plus there are storage problems.

PLAYBOY: Does it burn you up that, while the U.S. concentrates on solving these kinds of problems, the Japanese spend their energy turning out better and more attractive cars?

IACOCCA: Look, I say, why get mad at the Japanese when they're just dealing in their own self-interest? I've always said we can learn from Japan just as they learn from us. Let's copy them. Let's get rid of antitrust, certainly. Then we can all get together in the same room and do things like pollution control at the lowest possible cost. They do it. They think that's for the common good. To get cleaner air, they all pool their resources. They don't make it a competitive, dog-eat-dog thing.

Of course, I don't want to be like them in *every* way. I wouldn't want to live in one of their tiny houses; I wouldn't like their standard of living; I wouldn't want to pay eight dollars for a melon or four dollars for an orange or never eat steak.

PLAYBOY: What else do you admire about their society?

IACOCCA: Well, one thing that always sticks in my mind is that while we have something like one lawyer for every ten people in our country, they have one engineer for every ten people in theirs. And that tells you a lot. There's something wrong with a country that has so many lawyers. Chrysler builds a complex product that is sold world-wide, so we have a lot of liability cases. And sixty percent of all the money we're spending—millions and millions of dollars—is going for lawyers' fees. There's something screwy there.

Somebody once said, "The best way to beat the Japanese would be to send them all our lawyers."

PLAYBOY: What's going on with the business establishment of this country? The Donald Trumps, for instance.

IACOCCA: I know Trump fairly well. Now that's an ego that's gone screw-loose, gone haywire. What the business establishment of this country has to do is get away from this new financial-transaction mentality. It used to be that Wall Street, the financial markets and the banks were there to promote and fund the companies that produced goods and created jobs. Now they've taken on a life of their own: "What's the play? Where can we make a fast buck?" What we really need to do in this country is get back to the factory floors. Whether it's Chrysler or McDonald's or whatever, you've got to stand for making good stuff or you're not going to win.

PLAYBOY: Whatever happens, you've carved out a niche for yourself in history. What's the secret? What has made you a national icon?

IACOCCA: It started with being fired at Ford. When I did the Mustang, nobody really gave a shit. But when I was fired and then rose from the ashes like a phoenix—let's be honest—that kicked it off. It's the American feeling for underdogism. I'm fired [from Ford], Chrysler is in the toilet and they come to me. I go to work and say, "Jesus, if I had known it was this bad, I wouldn't have taken the job." Then we get a break—we're not geniuses, we just worked hard to get it. We had to go before the Congress and get abused in public. Then the Reagan years helped us. Let's face it: The industry turned around a bit. Otherwise, we all would have died. Ford was in the toilet. G.M. was in the toilet.

"What we really need to do in this country is get back to the factory floors. You've got to stand for making good stuff or you're not going to win."

Meanwhile, my personal life was moving very fast. My wife was dying. And she had always said, "Why don't you write some of this stuff down? It's a little fictional and nobody is going to believe it." So I wrote my autobiography.

PLAYBOY: How did that come about?

IACOCCA: Well, in 1983, we paid back our one-billion-dollar loan—the old-fashioned way: seven years early. That hit a nerve with the American people. They said, "That's what we're made of—or would *like* to be made of." So in 1984, I wrote *Iacocca: An Autobiography*. It sells seven million goddamned copies. How do I know it's going to push *Gone with the Wind*? You think that's why I wrote it? But it never *did* pass *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, damn him.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think it was so popular?

IACOCCA: One day, at the Okura Hotel in Tokyo, all the bus boys and girls were standing in line for my autograph. They spoke English, so I asked them why they'd bought my book. They said, "In our hierarchy, we can never mouth off the way you do. We can never be vocal to our superiors or elders. But inside, we'd like to be like you." Another time in California, all these kids from the beach came up with my book. Said their parents had made them read it, but then they couldn't put it down. I must have changed ten or twenty thousand lives. I get a lot of letters from guys in prison. I take them home and read them every night. And I still get more mail for my first book than for my second. You know the reason? Because it's an autobiography, it's a life.

PLAYBOY: A lot of people have written books, but yours hit a national nerve. Why?

IACOCCA: If I had to pick one thing, it's this: If there were a lodge called the I've-Been-Fired Club, it would be a bigger organization than all the Catholics, Republicans or Democrats in the country. Because everybody at one time in his life has had his feet cut out from under him.

PLAYBOY: Your television commercials have also helped your national appeal. You became a superstar on TV.

IACOCCA: Thanks, but they are a pain in the ass to do. They're not my bag. I've done my fill and I've destroyed my privacy. I want to hide now when I go out.

PLAYBOY: People around Detroit and Chrysler are wondering if you're ever going to retire.

IACOCCA: Hell, yeah. I had a great plan to hand Chrysler over to a two-man management team last November first. But Greenwald, by leaving, knocked that on its ass. So I've agreed to stay awhile. I said to my top guys, "You want to do me a favor? In the next twelve months, make our program fall together and *force* me out of this company. I'll be grateful to you."

PLAYBOY: Still, you give the appearance of a guy who doesn't want to let loose. Are you one of those car men who, as they say, have gasoline in their veins?

IACOCCA: Yeah, but I want to keep some blood in my veins, too.

PLAYBOY: When all is said and done, and you're looking back on all this, what do you want your legacy to be?

IACOCCA: Oh, immigrant kid made good. Wrote a book. Unabashed patriot. Fixed up the Statue of Liberty.

After I retire, I want to devote myself to the Diabetes Foundation and working on education for kids. That's certainly a bigger legacy than building Mustangs or minivans. After all, in the end, who's going to remember whether we bent the sheet metal right?

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*Technics developed the MASH one bit DAC. NTT (LSI Labs) invented MASH technology. NTT has applied for trademark registration for MASH.

APERTO E CHIUSO

fiction

By JOHN UPDIKE

IN THE SEVERAL years of their secret affair, Vivian, George Allenson's third wife, had had ample opportunity to observe how little, in relation to his second wife, he was to be trusted; but he had not expected her, once *they* were married, to perceive him as untrustworthy. He was 20 years older, also, and he had not imagined that this superiority in experience, and in the relaxed poise that proximity to death brings, might be regarded as a deficit—in eyesight, in reaction time, in quality of attention. Throughout their vacation trip to Italy, Vivian was vocally nervous in the car, sitting beside him clutching the map while he, with growing confidence and verve, steered their rented subcompact through the Italian traffic, from one lovely old congested city to another. He was even mastering the Italian trick of turning a two-lane highway into a three-lane by simply passing right into the teeth of the oncoming traffic. Whenever he did this, she shrieked, and now she was worried about their running out of gas, and kept urging him into gasoline stations. Far as they had come, from Venice to Ravenna to Verona, they had not yet replenished

SCULPTURE BY FRANK GALLO

fasten your seat belts, allenson thought as he drove his third wife through italy. it's going to be a bumpy ride

the tankful that came with the car.

"There's one—it says *aperto*!"

"Where?" Allenson asked, knowing perfectly well. There was a tense gullible nerve in his wife that it amused him to touch.

"Right there! We went right by! Mobil, just like at home! I can't believe you did that, darling!"

"I didn't like the look of it. Too many ugly trucks."

Vivian told him, with the complacency of a knowing child, "You're just nervous because you don't know how to say 'Fill 'er up.' But if we don't get gas soon, we'll be stuck by the side of the road, and then what'll you say?"

"I'll say, '*Scusi*,'" he said. "I'll turn to you," he elaborated, in the mellow baritone that even a smidgeon of Italian brings out in the male voice, "and say, '*Mi scusi, mia cara.*' Actually, we've got plenty of gas. These little Fiats go forever on just a liter."

He was near 60, and she near 40, and as these irrevocable turning points approached, both of them, perhaps, were showing their nerves. They were headed toward Lake Garda on a day's trip out of Verona. Their Verona hotel room was not merely expensive but exquisite, provided with real antiques and a balcony view of roof tiles and *campanili* whose various bells rang the hours with a ragged succession of tollings. The Allensons' daily routine—two continental breakfasts in the room, delivered with much waiterly fussing and musical clatter, followed by a walking excursion to a church or two, a Roman amphitheater, a castle turned art museum, and then their return to the room and a lunch of fresh fruit bought en route and some thriftily saved breakfast rolls, the elemental economy of this lunch suggesting an even less expensive entertainment, in the languor of the sunny hour, on one or the other of their little Empire-style beds—this routine was intimate and strict, so it was with trepidation and potential irritability that they had set out, this morning, in the neglected car to brave the narrow unmarked streets and the helter-skelter of buzzing, thrusting Italian vehicles.

On their last excursion, which had brought them from Vicenza to Verona by way of the S11—an inescapable green line on Vivian's map—Allenson had managed almost immediately to take a wrong turn that headed them up into the hills, through pastel flocks of villagers attending Mass, between flowering hedgerows and fields dotted with sheep, on a winding upward road that offered, it seemed to him, no place to turn around. Her resentment of his failure to follow the route so clear and plain on her lap became shrill, and he risked their lives by angrily ducking into a dirt lane and backing out into the road. On their descent back through the village, which she retrospectively identified, on the map, as Montecchio Maggiore, Vivian confessed, by way of making up, how pretty it all was. And it was true, his blunder had in a flash uncovered a crystalline cisalpine charm bared by none of their map-bound excursions, even one in the very next hour, to Soave, at the end of a little spur that crossed the A4.

Soave, hitherto to them merely a name on a bottle of cheap white wine, was an old walled town; they parked outside the gates and walked along the main street. Outside the town's main bar, a crowd of men had gathered after Mass, and one of them abruptly presented Vivian, as she passed, with a red carnation. Allenson, a step behind her, was startled to see his wife accept the gift with an instant broad smile and the appropriate gracious gesture of bringing the flower to within a few inches of her chest. "*Grazie*," she said, managing nicely the little flirted tail of an E that Allenson always had trouble pronouncing.

Perhaps women are biologically conditioned to accept flowers, even from total strangers on the street. Vivian was dark-haired and somewhat stately of figure; but for a spatter of girlish freckles, and those dry crinkles that collect where American women's smiles stress their faces, she might have been Italian. Allenson reflexively reached toward his pocket to pay for the flower, but no charge was exacted. The man, in a suit but unshaven, matched Vivian's smile with an equally broad one of his own and responded, "*Prego, signora*," ignoring her husband.

Allenson quickened his step to place himself by her side. When they had put behind them the crowd of loitering, chattering men, Vivian asked him, "What did it mean?" For all her criticism of his driving and deportment, she expected him to know everything, to be wise.

"Damned if I know. Look—those little girls have carnations, too."

"Does it mean I'm a Communist or something?"

There were election posters all over Italy, and some of them did show a carnation. "Left of center, at the worst, I would think. Communism's had it, even here. Maybe it's just something they do for tourists."

"I think we're the only ones in town." It was true, entering the walled town at Sunday noon felt as if they were trespassing in a large living room, full of families. Allenson's eyes, moving on from the little carnation-carrying girls in the after-church stragglers, had received the equivalent of a flower: seen from behind, a father and daughter walking with their arms about each other's waists, the gray-haired father, in his possessive fond grip, apparently unaware that his long-haired daughter had grown to be as tall as he and voluptuous, her mandolin-shaped bottom just barely contained in a leather miniskirt. These skirts, taut swatches exposing the full length of thigh, had been all over Venice, moving up and down the stepped bridges that crossed the canals. As a child wants to reach out and pat balloons, to verify their substance, Allenson had mentally reached out. Perhaps Vivian was right, he was not trustworthy. He wanted to be forever young. He had left his antihypertension pills at home, and she—rather chemically, he thought—credited to that his rejuvenated sexual energy. But, broken loose from the routines of work and old friendships, one is, as a tourist, immersed in youth, unable to ignore how the world's population is renewing itself. Even Vivian was old, relatively.

Allenson really couldn't understand why, after these many kilometers in which he had not crashed into anything, she seemed still not to like his driving. The car's five gears (six, with reverse) did sometimes still jumble under his hand, so that he tried to start in third or to move straight from first to fourth, but within a day, he had satisfied himself that, in Italy as elsewhere, a subtle camaraderie of the road mitigates against collision. Amid an incessant buzzing of little motorcycles and onrolling walls of double-van trucks with the Mercedes emblem on their grilles, understandings were being reached, tolerances arrived at. Even at the most frantic mergers, he felt a Latin grace and logic; the drivers of Italy, though possessed of a gallant desire to maximize the capacity of their engines, were more civilized than the brutal commuters of Westchester and Long Island. "Relax," he told Vivian, on the road to Lake Garda. "Enjoy the scenery."

"I can't. You'll take a crazy wrong turn like you did outside Vicenza."

"What if I do? It's all new to us. It's all Italy."

"That's the problem."

"I thought you loved it here."

"I do, when we stop moving."

"You know, Vivian, I could start to resent all this criticism. Elderly men have feelings, too."

"It's not you, you're doing great, considering."

"Considering what?"

(continued on page 178)

"Myrna hates wild parties, but she tries to be a good sport about it."

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU

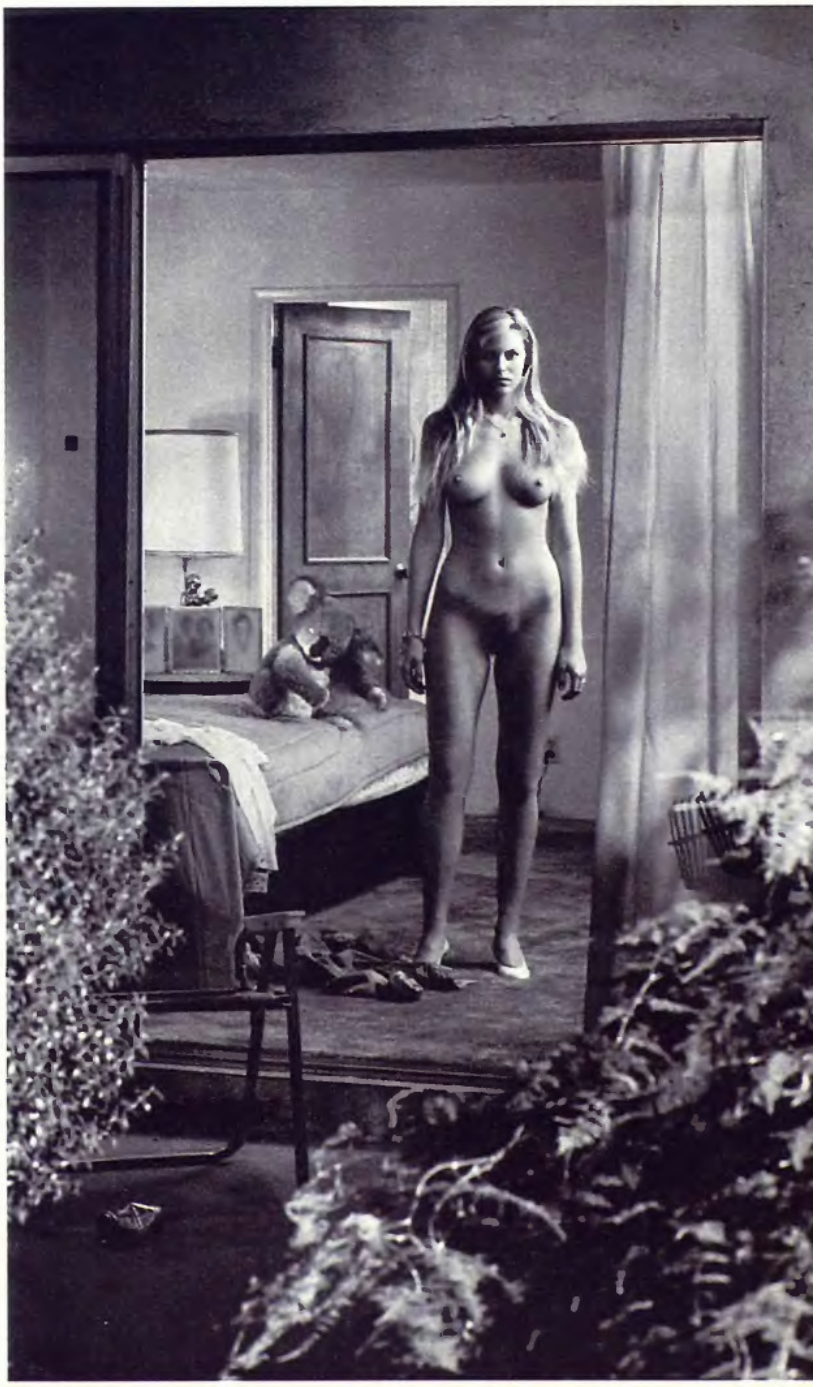
a master turns his eye on voyeurism

THERE ARE THOSE who like to watch. Photographers do that for a living. A good one is happy—sometimes even eager—to explain what it is that he does. A great one knows when to shut up. Helmut Newton is a great photographer. Even when he was among the pouts and poses that shooting fashion demands, he elevated the form beyond its winsome artifice. He didn't blink when the careful ironies and subtleties reflected through the lens of his camera back at him. He has always been receptive to the disturbing, visually arresting images that insist themselves upon us. Helmut Newton is a man in search of erotic emergencies. When we asked him if he would like to explore voyeurism—that most personal of photographic tasks—he responded with the images you find on these and the following pages. Here you will see a man whose camera doesn't shudder when it encounters a woman with a proud bosom and impressive thighs as she exposes herself to her surprised, cigar-smoking older friend. Join him as he peeks into a dressing room where glamourous women talk about the men in their lives—and underthings.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HELMUT NEWTON

Discovery is at the heart of all voyeurism. We can watch and watch, waiting for something to happen. He who watches seizes the initiative to watch. He then turns over that initiative to those he watches. Voyeurs sometimes wait a long time before sparks start flying. Voyeurs wrongly think they can get to know a couple and can even predict their impetuosity. Sometimes even the couples themselves wait and watch. And watch and wait.

Hence, it's best every once in a while just to grab a piece of fabric and pull it aside. To seize the view, so to speak. Then there are those times when a voyeur doesn't have to work at all. A woman will just present herself full length by an open door. Matter-of-fact style. Which is not to say it takes the mystery out of anything. Nor has the portable video camera, as Newton poignantly points out, spoiled the spontaneity. Some scenes are meant to be played over and over again, until the electronic information on the tape fades and crackles, just as the real, human memories do.



JEWELRY COURTESY OF FRED, BEVERLY HILLS

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN O'LEARY

there's more to saddam hussein
and his recent blitzkrieg
than today's headlines.
here's the real baghdad

Mein Kuwait

ON A MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT in Baghdad, soon after the cease-fire in Iraq's long war with Iran, Mohammed Abid stood outside his restaurant by the Tigris River, poking a net at the last fish circling in a tiled tub of water.

"Tonight Iraq celebrates victory and eats a very great deal," he said. "But in the morning, maybe we find that peace is like this fish, a slippery thing that swims round and round and sneaks away."

Snaring the river fish, Mohammed flopped it onto the sidewalk to see if it were of suitable size for my dinner. Then he picked up a rusted monkey wrench.

"We must never forget," he said, raising the tool in the air, "that Iraq has enemies everywhere."

"Persians." *Thuunk.*

"Syrians." *Thwaap.*

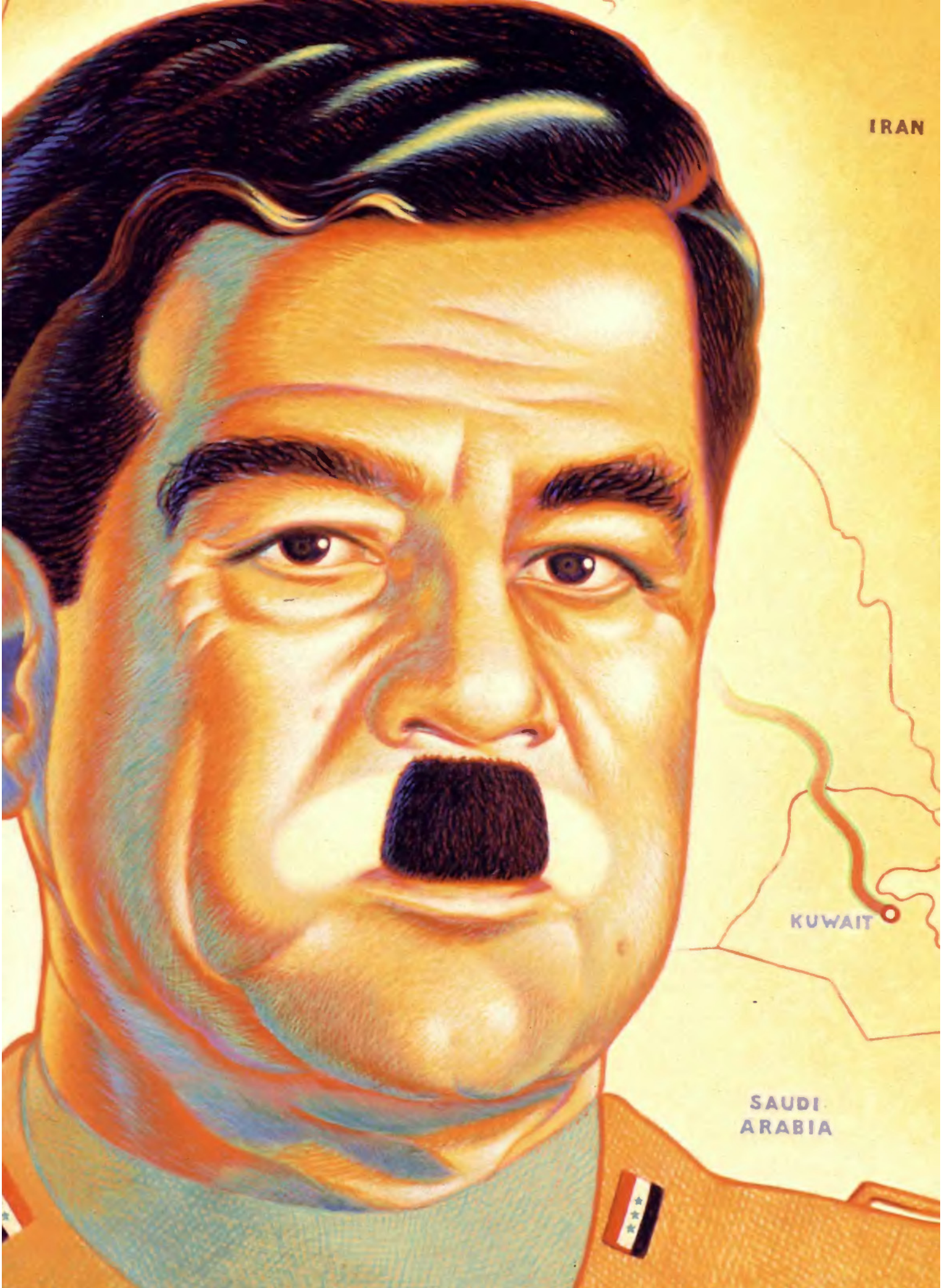
"Zionists." *Thlub.*

He gutted the bludgeoned fish with a few deft strokes and propped it over a wood fire. "No one," he said, wiping blood on his apron, "makes love to Iraq."

Mohammed was a man of vision. Just two years after the guns had fallen silent on Iraq's eastern front, hostilities had flared again. This time, Iraq's enemies were, indeed, everywhere—aboard battleships, in fighter bombers, massed in desert trenches near Kuwait. And I'd been deployed with dozens of other journalists to report from the besieged Iraqi capital.

Baghdad was a city I'd never dreamed of revisiting, except in nightmares. Ever since traveling there three times in 1988, I'd bored my friends and family with Jeremiahlike tales about Saddam Hussein's lust for blood and land. Kuwait wasn't the victim I'd imagined Saddam's devouring. But I suspected that Mohammed

article **By TONY HORWITZ**


IRAN
KUWAIT
SAUDI
ARABIA

the fishmonger had been bludgeoning surrogate sheiks for months.

Baghdad once had seemed the most romantic of Arab capitals. The name conjured images of a fantasy Arabia, a land of harems and slave dens, of Sinbad the Sailor and Ali Baba. It was the sort of place to which I'd imagined traveling aboard a magic carpet.

The actual journey resembled walking through the gates of a maximum-security prison. On my first visit, Iraqi Airways officials in Cairo told me to report four hours before the flight for security, and I needed every minute. Guards frisked passengers from toe to turban while X-raying their bags to the point of radioactivity. Then the soldiers lined us up on the burning tarmac to identify our luggage while they shook us down yet again.

Every personal effect was regarded as a potential weapon. One passenger had a small bottle of cologne and the guard uncorked it, passing it beneath the man's nose, to see if it were chloroform or some other substance that could disable the crew. The guard asked for my camera, aimed it at me and clicked—checking, I guess, for a gun inside the lens. Then he plucked the penny-sized battery from the camera's light meter: It could be used to detonate bombs.

"You are lucky," said the Egyptian in line behind me. "Last time I flew, you could not carry on anything, not a book, not a pen, not even a diaper for the baby. It was a very boring ride."

At Saddam International Airport in Baghdad, it was my typewriter that aroused suspicion. Iraq required the licensing of typewriters so security forces could take an imprint of the keys to trace antigovernment literature. Behind the customs desk rose a ziggurat of other forbidden imports: video tapes, audio cassettes, binoculars—any instrument for gathering or disseminating information. Even blood evoked xenophobia. The first sign at immigration stated that anyone who failed to present results of an AIDS test within five days would be fined. There was a certain irony to the sign, as few Westerners visited the country. Iraq didn't issue tourist visas.

The second sign—and the third and the fourth and the fifth—showed the jowly, mustachioed face of the Iraqi president, Saddam Hussein. Big Brother was watching from portraits on every wall surrounding the baggage-claim area. He was watching from a leviathan billboard outside the airport. He was even watching from the dial of the wrist watch worn by an official sent to the airport to watch me as well. "Saddam is like Superman," the official said, showing how the watch hands ticked across the leader's cheeks and brow.

On the road into town, the president appeared at regular intervals and in innumerable guises: military fatigues festooned with medals; Bedouin garb atop a charging steed; pilgrim's robes praying at Mecca; a double-breasted suit and aviator glasses, looking cool and sophisticated. The idea seemed to be that Saddam was all things to all people: omniscient, all-powerful and inevitable. Like God.

"There are thirty-two million Iraqis," went a popular Western joke in Baghdad. "Sixteen million people and sixteen million pictures of Saddam."

Iraqis didn't tell that joke. Article 225 of Baghdad's penal code stated baldly that anyone who criticized the president, his party or government "for the purpose of raising public opinion against authority" would be put to death.

My escort from the Ministry of Culture and Information wasn't taking any chances.

"Is this near the presidential palace?" I asked as we passed a heavily guarded compound.

"Not far," he said.

"And where is the foreign ministry?"

"Also nearby."

Searching for neutral topics, I commented on the weather. Yes, he said, it was very hot. How hot he could not say. The weather in Baghdad was classified information, "for security."

We pulled up in front of the hotel. Concrete pylons blocked the driveway, as they did at every major hotel and government building in Baghdad: security against car bombs. As the locks clicked open, I asked my escort if I needed to check in at the ministry.

"It has been arranged," he said.

In the hotel room, Big Brother gazed out from the television screen as a chorus of voices sang:

"We will challenge them if they cross the border, O Saddam.

"The victory is for you, O Saddam.

"With our blood and with our soul,

"We sacrifice ourselves for you, O Saddam."

•

Returning two years later, I felt as though I were in a museum where all the exhibits had been rearranged. The walls of the airport terminal were hung with abstract murals. The first few Saddam portraits I spotted on the drive into town showed a kinder, gentler leader: cuddling children, cooking his own food, kicking back with a fat cigar. And intersections that had displayed four huge Saddam paintings were now down to only one.

"It is normal," a Ministry of Culture and Information official assured me. "They need to be cleaned."

In fact, many of the portraits had come down soon after the revolution in Romania, an event that seems to have spooked Saddam. The parallels between his own police state and that of Nicolae Ceausescu's were discomfiting. Saddam had also liberalized travel, letting ordinary Iraqis go overseas for the first time in years. Even the weather report had been reinstated after a six-year ban, announcing with withering regularity that the midday temperature in Baghdad was 110.

But Iraqi *glasnost* had its limits. When I asked for a street map at the desk of the Baghdad Sheraton, the receptionist looked at me as though I'd dialed room service and ordered a gun. "I am so sorry," she said, pointing me to a Ministry of Culture and Information desk in the lobby. "I am sure they can tell you where to go."

Maps—like typewriters, binoculars and radios—could be tools of subversion, helping dissidents plot assassinations and coups. There were no maps in Baghdad.

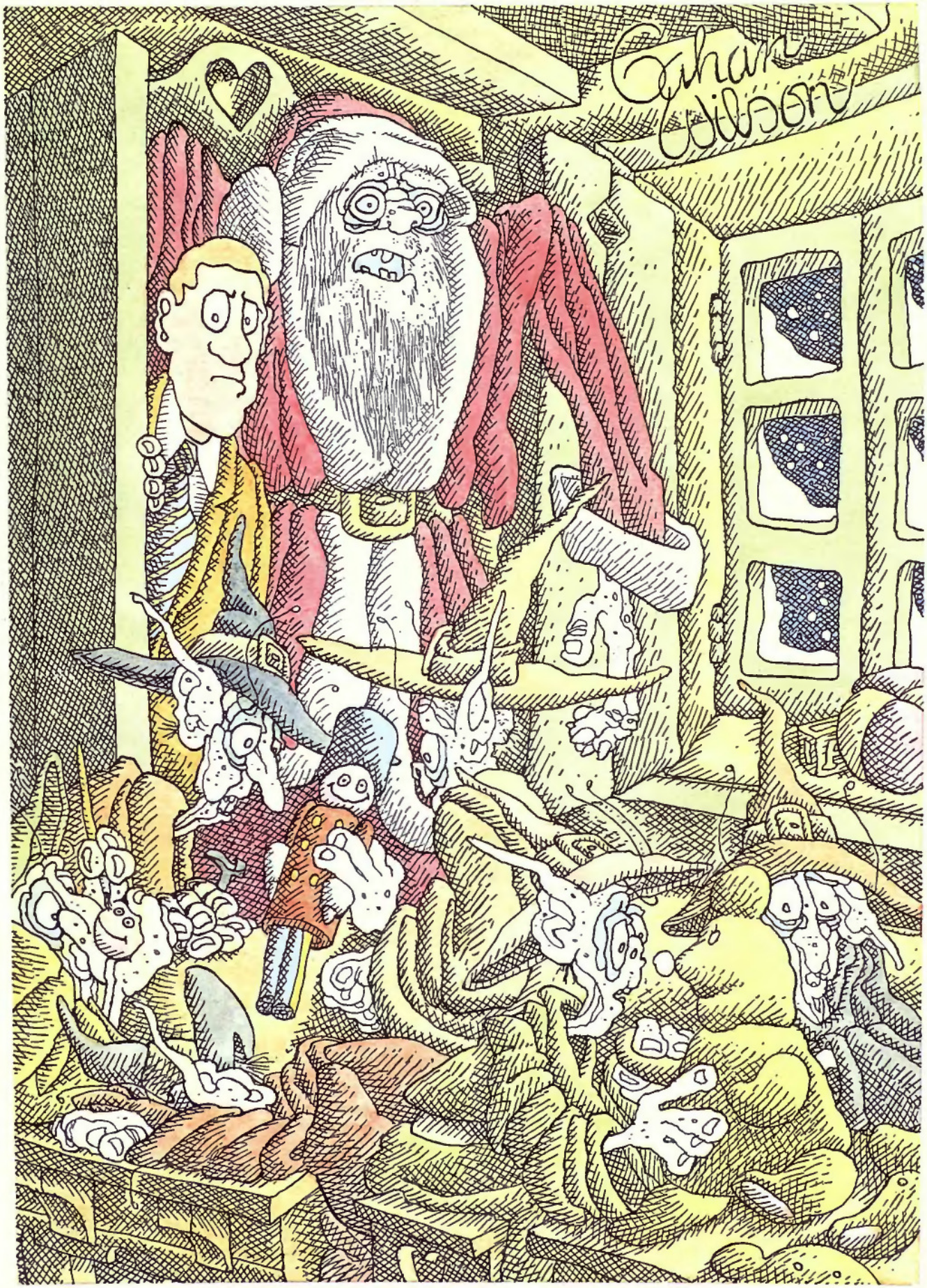
•

Paranoia comes with the territory in Iraq. The blistered Mesopotamian plain has been overrun repeatedly by foreign armies: Assyrian, Persian, Greek, Mongolian, Turkish, Persian again. There have been 24 coups and uprisings in Iraq since 1947, including one that Saddam joined in 1959. Then aged 22, he stood on a street corner and emptied his pistol at the car of Abd Karim Kassim, a military strong man who had seized power in a bloody coup that killed Iraq's royal family. Kassim escaped unscathed and untoppled, and he later boasted that he'd survived 29 such attempts on his life. His luck ran out soon after, and he was executed following a coup that briefly brought Saddam's Baathist allies to power.

Twenty years and two coups later, in 1979, Saddam muscled his way into the presidency. He celebrated the event by sentencing 21 of his closest conspirators to death on charges of treason. Saddam served as a trigger man on the firing squad. Ever since, Amnesty International's annual reports on Iraq have read like transcripts from the Spanish Inquisition: prisoners fed slow-acting poison, children tortured into informing on parents, teenagers returned dead to their families with fingernails extracted and eyes gouged out.

Not surprisingly, Iraqis don't open up easily to foreigners. Those who do

(continued on page 183)



"The place hasn't been the same since that hole in the ozone opened up!"

GREAT GRETZKY

when it comes to winter formal-wear, hockey's hottest star goes the great white way

fashion
By HOLLIS WAYNE

The winter-weight white tuxedo is the new alternative to the basic-black penguin look. Stick with a traditional shawl-collar single- or double-breasted model updated with a lower button stance—as the great Wayne Gretzky has done here. Then accessorize with a white or off-white wing-collar formal shirt and a black bow tie or a jewel-toned formal vest and a colored bow tie. If you do go back to black, the brocade dinner jacket—as Gretzky wears overleaf—is an elegant look that we especially like. Wear it tieless with a banded-collar shirt and some great studs.

Even off the ice, number 99 is on the cutting edge of fashion in a white wool-crepe dinner jacket, $1450, wool-blend tuxedo pants, $650, rayon pocket square, $30, all by Piero Dimitri; silk Jacquard vest, $275, silk Jacquard shirt, $250, bow tie, about $50, all by Paul Lester for Mark Christopher; and 14-kt.-gold mother-of-pearl cuff-link/stud set, from Peter Elliot, $130.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

Italian designer Gianni Versace, Beverly Hills Boutique, takes the more traditianal black-dinner-jacket look and gives it an elegant twist. Here, Gretzky relaxes in the lapels of luxury—an expensive but very handsame wool-blend dauble-breasted brocade dinner jacket and black-woal pants, $1835, that are worn tieless with a silk-crepe formal shirt with a double-banded collar, $695, including cuff links, and a silk vest, $895.

Here, Gretzky wears a double-breasted six-button, one-to-button winter-weight white dinner jacket with black double-pleated formal pants, $1600, white cottan formal shirt with wing collar, $250, both by Bill Kaiserman; silk Jacquard self-tie bow-tie-and-cummerbund set, by Joseph Abboud, $175; and 22-kt.-gold round rope cuff links with rhodolite center stone, by Temple St. Clair Carr, about $2700. When going out, skip the hockey stick.

Where & How to Buy on page 221.

LOVE DICKS

there's a new figure in the shadows of postmodernist romance: the gumshoe who conducts very private investigations

THE CASE opened like this: A woman came to the Nick Harris Detective Bureau & Academy in Van Nuys, California, where Milo Speriglio is director in chief. The client was attractive, 30ish, rich, divorced, childless, worried. "It's about my boyfriend," she said. Then she told what she knew about Salvatore.

Now I'm standing in front of Salvatore's apartment with Speriglio. He knocks on the door. We hear footsteps inside. He knocks again. "Who's that?" a female voice asks.

Speriglio whispers to me, "Say something. A woman usually opens a door for another woman." So I lean forward and say my name and, right on cue, she cracks the door and peers out.

"We're looking for Salvatore," Speriglio says. "You're his wife, right?" he asks.

"*Si.*"

"Mona, right?" He has done his homework.

"*Si.*"

And we're in. For the next 20 minutes, Speriglio does his number and I listen, fighting the urge to blurt out, "Your husband's playing hide the pepperoni and we know where!" But I can't, because Speriglio and I are spies in the house of love.

•

An estimated 20,000 single people hired detectives last year to check out lovers—up from almost none a decade

article by

PAMELA MARIN

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

ago. Like Salvatore's squeeze, most of the clients were college graduates, financially secure women who had taken their share of dead-end rides up lovers' lane. Each year, it seems, that road becomes more treacherous. Where once lovers feared heartache, they now risk AIDS. Unless you marry your high school sweetheart, how much can you know about your lover's past? Tiptoeing into the Nineties, graying boom babes and their single brethren are scared—racing the clock, protecting their loot and perhaps gambling with their lives.

Who ya gonna call?

"People come to my office for the first time and go, 'Gee, is this going to be like *Magnum, P.I.*?'" says Thomas Martin, of Martin Investigative Services in Orange, California. "I have to tell 'em, 'Sorry, the reality of it is a lot closer to *Columbo*.'"

Sam Spade may have chased his leads up dark alleys and into dingy gin mills, but the new generation of sleuths lets its fingers do the walking. Computer networks and acres of microfilmed files have taken most of the shoe leather out of the trade, particularly the new boom business of background investigations. Beginning with as little as your paramour's name, a desk-bound Columbo can tap into billions of bytes of information and produce a report that includes everything from phone numbers and current and previous addresses to auto registrations, marriage licenses, divorce-court depositions, employment records, tax liens, credit history and civil and criminal judgments. All that for as little as $100 to $500. Some cases—like Italian stallion Salvatore's—may require the more costly procedure of surveillance. But for about 90 percent of all background checks on lovers, a data spelunk is all that's necessary.

A lot of singles want to know if their partners have AIDS.

"I tell 'em, I have no magic computer that can tell me where your sweetie's been sleeping," says Martin, who, like other detectives, ranks medical records among the toughest to plunder.

It's easy enough to find out if a boyfriend is unfaithful. A few choice hours of surveillance will usually yield an episode in the Adventures of Mr. Zipper. And it might not take even that, according to Ed Pankau, head of the Texas-based Intertect detective

(continued on page 190)

DETECTIVE D'AMOUR

recognized as one of the top legal and corporate investigators in the world, joe mullen is also the guy who knows where love has been

Mullen, Cupid's answer man.

PLAYBOY: We're double-parked outside a bar down the street from the Federal Reserve Bank. The bond trader we're tailing is nursing a gin and tonic; we know because we just went inside and checked. To pass the time, titillate us with tales of the lifestyles of the rich and suspicious.

MULLEN: My biggest single case ever is—notice I said "is"—a television producer who has sunk two hundred and fifty grand into surveillance of a gorgeous young thing. Wasn't even a divorce. That case made me the down payment on my apartment. This producer still has us tail her several times each year, always at Christmas and New Year's. I've found out that she's fucking the head of a New York publishing house. Over the years, the producer has spent so much money on the tail job that I got real curious. I asked his secretary what he wanted out of this surveillance. She just shrugged and answered, "That girl makes him hard."

PLAYBOY: We sat quietly in your office when the brunette in the mink coat and black-leather pants hired you for this job. Did she pick your name out of the phone book?

MULLEN: She was referred by her lawyer. The woman wants us to discover whether her husband's still making it with this blonde actress. He and the actress had an affair during their trial separation and she thinks he may be seeing her again. The brunette's going away on a two-week business trip, so hubby will have plenty of opportunity to make it with the actress if he has the inclination. If she goes through with the divorce, we stand a good shot at financial work on the case.

PLAYBOY: We take it that "discover" understates your ability to probe for confidential information.

MULLEN: There are certain records that are not public—bank statements and records of telephone calls—that nobody gets. But every private investigator has confidential sources, like friends at the telephone company.

PLAYBOY: The brunette wrote you a check for two grand. What has she bought?

MULLEN: New York surveillance—two men and a car—runs about seven hundred dollars a day. I charge a hundred and fifty dollars an hour for my own time. Plus expenses. If people are wealthy, you don't ask for a big retainer. They're not going to run away. I'll take a retainer of twenty-five hundred dollars or so. You ask for an advance because you're starting to lay out some cash yourself. We'll work against the retainer and see if we come up with anything. You've also got to set goals in a case and know when to throw in the towel. You don't want to lay out thirty-seven grand in a matrimonial case and win a couch.

PLAYBOY: Just how does the old-fashioned tail job support high-stakes litigation in a matrimonial case?

MULLEN: Adultery is mental cruelty. One of my

(continued on page 192)

"Sex sells. Year in, year out."

JULIE BROKE UP with Connor in the middle of a swamp.

Julie silently revises: not exactly in the middle, not knee-deep in rotting leaves and dubious brown water. More or less on the edge; sort of within striking distance. Well, in an inn, to be precise. Or not even an inn. A room in a pub. What was available.

And not in a swamp, anyway. In a bog. *Swamp* is when the water goes in one end and out the other; *bog* is when it goes in and stays in. How many times did Connor have to explain the difference? Quite a few. But Julie prefers the sound of swamp. It is mistier, more haunted. Bog is a slang word for toilet, and when you hear bog, you know the toilet will be a battered and smelly one, and that there will be no toilet paper.

So Julie always says, *I broke up with Connor in the middle of a swamp.*

•

There are other things she revises as well. She revises Connor. She revises herself. Connor's wife stays approximately the same, but she was an invention of Julie's in the first place, since Julie never met her.

Connor mentioned the wife, and the three children and the dog, fairly soon after he and Julie met. Well, not met. Slept together. It was almost the same thing.

Julie supposes, now, that he didn't want to scare her off by bringing up the subject too soon. By the time he did get around to making a sheepish avowal or confession, Julie was in no position to be scared off. She was already lying in a motel room, wound loosely in a sheet. She was too tired to be scared off and also too amazed, and also too grateful. Connor was not her first lover, but he was her first grown-up one, he was the first who did not treat sex as some kind of panty raid. He took her body seriously, which impressed her no end.

At the time—what was the time? It was 20 years ago, or 25. More like 30. It was the early Sixties; the precise year had to do with bubble-cut hairdos, with white lipstick, with dark rings penciled around the eyes. Also, purple was big as a color, though Julie herself favored the more rebellious black. She thought of herself as a sort of pirate. A dark-eyed, hawk-faced, shaggy-haired raider, making daring inroads on the borders of smug domestic settlements. Setting fire to the roofs, getting away with the loot, suiting herself. She studied modern philosophy, read Sartre on the side, smoked Gitanes and cultivated a look of bored contempt. But inwardly, she was seething with unfocused excitement and looking for someone to worship.

Connor was it. Julie was in her last year of university, in Toronto, and Connor was her professor for archaeology—a one-hour-a-week course you could take instead of religious knowledge. Julie fell in love with his voice, rich and rough-edged, persuasive and abraded, rising and falling in the darkness like a stroking, insistent hand while he showed slides of Celtic tombs. Then she got tangled up with him in his office, where she'd gone intentionally late in the day to discuss her final term paper. Then they'd ended up in the motel. In that era, such things happened more easily between students and their professors. There was no such phrase as "sexual harassment," even. There was no such thought.

At the time, Julie did not think the wife and the three kids and the dog had anything to do with her and Connor. She was too young to make such connections: The wife was as old as her own mother, almost. She could not picture Connor in any context other than the motel rooms they would sneak into. She did not think of him as having an existence apart from her: The wife and kids were just boring subsistence details, like brushing your teeth. Instead, she saw him in glorious and noble isolation, a man singled out, like an astronaut, like a diver in a bell jar, like a saint in a medieval painting, surrounded by a golden atmosphere of his own, a total-body halo. She wanted to be in there with him, participating in his radiance, basking in his light.

Because of her original awe of Connor—he was very smart, he knew a lot about ancient bones, about foreign travel, about how to mix drinks—she did not drive nearly as hard a bargain with him as she could have. But then, she had not been conscious of driving a bargain at all. She had been possessed by some notion of self-sacrifice; she had asked nothing for herself, except

JULIE SITS AND BROODS—AND WAITS FOR CONNOR

THE BOGMAN

FICTION **By MARGARET ATWOOD**

PAINTING BY KEN WARNEKE

that Connor should continue to be superhuman.

•

The first motel was two months ago. Julie feels she has aged a great deal since then. She sits in the uncomfortable maroon plush armchair in her room in the Scottish pub in the small town near the bog, beside the window with its grubby white curtains and the clear northern light coming in, smoking Gitanes and drinking from a cold cup of tea she has brought up from her spectacularly awful breakfast with its limp underdone bacon and its burnt grilled tomatoes. She sits and she smokes, and she knits.

Knitting is something she has just taken up again, having learned it as a child from a mother who believed in the female domestic virtues. She was also taught to crochet, to set in zippers, to polish silverware, to produce a gleaming toilet. This was baggage she'd discarded as soon as she hit Spinoza; two years, a year ago, she would have despised knitting. But there is not a lot to do in this town when Connor is not here. Julie has been up and down the main street several times; she has been drizzled on by the weather, she has been scowled at by the tweed-covered inhabitants. She has sat in the one café and drunk vile coffee and eaten bland and lard-flavored scones. She has inspected the ancient church: not a lot to see there. The stained-glass windows must have gone when the Presbyterians took over. Dead soldiers' names on the wall, as if God were interested.

The knitting is a last resort. Whatever else tiny Scottish towns like this one may lack, they all have wool stores. Julie went into the wool store, fended off inquiries as to her marital status and general mode of existence and bought a pattern for a sweater—jumper, they call it here—and some big needles, and a number of skeins of dark-gray wool. She wound the skeins into balls, and then she went back to the wool store and bought an ugly tapestry bag with wooden handles to put them in. Knitting is not really very soothing, but it gives her something to do with her hands while she broods and waits for Connor.

What she's knitting is a sweater for Connor. She's doing the first sleeve. After a while, she realizes that she has knitted the sleeve eight inches longer than it should be. It will make Connor look like an orangutan. Let him complain, she thinks. She leaves it that way and begins on the other sleeve. She intends to make it equally long.

While Julie knits, Connor is off inspecting the bog man. The bog man is why they are here.

When the bog-man find was announced, they were on the island of Orkney. Connor was looking at standing-stone ring sites and Julie was pretending to be his assistant. This was Connor's bright idea. It has allowed him to write off Julie as part of the expense of this particular expedition, but it has fooled nobody for long; at least not the barmen, at least not the maids in the various inns where they've been staying, who sneer at Julie in a dour, self-righteous way, despite the fact that Julie and Connor have taken care to book separate rooms. Maybe Julie should look more industrious; maybe she should carry notebooks and bustle around more.

Despite the sneers of the maids and the innuendoes of the barmen, Julie enjoyed herself quite a lot in Orkney. Not even the breakfasts dismayed her, not even the congealed oatmeal and the dry toast. Not even the dinners. It would have taken a good many rock-hard lamb chops, a great deal of overfried fish to dampen her spirits. It was her first trip across the Atlantic Ocean; she wanted things to be old and picturesque. More importantly, it was the first time she and Connor had been alone together for any length of time. She felt almost marooned with him. He felt it, too; he was more uninhibited, less nervous about footsteps outside the door; and although he still had to get up and sneak out in the middle of the night, it was comforting to know that he only snuck next door.

It was July, the fields were green, the sun shone, the stone circles were suitably mysterious. If Julie stood in the centers of them and closed her eyes and kept still, she thought she could hear a sort of hum. Connor's theory was that these rings were not merely large, harmless primitive calendars, erected for the purpose of determining the solstices. He thought they were the sites of ritual human sacrifices. This should have made them more sinister for Julie, but it did not. Instead, she felt a connection with her ancestors. Her mother's family had come from this part of the world, more or less; from somewhere in the north of Scotland. She liked to sit among the standing stones and picture her ancestors running around naked and covered with blue tattoos, offering cups of blood to the gods, or whatever they did. Some bloodthirsty, indecipherable Pictish thing. The blood made them authentic, as authentic as the Mayans; or at least more authentic than all that clan and tartan and bagpipe stuff, which Julie found tedious and sentimental. There had been enough of it at her university to last her for a while.

But then the bog man had been discovered and they'd had to pack and take the ferry to the mainland, where it was rainier. Julie would have liked to stay on Orkney, but Connor was hot on the trail. He wanted to get there before the bog man had been completely, as he said, ruined. He wanted to get there before everyone else.

This particular bog man was unearthed by a peat digger who'd cut into him accidentally with the sharp blade of his shovel, severing the feet. He'd thought he was a recent murder victim. It was hard for him to believe the bog man was 2000 years old: He was so perfectly preserved.

Some of the previously uncovered bog people aren't much to look at, judging by the pictures of them Connor has shown her. The bog water has tanned their skins and preserved their hair, but often their bones have dissolved and the weight of the peat has squashed them flat, so that they resemble extremely sick items of leather gear. Julie does not feel the same connection with them that she feels with the standing stones. The idea of human sacrifice is one thing, but the leftovers are something else again.

Before this trip, Julie didn't know very much about bog people, but now she does. For instance, this bog man died by being strangled with a twisted leather noose and sunk in the bog, probably as a sacrifice to the great goddess Nerthus, or someone like her, to ensure the fertility of the crops. "After a sexual orgy of some kind," said Connor hopefully. "Those nature goddesses were voracious."

He proceeded to give examples of the things that had been sacrificed to the nature goddesses. Necklaces were a feature, and pots. Many pots and caldrons had been dug up out of the bogs, here and there around northern Europe. Connor has a map, with the sites marked and a list of what has been found at each one. He seems to think Julie ought to have memorized this list, that she ought to have its details at her finger tips, and acts surprised when it turns out she doesn't. Among his other virtues, or defects—Julie is beginning to find it hard to tell the difference—Connor is pedagogical. Julie has started to suspect him of trying to mold her mind. Into what, is the question.

As she knits, she makes a mental list of other things that get molded. Steamed Christmas puddings, poured-concrete lawn dwarfs, gelatin desserts, wobbly and bright pink and dotted with baby marshmallows. Thinking of these reminds Julie of her own mother, and then of Connor's wife.

It's astounding to her, the way this invisible wife has put on flesh, has

(continued on page 203)

"I <u>love</u> the way you make a little game out of everything!"

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF JAZZ AND ROCK

Part Two

HOT JAZZ *from* STORYVILLE

the flashy kings from the french quarter carry their syncopation north and america discovers a sexy new music it can dance to

article **By DAVID STANDISH**

ELECTRIC SHOES! They were called St. Louis flats and Chicago flats, with cork soles, no heels, and decorated with lucky designs. The real sports implanted tiny light bulbs in the toes, attached to a battery in their pockets. When they saw a sweet Jane coming up the sidewalk along Liberty Street, or drinking in The Pig Ankle or 25's or some other Storyville honky-tonk, they'd blink their shoes to say, "Hello, I love you, won't you tell me your name?"

New Orleans around 1900 was a scene. And Buddy Bolden's band was the hottest sound in town. He was inspired enough to have created his own style on the cornet. He was the leader of what is widely considered the first popular jazz band, and he finally proved too crazy for his own good.

He did regular gigs at Johnson and Lincoln parks, which were right next to each other, south of Canal Street on Carrollton Avenue. Not just a place for picnics, they were early versions of amusement parks, as well. There were balloon ascensions, parachute jumps, fireworks displays and dance pavilions where vaudeville acts and bands performed.

The men in Bolden's Eagle Band played it loud and dirty. They'd show up at the gig doing the dozens on one another, so inventively scatological that they had the reputation of being what jazz historian Martin Williams has called "the nastiest-talking men in the history of New Orleans."

Then Bolden would begin "calling the children home," which was, basically, his method of

New Orleans funeral bands that wailed en route to the cemetery (left) would whoop it up after "cutting the body loose." Working girls (above) in Storyville courted clients to the rhythms of ragtime piano men, who, with the brass bands, begot jazz.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

advertising. He would blow hard and loud to let everyone in the general vicinity know his band had arrived at the park—especially those in the park next door, less than 100 yards away, where the Robichaux band was often playing. John Robichaux was a Creole, with formal musical training, unlike the self-taught black Bolden band—a racial and cultural distinction that ran through the music of New Orleans at that time.

Bolden's wilder, rougher, more ragged sound used to blow the smoother Robichaux band away, and people would stream over to hear the Bolden band play. Since no Bolden recording has ever been found, this is all legend. But everyone who ever heard him talked about the power of his playing. Some claimed that when he was blowing hard, you could hear him clear across the river in Gretna.

"Jazz, that's a name the white people have given to the music. . . . Jazz could mean any damn thing: high times, screwing, ballroom. . . . But when you say ragtime, you're saying the music."—Reed man **SIDNEY BECHET**

Bolden's Eagle Band used to gig, too, at the Odd Fellows & Masonic Hall on Perdido Street and at the Union Sons Hall just up the street. Such societies were important in black New Orleans around the turn of the century. Many of these societies had an association with a nearby funeral parlor and membership in them provided funeral insurance. It was at those funeral parlors that the famous New Orleans funeral marches began, with bands playing dolefully en route to the cemetery, then whooping and raving all the way back to a raucous wake. The halls were business and social centers, and

THE ORIGINAL COVER BAND

Everyone from Elvis Presley and Pat Boone in the Fifties to the Beatles and the Rolling Stones in the Sixties got rich and famous recording black music for white audiences. But the Original Dixieland Jazz Band (above) was the first to do it with jazz. Jazz legend asserts that black cornettist Freddie Keppard was the first jazzman approached by Victor, but he turned the label down because he worried that recording the music would spoil the fun—though experts say he feared that people would "steal his stuff." So the white O.D.J.B. had the honor of cutting the first jazz record in 1917, with *Dixieland Jass Band One-step* on one side and *Livery Stable Blues* on the other. It sold more than 1,000,000 copies, an amazing number for them—and for then. Almost overnight, jazz had become America's musical mania. Pictured at left is the Victor label for *Mournin' Blues*, a follow-up.

The Original Creole Orchestra (above), led by Freddie Keppard, third from left, missed making the first jazz disc, but the legendary cornettist Buddy Bolden supposedly recorded on Edison cylinders (left) around the turn of the century. Nobody has ever found a copy.

New Orleans understands *serious* partying, with ethnic variety in both its food and its music, and from the looks of the 1899 engraving of a Mardi Gras celebration (above), it was wilder and weirder then than now. The oshtray (below) is a souvenir of the 1913 blowout.

The Pioneer Rock Star

A fashion plate and Romeo, New Orleans Creole musician Jelly Roll Morton was the Mick Jagger of his day. Always modest, he claimed, "I personally invented jazz . . . in 1902." Not exactly. At 15, he was playing "barrelhouse" piano in Storyville joints with a style so distinct that passers-by could identify him. One of his modest songs went, "Never had no one woman at a time—I always had six, seven, eight or nine."

places to party, where on Saturday nights, the faithful would dance till dawn, and where, just a few hours later on Sunday morning, they'd attend church services.

Louis Armstrong, who was born in 1900 and grew up in nearby James Alley, remembered peeking through the cracks of one of these halls when he was five or six to see what was going on inside. "It wasn't no classyfied place, just a big ol' room with a bandstand. And to a tune like *The Bucket's Got a Hole in It*, some of them chicks would get way down, shake everything, slapping themselves on the cheek of their behind. Yeah!"

The Bolden band gave Union Sons its more lasting name—Funky Butt Hall. The story goes that on one Saturday night, the air was particularly foul and a band member came up with some lyrics to suit the occasion:

I thought I heard Buddy Bolden say,
"Dirty, nasty stinky butt, take it away,
Dirty, nasty stinky butt, take it away,
And let Mr. Bolden play."

Everybody knew the hall as Funky Butt after that, and the tune became a standard of Bolden's repertoire.

Where Bolden got the beat nobody really knows. Certainly, it started with the sounds of the city. New Orleans has always been different from other American cities. The mix of people and cultures—and their various musical backgrounds—is what writer after writer can't resist calling a gumbo.

Born poor in 1900, Louis Armstrong leaped from bugling reveille at a reform school to playing cornet in Kid Ory's group—the hottest band in New Orleans circa 1918. He inspired Bix Beiderbecke and later traded licks with jazz greats. His memoir, *Satchmo*, is a great read.

At first, New Orleans was variously Spanish and French, more a part of the French Caribbean than North America. Whatever their national shortcomings, the French colonialists always were more laissez-faire about matters of race than the British in their empires ever were, less concerned about children "of color" produced by interracial liaisons. And that led to a cultivated Creole class schooled in European musical traditions, with a piano in the house and formal music lessons—generally starting with violin—taken for granted.

"In that block . . . there were church people, gamblers, hustlers, pimps, thieves, prostitutes and lots of children. There were bars, honky-tonks and saloons, and lots of women walking the streets."
—LOUIS "SATCHMO" ARMSTRONG

American blacks were the city's

proletariat, their general economic lot and social status considerably below that of the Creoles. In fact, the Creoles went to great pains to distinguish themselves from the blacks.

Charles "Buddy" Bolden came from the other side of the tracks—or, rather, the canal. He was born in New Orleans in 1877, the son of a wagon driver, near one of the canals that then cut right through the city. He was six when his father died, and from then on, his mother supported the family as well as she could as a laundress and maid. So he grew up as a poor kid, a little bit wild.

The Victor Talking Machine far 78-rpm discs (arm and stylus, above) blew away the earlier and less practical cylinders, just as the young horn man Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong, whose Waifs' Home bugle and first cornet are shown below, did to older players. Armstrong's move to Chicago in 1922 spurred on the Jazz Age, its flappers and fast times.

Bolden would have heard all kinds of music—that famous New Orleans gumbo—from the marching bands to the Baptist church choirs and spirituals on Sunday morning. And it's not hard to see him looking through a honky-tonk window, listening to some "piano professor" playing ragtime or to newcomers fresh from Delta country performing the powerful, unschooled music that would later be called the blues.

From the first, Bolden had a reputation for playing loud, with so much passion that people worried that he might blow out his brains—which, in a way, he finally did. They called it his "trance music," or "head music," as opposed to the more orderly, composed stuff the other bands were playing. And while, strictly speaking, the music he played during his heyday—from about 1895 to 1906—wasn't *quite* jazz, his was the first band to come close.

Bolden's music had less improvisation than jazz, but Bolden was good at faking it when he forgot a particular passage, often with off-the-beat "blue notes." He also put himself into it, making it personal, giving whatever he played his own style—which is an essential of jazz.

In black New Orleans, Bolden became a star. His occupational listing in the city directory quickly changed from "plasterer" to "musician." He soon went from being "Kid" Bolden to "King" Bolden. He had

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

what were probably the first groupies in New Orleans. Story after story tells of how women bought him clothes and jewelry, carried his coat and cornet to gigs for him, how he lived with three women at a time (not true, says biographer Donald M. Marquis) and how he drank and partied as hard as he played.

In 1906, at the height of his popularity, he began to suffer from severe headaches and paranoia. His sudden decline has been attributed to alcoholism, tertiary syphilis or just plain insanity. In 1907, his family had him committed to a state mental institution, where he remained forgotten until his death in 1931, his jazz career one of the first to end in tragedy. And by the time Bolden died, the Funky Butt had become a Baptist church.

When his troubled mind forced Bolden into seclusion in 1906, competition was already hot—a factor that may have contributed to his mental trouble. Bolden's formerly brand-new sound was becoming widely imitated, and new players—such as cornettists Freddie Keppard and Joseph "King" Oliver—wanted, like up-and-coming prize fighters, to challenge Bolden for the title of King. And a lot of them were playing in Storyville.

Storyville was a unique social experiment in the United States. In 1897, the city council, led by Alderman Joseph Story, voted to legalize prostitution within a several-square-block area east of Canal Street—on the Downtown side. It quickly earned the nickname Storyville—though it was a name used more by the tourists than by the locals. The musicians usually just called Storyville "the District."

From 1897 until 1917, when the U.S. Navy had it shut down in order to keep the sailors more intent on World War One, Storyville was a mélange of barrel-house saloons; the "cribs" of the less expensive independent tarts, who would stand out front on the sidewalk in sexy lingerie, singing low blues between customers; and the fancy mansions with chandeliers and marble floors, champagne in crystal glasses and, naturally, the prettiest girls.

And all of this needed a sound track.

Although jazz didn't strictly begin in Storyville, it certainly bloomed in the District. Part of the reason was pure economics: Playing in the Olympia or the Excelsior or one of the other marching bands, a musician might work only two times a week. In Storyville, he would get paid every night.

While musicians flocked to Storyville, the music itself was changing because of the social realities of the Jim Crow laws that were enacted early in the 1890s. Their effect, if not chief purpose, was to remind America's blacks that they might not be slaves anymore, but they still weren't white; they were second-class citizens and had better not forget it.

To the black laborers in New Orleans, and to those country blacks drifting into town from the plantations, this discrimination wasn't exactly news. But it came as a great social and economic blow to the light-skinned Creoles who were legally reclassified as black and were newly barred from all of the jobs and social outlets from which other blacks had always been barred.

In music, European-trained Creoles now were playing beside blues-oriented blacks just in from the country. And because of popular demand, the ragtimers were forced to learn the popular blues riffs of their country counterparts. It was this reluctant cultural clash that helped create jazz.

Alan Lomax, in *Mister Jelly Roll*, describes the components that produced jazz:

> Downtown joined forces with Uptown
> Written Music was compromised by Head Music
> Pure Tone sounded beside Dirty Tone
> Urbanity encountered Sorrow
> Nice Songs were colored by the Low-down Blues

Two musical traditions were slamming together in the cheerful nuclear reaction that became jazz.

It's significant that the word jazz wasn't used much until around 1917—derived from an African word, some said; derived from *jism* said others—and it was at first variously spelled jas, jaz, jass, even jascz before jazz won out.

Early clarinetist and sax player Sidney Bechet didn't like the term: "Jazz, that's a name the white people have given to the music. . . . When I tell you ragtime, you can feel it, there's a spirit right in the word. It comes out of the Negro spirituals, out of [the slave's] way of singing, out of his rhythm. But jazz—jazz could mean any damn thing: high times, screwing, ballroom."

Until the white people started calling this emerging music jazz, the black people who played it usually called it either ragtime or blues—though, in fact, it grew up through a crack between the two.

Ragging the music, playing it in raggedy time, was an African musical tradition that had survived slavery. And in the early 1890s, a tinkly syncopated—though *composed*—piano music called ragtime began to enjoy huge popularity, in part because partiers could dance the cakewalk to it.

Ragtime came out of the same social class that produced the Creole musicians—the better-off African Americans who had pianos in their homes and the money to give their kids formal musical training.

Ragtime's main man was Scott Joplin, who, like Bolden, brought together various streams into one new shining river—and did so in the boonies of Sedalia, Missouri. Joplin was born in Texarkana in 1868 and rambled all over the South and Midwest, including St. Louis' tenderloin, a riverside replica of New Orleans' District, and Sedalia, a railhead that provided work for plenty of black laborers who partied on Saturday nights.

A fallacy concerning jazz's origins is that it somehow sprang to life just in New Orleans. It was more like lightning setting fire to different parts of a dry prairie, or separate spontaneous combustions in plantations and cities across the country. Indeed, ragtime quickly became such a national phenomenon that Joplin was a popular performer during the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893. By the time his delicate *Maple Leaf Rag* was published in 1899, ragtime had become the next big thing in popular music.

The blues were becoming a popular form as well, in part because of W. C. Handy. Two experiences in particular inspired the bandleader, who, in 1903, was touring the Mississippi Delta country with the Knights of Pythias Band. One night, he found himself at a small railroad station in rural Tutwiler, Mississippi, where he watched a musician slide a knife along the strings of his guitar, producing a mournful voicelike sound that accompanied his lyric "*Goin' where the Southern cross the Dog. . . .*" When Handy asked him what it meant, the guitar player said he was just singing about his travel plans—he was on his way farther south to where two railroad lines intersected.

Somewhat later, in Cleveland, Mississippi, Handy noted a local three-man "colored" band that performed while his own band took a break. "Just a battered guitar, a mandolin and a worn-out bass," Handy later recalled. "They struck up one of these over-and-over strains that seem to have no very clear beginning and no ending at all. . . . It was not really annoying or unpleasant. Perhaps haunting is a better word. But I commenced to wonder if anybody besides small-town rounders and their running mates would go for it." He soon got his answer. At the end of their short set, people threw more money onto the stage for those three down-home players than what Handy's

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"When what to my wondering eyes should appear but a little old man and eight tiny reindeer!"

BUCKEYE BEAUTY

my-oh, my-oh, my-oh—look who we found in ohio

IT IS precisely two P.M. in the little township of Sidney, Ohio, a gingerbread hamlet 30 scenic minutes north of Dayton's city limits. As the clock strikes the hour, *Beautiful Dreamer* chimes from the Shelby County courthouse bell tower. For Sidneyite Stacy Leigh Arthur, it is a fitting song—*perfectly* fitting, in fact. For although Stacy is a small-town girl by day—watching after the kids, running errands, checking in with the Main Street ceramics studio she and her husband own—by night, she dreams of hitting the big time. Funny thing is, Stacy's dreams keep coming true. Yes, our Miss January is actually a Mrs.—a double Mrs., to be exact. First and foremost, she is Mrs. James Arthur, devoted wife of a local businessman who divides his time between renting out commercial space and being a Stacy fan. But she is also Mrs. Ohio, a title that was bestowed upon her last June at a state-wide competition held near Columbus. The pageant's youngest contestant and the only one ever to win the crown on her first try, Stacy will travel to Moscow this month. There she'll represent the Buckeye State in the Mrs. America pageant, which will take place concurrently with the Mrs. U.S.S.R. pageant, both to be globally televised. Ohio is crossing its fingers; Sidney is beside itself. Talk about your hometown girl making good. A high school bride, a mother at 19, Stacy settled in Sidney two years ago after a decidedly nomadic childhood. "We moved from Illinois to Michigan six weeks after I was born," explains Stacy, "and then *six more times* before I was fourteen. And it was always small towns," she adds, tossing back a thick forest of blonde hair and laughing. "Small towns with guys who constantly wanted to find out what the new chick looked like." In 1987, Stacy had a baby, opened her studio and, for a while, all was well. But in

Her victory in the Mrs. Ohio pageant (above) brought Stacy instant stardom: She rode in Sidney's Fourth of July parade, got kudos from the governor's office—and became a Playmate.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

"I had no problem taking my clothes off for the camera," says Mrs. Ohio, Stacy Arthur. "I just walked into the studio and took off my robe; I had nothing on but my earrings. It was a bit of a turn-on, actually," she adds candidly. "That's why the pictures are so sexy."

"Sure, I'm a dreamer," says Stacy. "I've been dreamin' all my life. And I love storybook endings—I'm *always* watching *Cinderella* with the kids." What are Stacy's yet-to-be-fulfilled dreams? "To make it as a country singer," she says. "It's a tough field to break into, but the *Playboy* experience has renewed my confidence. And, oh, yeah," she adds, "I'd *love* to be interviewed by Arsenio Hall on his TV show."

one of the few not-so-happily-ever-afters of her life, her first marriage hit the rocks in 1988 ("It was a mutual thing," she says. "No hard feelings"). That's when she met Jim Arthur—also newly single, with children—who was buying the building in which her shop was located. An admirer, Jim proposed to Stacy the day her divorce was final; they were married four months later. Learning that Stacy had always been a fan of beauty contests, Jim decided to help her enter some and became her manager. "Without him, I wouldn't have been able to make it," she says now. "He always *(text concluded on page 199)*

MISS JANUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Stacy Leigh Arthur

BUST: 36D WAIST: 23 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 6-4-68 BIRTHPLACE: Naperville, Ill.

AMBITIONS: To accomplish many things, but, most of all, to become a successful country singer.

TURN-ONS: Sensitive, well-built men; roaring fires; fast cars; great food; fur rugs; sexy music.

TURN-OFFS: Rude, conceited people; overbearing people; stress; my own impatience.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Sigourney Weaver, Sylvester Stallone, Reba McEntire, Lori Morgan, Arsenio Hall.

FAVORITE FOODS: Lobster, shrimp & pizza grinders on the Columbus, Ohio, OSU campus! Yum-yum!

SMALL-TOWN LIFE: The good: no traffic, $1.50 movies, family dinners. The bad: closed-minded, non-supportive people; slow drivers, ha! ha!

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION: To be a more positive, confident person, & after my experience with Playboy, it should be easy!

My Confirmation "Sweet Innocence"

Animal lover at heart!

"Really, I am a good girl!"

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two friends went off on their annual hunting trip to the north woods. As they sat around the campfire late one night, a huge animal suddenly crashed through the underbrush, heading right for them. One of the men dashed for safety behind a large boulder, but the other began to try to outrun the growling beast.

"What the hell is it?" the sprinting fellow screamed. "A bear?"

"How the hell should I know?" his companion yelled back. "I'm in textiles, not furs."

Our theological sources tell us the Vatican is coming out with a Catholic version of *Playboy*. The centerfold will be the same, but you have to pull it out at just the right moment.

A customer walked into a neighborhood bar, sat on a stool and ordered a whiskey with a beer chaser. Six silent hours and many whiskeys and chasers later, he looked up at the bartender and finally said, "Nice weather we're having."

"Hey, pal," the bartender snarled, "you wanna drink or you wanna bullshit?"

One food company is considering marketing a new cereal with a picture of Andrew Dice Clay on the box. It'll be called Nut 'n' Bitch.

According to insiders, the rivalry between Jimmy Swaggart and Jim Bakker extended even to their dogs. Witnesses report that Swaggart insisted in their last face-to-face meeting that his was smarter.

"Mine can do every trick in the book," Swaggart boasted.

"Let's see," Bakker demanded.

"Here, Bowser. Sit," Swaggart commanded. "Lie down. Play dead. Roll over. Sit up. Speak. Shake hands." The animal performed faithfully as asked.

"No big deal," Bakker sneered.

"Oh, yeah? How about this?" Swaggart said, as he ordered his dog to jump through a hoop, walk on its hind legs and crawl on its belly. "Top that, big shot."

"OK. Here, Rover." Bakker patted his dog's head, looked heavenward and closed his eyes. "Heel!" he commanded. The dog immediately jumped onto Swaggart's lap and put his paw on the stunned minister's forehead.

A young man was browsing in a record store when he spotted two CDs he wanted. With money for only one, he stuck the first CD down the front of his pants and paid for the other.

As he walked out the door, the store manager stopped him, stared at his crotch and asked, "Would that be a record in your pants?"

"Nah," the young man replied, "but it's nothing to be ashamed of, either."

Why did Exxon stop offshore drilling? All its oil was already on shore.

An elderly couple were killed in an accident and soon found themselves being given a tour of heaven by Saint Peter. "Here is your oceanside condo, over there the tennis courts, swimming pool and golf course. If you need any refreshments, just push any of the service buttons located throughout the area."

"Jeez, Helen," the old man hissed when Saint Peter walked off, "we could have been here five years ago if you hadn't heard about that goddamn oat bran."

Social scientists predict that before long, the Japanese will own so much of Manhattan that commuters traveling through the Lincoln Tunnel will be asked to leave their shoes in New Jersey.

When the school bus stopped at the backwoods junction, the third grader jumped down the steps and ran to his waiting mother. "Momma, Momma, we went swimmin' today!"

"That's nice, Jethro."

"And y'know what?"

"What, Jethro?"

"I got me the biggest pecker in the whole, entire third-grade class."

"That's nice, Jethro."

"Why you think that is, Momma?"

"I reckon it's 'cause yer seventeen, Jethro."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Nicole! This is supposed to be a sit-down dinner party!"

ILLUSTRATION BY BORIS ZHERDIN

The Promise

the old man wants

a hooker—or else?

but, sir, i'm

not a hooker

fiction

By ED MC BAIN

THERE WERE CHILDREN in swimsuits. The fire hydrant down the block was still open, its nozzle pouring a cascade of water into the street, and whereas not a moment earlier the kids had been splashing and running through the artificial waterfall, they had now drifted up the street to where the real action was. Outside the building where the blue-and-white Emergency Service truck and motor-patrol cars were angled into the curb, there were also men in tank tops and women in halters, most of them wearing shorts, milling around behind the barricades the police had set up. It was a hot night at the end of one of the hottest days of the summer; the temperature at ten P.M. was still hovering in the mid-90s. There would have been people in the streets even without the promise of vast and unexpected entertainment.

In this city, during the first six months of the year, more than 1200 murders had been committed. Tonight, in a cluttered neighborhood once almost exclusively Hispanic but now a volatile mix of Hispanic, Vietnamese, Korean, Afghan and Iranian, an 84-year-old man from Guayama, Puerto Rico, sat with his eight-year-old American-born granddaughter on his knee; a shotgun was in his right hand and the barrel of the gun rested on the girl's shoulder, angled toward her ear.

Inspector William Cullen Brady had put a Spanish-speaking member of his team on the door, but so far, the old man had said only five words, and those in English: "Go away, I'll kill her."

It was suffocatingly hot in the hallway where the negotiating team had "contained" the old man and his granddaughter. The narrow hallway, with its admixture of exotic cooking smells, now contained at least three dozen police officers, not counting those who had spilled over onto the fire stairs or those who were massed in the apartment down the hall, which the police had requisitioned as a command post. There were cops all over the rooftops, too, and cops and firemen spreading safety nets below, just in case the old man decided to throw his granddaughter out the window.

The cop working the door was Emilio Garcia, and he spoke Spanish fluently, but the old man wasn't having any of it. The old man insisted on speaking English, a rather limited English at that, litanizing the same five words over and over again, "Go away, I'll kill her." This was a touchy situation here. The apartment was in a housing project where only last week the Tactical Narcotics Team had blown away four people in a raid, three of them known drug dealers, but the fourth—unfortunately—a 15-year-old boy who'd been in the apartment delivering a case of beer from the local supermarket.

The kid had been black.

This meant that one of the city's foremost agitators had rounded up all the usual yellers and screamers and had picketed both the project and the local precinct, shouting police brutality and racism and no justice, no peace and all the usual slogans designed to create more friction than already existed in a festering city on the edge of open warfare. He was here tonight, too, wearing a red fez and a purple shirt open to the waist, revealing a bold gold chain with a crucifix dangling from it; the man was a minister of God, after all.

The guy inside the apartment was a Puerto Rican, which made him a member of the city's second largest minority group, and if anything happened to him or that little girl sitting on his lap, if any of these policemen exercised the same bad judgment as had their colleagues from T.N.T., there would be bloody hell to pay. So anyone even remotely connected with the police

department—including the Traffic Department people in their brown uniforms—was tiptoeing, especially Emilio Garcia, who was afraid he might say something that would cause the little girl's head to explode into the hallway in a shower of gristle and blood.

"*Oye me*," Garcia said. "*Quiero ayudarte*."

"Go away," the old man said, "I'll kill her."

Down the hall, Dr. Michael Goodman was talking to the man's daughter-in-law, an attractive woman in her mid-40s, wearing sandals, a blue mini and a red tube top, and speaking rapid, accent-free English. She had insisted that the old man speak English now that he was here in America and living in her home. Eileen Burke, the female trainee with the negotiating team, wondered if this was why he refused to speak Spanish with their talker at the door.

She was standing with the other trainees in a rough circle around the woman and Dr. Goodman, just outside the open door to the command-post apartment, where Inspector Brady was in heavy discussion with Deputy Inspector Di Santis of the Emergency Service. Nobody wanted this one to flare out of control. They were debating whether they should pull Garcia off the door. They had thought that a Spanish-speaking negotiator would be their best bet, but now. . . .

"Any reason why he's doing this?" Goodman asked the woman.

"Because he's crazy," she said.

Her name was Gerry Valdez. She had already told Goodman that her husband's name was Joey and the old man's name was Armando. Valdez, of course. All of them Valdez, including the little girl on the old man's lap, Pamela Valdez. And when were they going to go in there and *get* her?

"We're trying to talk to your father-in-law right this minute," Goodman assured her.

"Never mind *talking* to him, why don't you just *shoot* him? Before he hurts my daughter."

"That's what we're trying to make sure of," Goodman said. "That nobody gets hurt."

He was translating the jargon they'd had drummed into them for 12 hours a day for the past month or more, time and a half for sure. Never mind containment, never mind establishing lines of communication or giving assurances of nonviolence, just cut to the chase, dish it out clean and fast, we're trying to talk to him, we're trying to make sure nobody gets hurt here.

"Not him, not *anybody*," Goodman said, just in case the woman didn't yet understand that nobody was going in there with guns blazing like Rambo.

From down the hall, Garcia was signaling. Hand kept low at his side so that the old man in the apartment wouldn't see it, wouldn't spook and pull the shotgun trigger. But signaling distinctly and urgently, somebody get *over* here, will you, please?

Gerry Valdez was telling Goodman and the assembled trainees that her father-in-law was a sex maniac. She'd caught him several times fondling her daughters, or at least trying to fondle them. That was what had started it all today. She had caught him at it again, and she had threatened to ship him back to the goddamn island if he didn't quit, and the old man had got the shotgun out of where Joey kept it in the closet and had grabbed Pamela, the youngest one, the eight-year-old, and had yelled he was going to kill her unless everybody left them alone.

Goodman was thinking they had a serious problem here.

Brady was coming back up the hall with Garcia. There was no one at the door now. Just a lot of uniformed cops milling around down the hall, waiting for God only knew what.

"Mike?" Brady said. "Talk to you a minute?"

The three went inside the command-post apartment. Brady closed the door behind them.

Gerry Valdez began telling the trainees that she didn't *really* think the old man was a *sex* maniac, it was just that he was getting senile, you know? He was 84 years old, he sometimes forgot himself, forgot he wasn't still a little boy chasing little girls along the beach, you know? It was really a pity and a shame, but at the same time, she didn't want him fooling around with her kids, that was child abuse, wasn't it?

Eileen guessed it was.

She wondered what they were talking about inside that apartment.

•

Were it not for the shotgun, it would have been comical.

The old man wanted a girl.

"What do you mean, a girl?" Goodman said.

"He told me he'd trade his granddaughter for a girl," Garcia said.

"A girl?"

"He said if we send in a girl, he'll give us his granddaughter."

"A girl?" Goodman said again.

This was unheard of. In all his years of hostage negotiation, Goodman had never had anyone request a girl. He'd had takers who'd asked for cigarettes or beer or a jet plane to Miami or, in one instance, spaghetti with red clam sauce, but he had never had anyone ask for a girl. This was something new in the annals of hostage negotiation. An 84-year-old man asking for a girl.

"You mean he wants a *girl*?" he said, shaking his head, unwilling to believe it.

"A girl," Garcia said.

"Did he tell you this in Spanish or in English?" Brady asked.

"In Spanish."

"Then there was no mistake."

"No mistake. '*Una chiquita*,' he said. I'm sure he meant a hooker."

"He wants a hooker."

"Yes."

"The old goat wants a hooker," Brady said.

"Yes."

"Mike?" Brady said.

Goodman looked amused. But it wasn't funny.

"Can we send out for a hooker?" Brady said.

"And a dozen red roses," Goodman said, still looking amused.

"Mike," Brady said warningly.

"It's just I never heard of such a request," Goodman said.

"Can we get him a goddamn hooker or not?" Brady said. "Swap him a hooker for the little girl?"

"Absolutely not," Goodman said. "We never give them *another* hostage, that's a hard-and-fast rule. If we sent a hooker in there and she got blown away, you know what the media would do with *that*, don't you?"

"Yeah," Brady said glumly.

Garcia had been the talker on the door so far, and he didn't want anything to go wrong here. Garcia was only a detective/second, he didn't want any heavy stuff coming down on him. Brady was the boss. Goodman was a civilian shrink who didn't matter, but Brady was rank. So Garcia waited for whatever he might decree.

"We've got a girl right here," Brady said.

He was referring to the woman police officer in his training program.

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"So what do you say, Burke?" he asked.

"Sir?"

"You want to go in there or not?"

"If the shotgun comes out, I go in," Eileen said.

"That's not the deal we made with him," Brady said.

"What was the deal?"

"He sends out his granddaughter, we send in a girl."

"Then what?"

"Then the kid is safe," Brady said.

"How about me? Am I safe?"

Brady looked at her. "We can't send in a real hooker," he said.

"I realize that. I'm asking if you're swapping my life for the kid's, sir. That's what I'm asking."

(continued on page 207)

PLAYBOY'S our comprehensive pre-season guide to the nation's top teams and players

COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW

sports By GARY COLE
with research by Nancy Mount

THE SOUNDS of practice at Thomas & Mack Center, Las Vegas, Nevada, seem much the same as any other season. Sneakers squealing on hardwood, the grunts of young men as they push, pivot and soar, the sharp sting of the practice whistle. To many, though, the bounce of the ball is hollow this fall, because the best team in college basketball, the reigning national champion, has been dethroned before the season's first jump ball.

This past July, the N.C.A.A. banned the University of Nevada–Las Vegas from post-season play for violations that occurred in 1977. The long delay grew out of a legal dispute between UNLV coach Jerry Tarkanian and the N.C.A.A., which ultimately dropped its injunction of Tarkanian in favor of a ban on post-season play. An appeal, filed by the university with the N.C.A.A. as we go to press, seems to have little chance of success.

It may have been the right punishment for the university and its rambunctious coach, but it cheated millions of basketball fans out of the excitement of watching the Runnin' Rebels' bid to defend their national championship. And for Larry Johnson—last season's brightest star and a Playboy All-America this year—who passed up at least $1,000,000 by electing to remain in school rather than declare himself for the N.B.A. draft, the punishment seemed especially severe.

While Nevada–Las Vegas won't make it to Indianapolis and the Final Four, its run-and-gun style, which has become the *sine qua non* of college play, most certainly will. From Loyola Marymount to Memphis State to Georgia Tech, it's shoot first and ask questions later. And who's to complain? Last season featured more end-to-end thrills and last-second heart-pounding finishes than any in memory.

So let's run our own fast break through college basketball. By the way, we've still given UNLV the number-one ranking, because we think they're still the best team in the nation.

AMERICAN SOUTH

Louisiana red sauce is hot, and so is competition in the American South, an increasingly tough small conference that gets its first automatic N.C.A.A. tournament bid this year. Southwestern Louisiana, New Orleans and Louisiana Tech, all winners of 20 or more games last season, are tightly matched. **Southwestern Louisiana's** Kevin Brooks is the conference's most prolific scorer (20.1 points per game) and Aaron Mitchell was the second leading assist man in the nation last season. The Rajin' Cajuns shot third best in the nation (8.7 average per game) from the three-point line. **Louisiana Tech,** which started 16–3 last season only to finish 20–8, will again rely on 6'6" forward Anthony Dade (18.1 p.p.g.). Coach Jerry Loyd will count on junior college transfers Eric Brown and Ron Ellis to help diversify the Bulldogs' attack. **New Orleans,** which signed 6'8" forward Melvin Simon, Louisiana's most highly recruited high school player, consistently overachieves under third-year coach Tim Floyd.

ATLANTIC COAST

You'd think making your third straight trip to the Final Four and four in the past five years would spell satisfaction for coach Mike Krzyzewski and his **Duke** Blue Devils. Duke's success gave Coach K. about as much satisfaction as Denver Broncos coach Dan Reeves got from three frustrating trips to the Super Bowl: none. Getting blown out 103–73 by UNLV's Runnin' Rebels, the most lopsided loss in N.C.A.A. title-game history, didn't exactly promote a sense of accomplishment.

But Coach K. is a product of the Midwest (Chicago), a hard-working guy who did his apprenticeship under the other Coach K. (Bob Knight) when the two were at Army. If four trips didn't get the job done, perhaps the fifth will.

The Blue Devils will miss center Alaa Abdelnaby and three-point shooting guard Phil Henderson, both of whom have graduated to the N.B.A. Instead, they'll rely on 6'11" Christian Laettner, who averaged 16.3 p.p.g., and point guard Bobby Hurley. Guard Bill McCaffrey is an excellent three-point shooter. Grant Hill, a 6'7" freshman,

Playboy All-America Larry Johnson played like a man among boys for national champ Nevada–Las Vegas. The N.C.A.A. has made spectators of Johnson and his teammates for this season's March Madness.

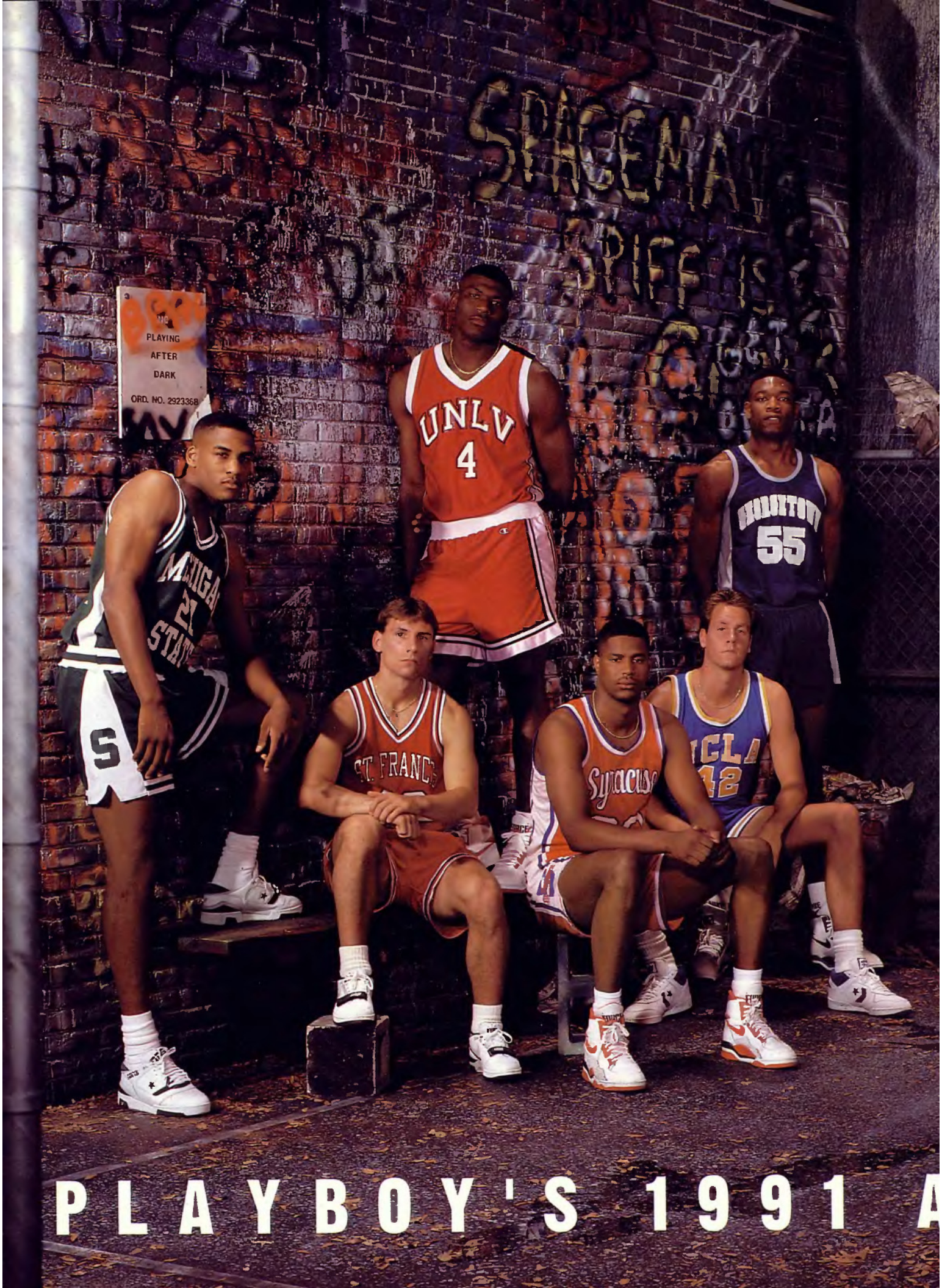
PLAYBOY'S TOP 25

1. Nevada–Las Vegas	14. Kansas
2. Arkansas	15. Louisiana State
3. Arizona	16. Texas
4. Duke	17. St. John's
5. UCLA	18. Southern Mississippi
6. Michigan State	19. Georgia
7. Georgetown	20. Virginia
8. Temple	21. New Mexico
9. Georgia Tech	22. Alabama
10. Syracuse	23. Oklahoma
11. North Carolina	24. Missouri
12. Ohio State	25. Louisville
13. Indiana	

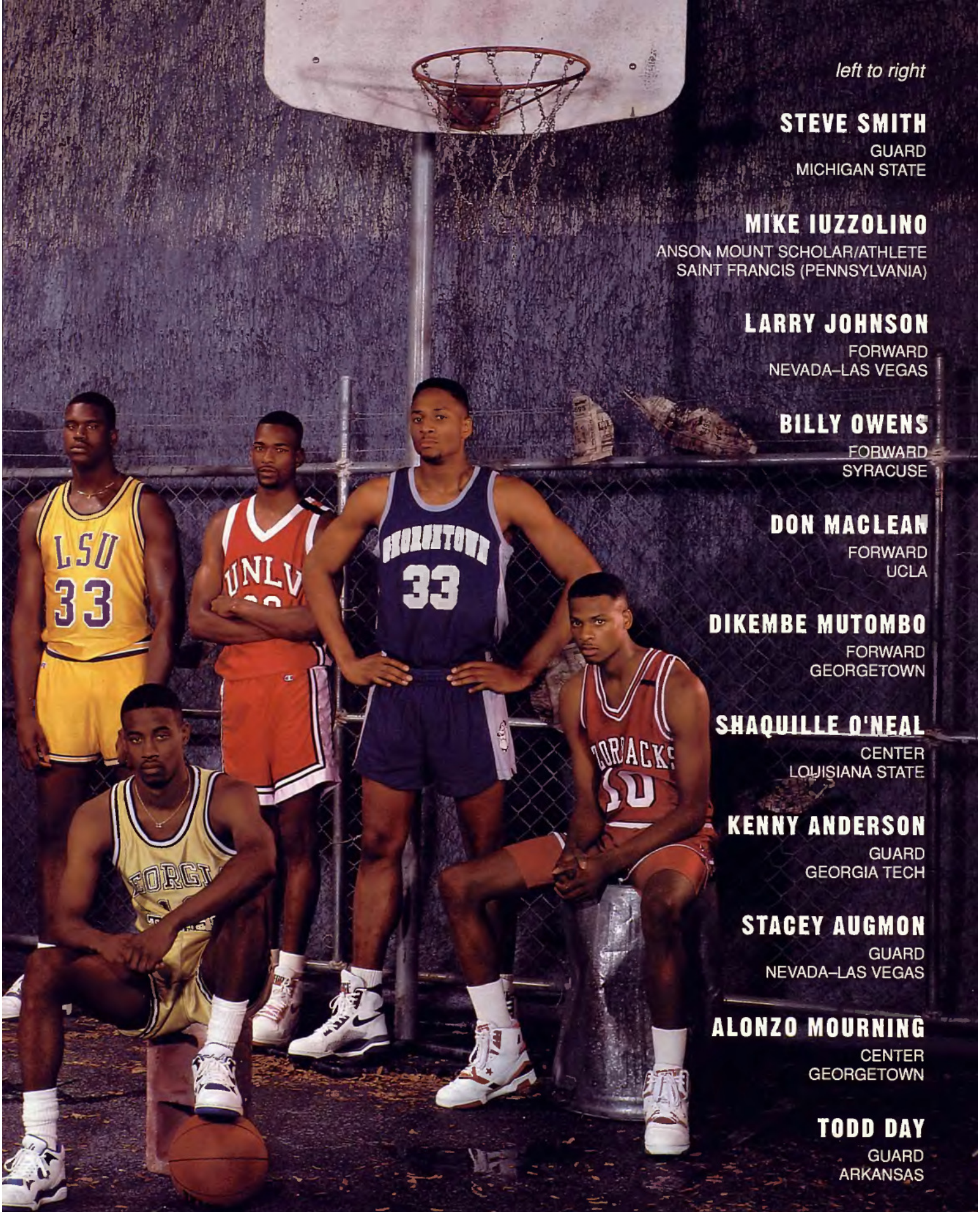
POSSIBLE BREAKTHROUGHS

Pittsburgh, Connecticut, Xavier, Creighton, Murray State, Stanford, North Carolina State, Memphis State, De Paul, Auburn, Tennessee, Princeton, East Tennessee State.

For a complete conference-by-conference listing of the final standings, see page 216.



PLAYBOY'S 1991 A



left to right

STEVE SMITH
GUARD
MICHIGAN STATE

MIKE IUZZOLINO
ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE
SAINT FRANCIS (PENNSYLVANIA)

LARRY JOHNSON
FORWARD
NEVADA–LAS VEGAS

BILLY OWENS
FORWARD
SYRACUSE

DON MACLEAN
FORWARD
UCLA

DIKEMBE MUTOMBO
FORWARD
GEORGETOWN

SHAQUILLE O'NEAL
CENTER
LOUISIANA STATE

KENNY ANDERSON
GUARD
GEORGIA TECH

STACEY AUGMON
GUARD
NEVADA–LAS VEGAS

ALONZO MOURNING
CENTER
GEORGETOWN

TODD DAY
GUARD
ARKANSAS

LL-AMERICA TEAM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI
SPECIAL THANKS TO SHERATON WORLD RESORT AND UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, ORLANDO, FLORIOA

THE PLAYBOY ALL-AMERICAS

STEVE SMITH—Guard, 6'6", senior, Michigan State. Led Spartans in scoring (20.2 points per game) and rebounding (7 rebounds per game).

TODD DAY—Guard, 6'8", junior, Arkansas. Averaged 19.5 points per game. Had 71 three-pointers and 82 steals last seasan.

STACEY AUGMON—Guard, 6'8", senior, Nevada–Las Vegas. Had .553 shooting percentage last season. Averaged 14.2 points and 6.9 rebounds per game. Had 143 assists.

KENNY ANDERSON—Guard, 6'2", sophomore, Georgia Tech. Nation's top freshman player last season. Averaged 20.6 points, 8.1 assists, 5.5 rebounds per game.

BILLY OWENS—Forward, 6'9", junior, Syracuse. Averaged 18.2 points and 8.4 rebounds. Starred in Goodwill Games.

DON MACLEAN—Forward, 6'10", junior, UCLA. Third best sophomore scorer in UCLA history (behind Jabbar and Walton). Averaged 19.9 points, 8.7 rebounds per game.

ALONZO MOURNING—Forward, 6'10", juniar, Georgetown. Two-time Playboy All-America and Big East Co-Defensive Player of the Year. Averaged 16.5 paints and 8.5 rebounds per game.

LARRY JOHNSON—Forward, 6'7", senior, Nevada–Las Vegas. Big West Conference Player of the Year. Averaged 20.6 points and 11.4 rebounds per game.

SHAQUILLE O'NEAL—Center, 7'1", sophomore, Louisiana State. Averaged 13.9 points and 12 rebounds per game in freshman season.

DIKEMBE MUTOMBO—Center, 7'2", senior, Georgetown. Field-goal percentage of .709 last year. Big East Co-Defensive Player of the Year, along with teammate Mourning. Had 128 blocked shots last season.

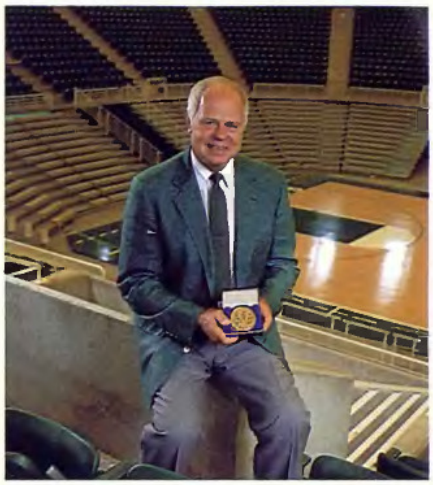
JUD HEATHCOTE—Playboy's Coach of the Year, Michigan State. Heathcote has 242–170 record in 14 years as head coach of the Spartans, including a national championship in 1978–1979.

REST OF THE BEST

GUARDS: Terrell Brandon (Oregon), John Crotty (Virginia), Alphonso Ford (Mississippi Valley State), Litterial Green (Georgia), Allan Houston (Tennessee), Kevin Lynch (Minnesota), Mark Macon (Temple), Lee Mayberry (Arkansas), Doug Overton (La Salle), Elliot Perry (Memphis State), Chris Smith (Connecticut), Henry Williams (North Carolina–Charlotte), Walt Williams (Maryland), Joey Wright (Texas).

FORWARDS: Victor Alexander (Iowa State), Eric Anderson, Calbert Cheaney (Indiana), Anthony Dade (Louisiana Tech), Dale Davis (Clemson), LaPhonso Ellis (Notre Dame), Rick Fox (North Carolina), Brian Hendrick (California), Keith Hughes (Rutgers), Jim Jackson (Ohio State), Ronald "Popeye" Jones (Murray State), Chris King (Wake Forest), Mark Randall (Kansas), Malik Sealy (St. John's), Brian Shorter (Pittsburgh), Doug Smith (Missouri), Bryant Stith (Virginia), Clarence Weatherspoon (Southern Mississippi).

CENTERS: Chad Gallagher (Creighton), Chris Gatling (Old Dominion), Donald Hodge (Temple), Adam Keefe (Stanford), Rich King (Nebraska), Christian Laettner (Duke), Luc Longley (New Mexico), Oliver Miller (Arkansas), Sean Rooks (Arizona), Shaun Vandiver (Colorado), Robert Werdann (St. John's).



Michigan State's Jud Heathcote, unable to attend the Basketball All-America Weekend, accepted his Playboy 1991 Coach of the Year Award in East Lansing, Michigan.

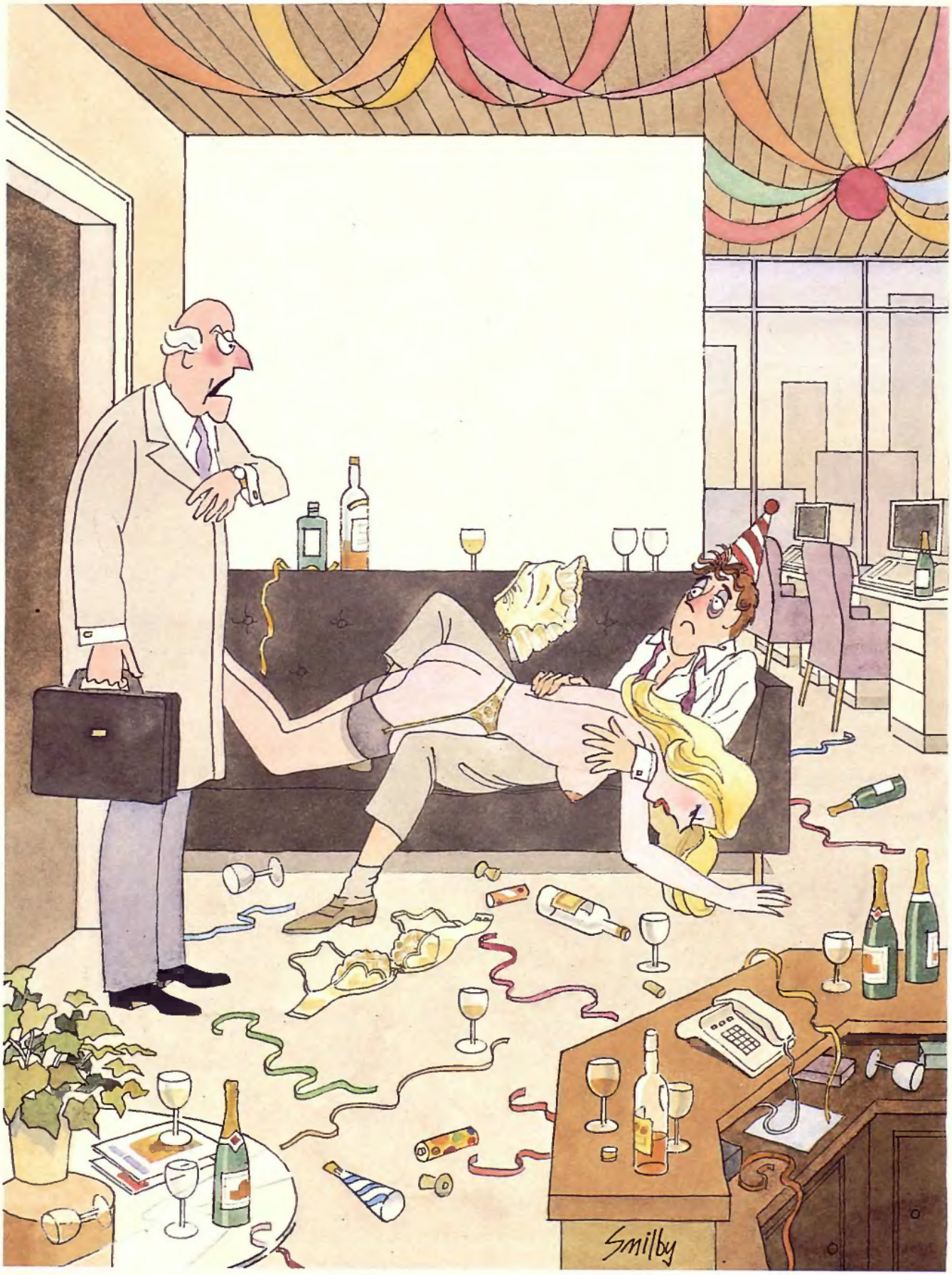
will contribute immediately.

Georgia Tech, the other A.C.C. team to reach last season's Final Four, will lack two thirds of Lethal Weapon 3, Dennis Scott and Brian Oliver, both lost to the N.B.A. But Playboy All-America guard Kenny Anderson, a superstar looking for a nickname, decided to stick around for at least one more year, giving coach Bobby Cremins dreams of another Final Four. Without Scott, who never met a three-point shot he didn't like, Tech will be more inside oriented. Matt Geiger, a seven-foot transfer from Auburn, and 6'10" Ivano Newbill will join 6'10" Malcolm Mackey under the boards. If Anderson stays around until these guys develop, they could make Cremins' dream come true.

North Carolina's Dean Smith would like to have Coach K.'s Final Four problem. The Tar Heels haven't made the quartet since 1982, when Michael Jordan was still considered an ordinary human. Smith, in his 30th year of coaching, calls last season's team good but inconsistent. This year, he'll rely on three returning seniors, Rick Fox (16.2 p.p.g.), 6'10" Pete Chilcutt and point guard King Rice, to provide stability while younger players develop. Seven-foot Eric Montross is the Tar Heels' most heralded recruit since J. R. Reid.

New **Virginia** coach Jeff Jones won't agonize over selecting his starting five, since all return from last year. The 30-year-old Jones, who played for the Cavaliers only eight years ago, replaced Terry Holland, who became athletic director at Davidson College. Forward Bryant Stith (20.8 p.p.g.) and guard John Crotty (16 p.p.g.) are Jones's two best players.

Jim Valvano, **North Carolina State's** version of *(continued on page 212)*



"I hope you enjoyed the party, Henderson—by my reckoning, it finished eleven hours and seventeen minutes ago."

PLAYBOY'S CARS FOR 1991

CALL OF THE OPEN ROAD

five top automotive journalists join race-car driver lyn st. james to pick this year's hottest wheels; plus our choice for a new award—playboy's car of the year

article
By KEN GROSS

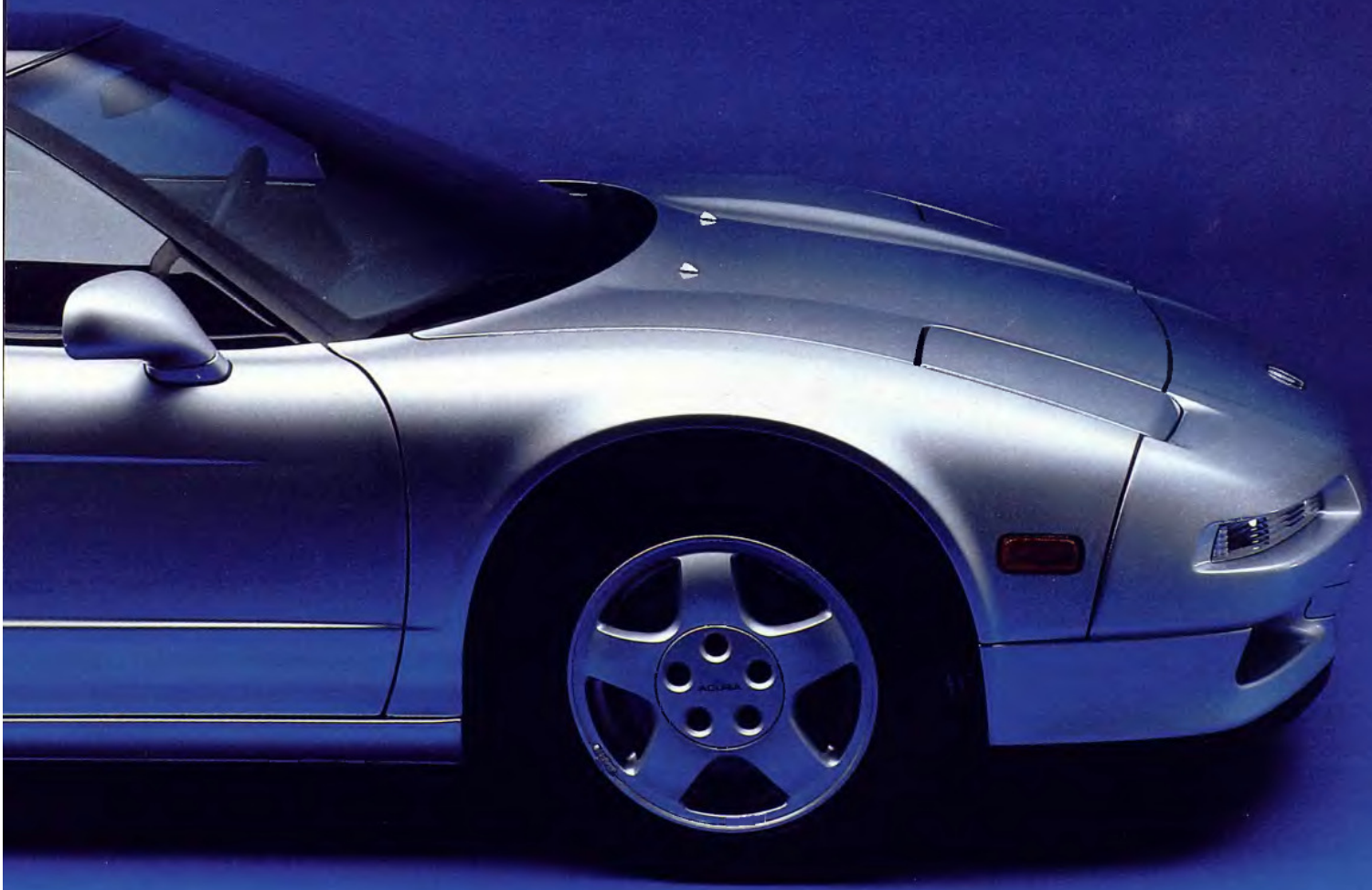
EUROPEAN AND JAPANESE manufacturers will continue to be locked in a no-holds-barred sales battle in 1991, and they're going to offer performance at every price level. But don't count American makes out yet. Last year, Buick outscored every other U.S. *marque* in the respected J. D. Powers car-quality survey. Lincoln seriously challenged Cadillac for the domestic-luxury crown. Ford purchased Jaguar, and that means the big cat is sure to extend its claws even further into the luxury-car market. Chrysler brilliantly redesigned its line of hot-selling minivans, introduced the powerful Jeep Renegade and the Dodge Stealth, a sleek, sexy machine at a remarkably affordable price—about $30,000. With more than 50 competing makes and 500 overlapping models to choose from, *Playboy* has once again assembled a panel of six automotive experts (their bios and photos are on page 195) to evaluate 1991 cars in a variety of categories. And we've introduced a new feature to our annual roundup: *Playboy*'s Car of the Year award. The winner, Acura's revolutionary all-aluminum two-seater, the $60,000 NSX, is pictured overleaf. Panelists, start your opinions. **Hottest Sports GT Under $20,000:** Last year's winner in this category, the spunky, supercharged Volkswagen Corrado, once more leads the pack. "The Corrado has that slight element of difference that can only come from being conceived in a vacuum like Wolfsburg," said Len Frank. "I like the harsh suspension and the tight—for *(continued on page 195)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE CALVER

our choice for the most outstanding automobile of 1991: the acura nsx

THIS MONTH, we debut an annual feature: the Playboy Car of the Year award. The bronze statuette (pictured above left) will be given to the automobile company that we feel has created a truly exceptional vehicle for the coming model year. Our choice for 1991 is the Acura NSX. With a body design inspired by the aggressive F-16 Falcon fighter jet, the two-seater, mid-engine NSX is the world's first all-aluminum production car. Underneath its lightweight aerodynamic skin is a powerful four-cam 270-hp V6 engine that delivers a top speed over 165 miles per hour, along with 0-to-60 times under six secands. And, yes, the NSX' interior is as

PLAYBOY'S CAR OF THE YEAR



comfortable as the exterior is sleek. Furthermore, there's trunk space for a pair of golf bogs or enough geor for a long weekend getaway for two. *Playboy*'s Automotive Editor, Ken Gross, called the NSX "the best-handling sports car I've ever driven—and that includes all those badges from Italy with names ending in I." In a market where there's no such thing as sticker shock when you're shopping for exotic wheels, the NSX' $60,000 price for a five-speed model ($64,000 for the outomatic-transmission version) is practicolly a steal. Congrotulotions to the Acura Division of American Honda for a world-class machine second to none.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

PENNY FROM HEAVEN

SHE'S INSECURE AND LETHARGIC—SHE'S ALMOST DYSPEPTIC. SO HOW DID PENNY MARSHALL BECOME THE MOST SUCCESSFUL WOMAN DIRECTOR IN HOLLYWOOD?

PLAYBOY PROFILE

A LOST SOUL, a newly divorced soul, turns up on her big brother's doorstep in Hollywood in the spring of 1967. She doesn't know what she wants to do with her life, doesn't think she's pretty enough to be an actress, doesn't feel she's smart enough to be much else. A decade later, she's a television star of the first magnitude, the Laverne of *Laverne & Shirley*. A decade after that, she forges a bright new career by directing the hit comedy *Big*; then she directs the upcoming movie *Awakenings*, which is based on an erudite book by the neurologist Oliver Sacks.

And does all this success and acclaim turbocharge her ego? Does it convince her that she's hot stuff? Not quite. Penny Marshall has been putting herself down too long to quit cold turkey. She still shrugs her self-deprecating shrug, still whines her self-doubting whine. Nevertheless, she has started sifting through evidence that she may actually be good at her new career. Audiences loved the way *Big* transcended a gimmicky premise with honesty, humanity and wit. They loved it so much that they made Marshall the first woman director in Hollywood history to break the $100,000,000 mark in gross receipts. That is not to say that she has embraced her new success with a whole heart. She has retained, with a sometimes palpitating heart, what Anton Furst, her production designer on *Awakenings*, calls the "wonderful insecurity of a truly creative person."

•

The time is early 1990, on the 81st day of an unusually long and intense 83-day shooting schedule. The location is an old psychiatric hospital in Brooklyn. Marshall is bone-weary, like everyone else, but alert. Speaking the local language like the native she is, the former Penny Marscharelli of the Bronx turns to an assistant and asks, "Couldja get me some maw cigarettes? And maybe a Yoo-Hoo. Health nut that I am."

Awakenings is the story of a man named Leonard Lowe, played by Robert De Niro, who has spent 30 years in a catatonic state, and a neurologist, played by Robin Williams, who, in the late Sixties, brings him almost miraculously back to life. The miracle is worked with L-dopa, a drug of immense, unpredictable power. At first, Leonard seems to have emerged from the long sleep with his intelligence and personality intact; soon, the drug that awakened him threatens the very core of his being.

In the scene being shot this morning, Williams tries to interpret some of his patients' drawings. Williams and Marshall have been friends since *(continued on page 162)*

By JOE MORGENSTERN

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

D. Levine 90

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a roundup of the past delightful dozen

WHO SHOULD BE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR?

NOW IS THE TIME for all good men to come to the aid of their Playmates. In past years, readers have helped us choose the Playmate of the Year—who reigns for a year as the most beautiful woman on earth and gets a fast car and $100,000, to boot—by taking part in a nationwide telephone referendum. Now you get to do that and more. In addition to putting in your 200 cents' worth (calls cost two dollars per minute; regular long-distance rates apply in the U.S. Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico), your call to the 1991 Playmate of the Year hotline will open a world of Playmate possibilities. Don't turn to the pictures yet, because this is news—this year, as in the past, callers can go on record by nominating their choices for P.M.O.Y., but they can also hear messages from their favorites and leave messages for the ladies. Playmates will answer some calls personally (if it happens to you, remember your manners—it's fine to ask her out, just don't pant). You can play Playmate trivia games and win prizes, including a trip to the Playmate of the Year party at Playboy Mansion West. In the unlikely event that you don't yet have a favorite Playmate of 1990, we present a refresher course to help you make up your mind. Our *Playmate Review* features 12 of the world's irreplaceable resources, so take your time deciding. Phone lines are open. The number is 1-900-420-3900. Pick a favorite. She just may win.

Playmate of the Year 1990 Reneé Tenison appreciated every caller who loved her a year ago. Her successor for 1991 may be waiting for you by the phone right now.

HELP US CHOOSE! CALL THE PLAYMATE HOTLINE, 1-900-420-3900

Many callers will speak with their favorite Playmates personally—and tell their buddies about it for weeks—but that's not all. Drum roll, please. This year, through the miracle of AT&T technology, one lucky entrant will be selected at random to join our Playmate of the Year at Playboy Mansion West, in April, at a party honoring her. Whether you win or lose, the Playmates thank you for your support.

MISS JANUARY—01

MISS DECEMBER—12

MISS FEBRUARY—02

MISS MARCH—03

MISS APRIL—04

MISS AUGUST—08

MISS MAY—05

MISS NOVEMBER—11

MISS SEPTEMBER—09

MISS OCTOBER—10

MISS JULY—07

MISS JUNE—06

Miss June

BONNIE MARINO

Centerfold stardom hasn't changed the quiet home life that Bonnie (left) leads in Stockton, California. After charming the press and wowing the masses during a summer storm of public appearances, Miss June returned to her job as a medical assistant and her role as wife of the West's luckiest construction worker.

Miss September

KERRI KENDALL

Kerri (right) used her Playmate pay check wisely. "I had my wisdom teeth removed," reports the sultry San Diegan. She also bought a sensible car, a 1990 Toyota Corolla. "My first car—when I drove it off the lot, I got chills." Money matters little to Kerri, who values something more vital: "I've had *fun*," she says.

Miss February

PAMELA ANDERSON

Pamela (left) jump-started her acting career by gracing our centerfold. Since then, she has been seen on TV's *Charles in Charge* and *Married . . . with Children*; her movie debut is in a new film starring *Wiseguy*'s Ken Wahl. "These are the things I always hoped for," says Canada's Valentine delivery to the U.S. male.

Miss July

JACQUELINE SHEEN

When we caught up with her, Jacqueline (right) was house hunting in Malibu—from the driver's seat of her BMW. "I knew *Playboy* was going to change my life," she reported via car phone. Since posing for us, Jacqueline has visited France, Mexico and Japan, planned a safari and become engaged.

Miss May

TINA BOCKRATH

"People really read *Playboy*. They don't just look," says Texan Tina (left). Want proof? On her Playmate Data Sheet, Tina wrote of her wish to see Egypt; a travel firm soon offered a free trip. Tina hasn't gone yet—she's busy signing autographs all over the U.S. and delivering news on Playboy at Night.

Miss January

PEGGY MCINTAGGART

Peggy (left) is talented—catch her in the new film *Millennium Countdown*—and funny. When actor Gary Busey introduced his handsome son Jake, who's younger than the 29-year-old Peggy, she asked Gary, "Want a baby sitter?" Jake and Peggy are now a hot item—anyone who comes near Peggy naturally heats up.

Miss April

LISA MATTHEWS

Where has Lisa (right) been? "Illinois, New Jersey, Michigan, Tennessee, Las Vegas, Hawaii, Italy." Whom does she play in the movie *Hudson Hawk*? "Pretty girl in the car." Is there more to life than film vehicles? "I want to be a college professor, but by the time I get out of school, I'll be forty!" she says.

Miss March

DEBORAH DRIGGS

When Oprah Winfrey's TV show tackled the topic of "Mail-in Seduction," special guest Deborah (top left) represented both sides. Deborah now stars on Playboy at Night's music-video show *Playboy's Hot Rocks*, seducing the camera in videos. She also studies acting. "I know I can play sexy, but I want to *act*."

Miss November

LORRAINE OLIVIA

Lorraine (right) was cheering her team at an arena football game when *Playboy* spotted her. "I never dreamed of being a Playmate," she says, "but opportunity knocked." Playmatehood hasn't changed the Chicago Bruisers' loveliest fan: "I still want to be a third-grade teacher. That was my favorite grade."

Miss August

MELISSA EVRIDGE

"I was nervous at first," says Melissa of her Playmate photo session, "but I got over it." Before long, Miss August, a junior at the University of Kentucky, was enjoying her sudden celebrity. "Yesterday, the mailman brought me this big bag of fan mail," she says with a grin. "It was so heavy I could barely lift it."

Miss October

BRITTANY YORK

The philosophy of London-born, Hong Kong–raised Brittany (left) is simple: "Let's go!" Not long ago, she went bungee jumping in California. Bungeeing the normal way, from a bridge, would be scary enough for most of us; Brittany jumped from a hot-air balloon. "I love challenges," she says.

Miss December

MORGAN FOX

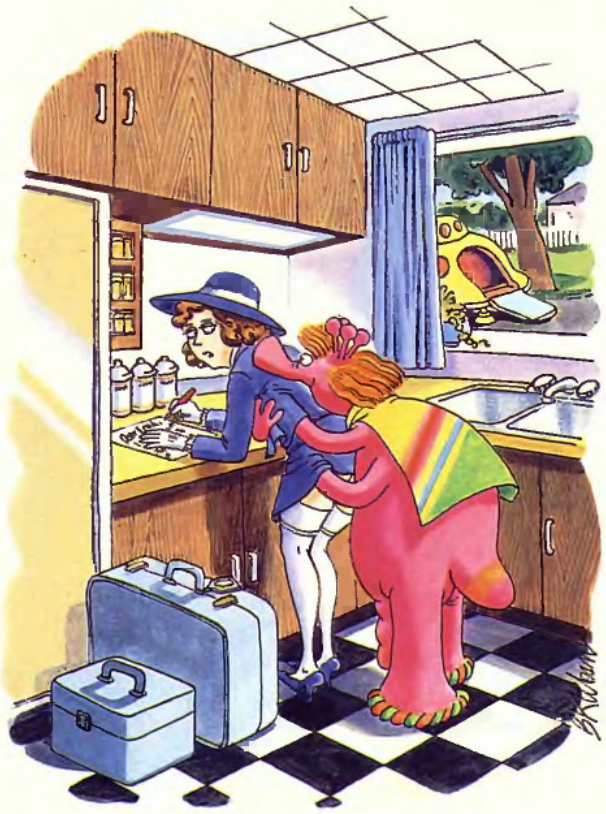
Morgan (right) is the best ad her Vancouver health club will ever have. She'll also appear in a rodeo scene in a new cable series, *The Adventures of the Black Stallion*, and plays a go-go dancer in the upcoming film *K2*. Morgan occasionally sits in as a voice of the Vancouver radio station CFOX; sadly, those fans can't see her.

KLIBAN

goodbye to our dear friend hap. . . . long live his ingenious cartoon art

KLIBAN: SELF-PORTRAIT

HAP KLIBAN, who died this past summer, was known to most people as the cartoonist who became a one-man industry by drawing striped cats. Naturally, most people thought he loved cats, and he did love his own cat, Cow. What he hated were letters from cat lovers telling him "something really funny" that their cat had done. He hated cute cat letters and he hated lawyers. Way more than car mechanics, agents, art schools, the East Coast, snow, bamboo musical instruments, ancient ruins and anyplace with pine trees. He also hated almost every restaurant he ever entered, but when he found one he liked, he stayed. He loved Big Sur, Hawaii, the sun, the beach, chess, books and guns. Yes, guns. He loved to shoot mud, not decoys. He liked the way it splattered. He also loved sleeping late, hanging out with his wife and friends, painting water colors and drawing cartoons. He sold his first cartoon to *Playboy* for $35 when he was just a beatnik with a drawing board. Cartoon Editor Michelle Urry was leafing through his notebooks, came across his cat sketches and persuaded him to do a book. At present, four books of his cartoons are in print. Explaining his work is like trying to answer the Japanese journalist who asked, "Explain to me, strange humor." What can you say about "Turkish Vibrating Soup" or "Better Living Through Plywood"—Kliban captions? The cartoons on these pages all appeared in *Playboy* and give some taste of his work. But just a taste. Hap had a vision beyond imagining. He did better than march to a different drum, he walked to it. —DON NOVELLO



"How do you spell Martian?"

"Christianity? I thought you said to teach them choreography!"

"Not tonight, dear . . . I have a headache."

"I know! Let's wreak vengeance on the forces of evil!"

"Room service? This is 407. We'd like orange juice, coffee, toast and honey . . . lots and lots of honey!"

"It's not easy, Martha, being married to a nymphomaniac!"

"I just had a great idea! We could start serving food!"

"Someday, Orville, man, too, will fly!"

"You know, Ed, we really should walk to work more often!"

"Please don't stop! I love a good tune on the kazoo!"

"All I sell is cheeseburgers, but I sell a lot of cheeseburgers."

PENNY FROM HEAVEN *(continued from page 144)*

"She plays the perfect urchin. They say, 'We better do it, because Penny looks very unhappy.'"

the late Seventies, when they were both working at Paramount—he as the extraterrestrial Mork of *Mork & Mindy*, she as the earthy Laverne. During the long, tedious setup for the scene, Williams points to one of several drawings tacked up on an office wall, a geometric design that has been angrily scratched out, and says, in a Freudian accent, "Is that the Manson boy? The one who hates tests? Or is that the Hinckley boy?" Marshall registers the stand-up turn appreciatively but doesn't compete; she stands off on the side lines in a sweat shirt, blue jeans and sneakers, slightly stooped and smoking like a Romanian factory.

That afternoon, she rehearses a delicate scene involving a movie within the movie. Williams and his nurse, played by Julie Kavner, watch a 16-millimeter interview in which De Niro, wrenchingly plain and vulnerable in a wheelchair, recalls his awakening: "It was like a dream at first. . . ." Then, after viewing the film, the doctor ponders the wisdom of what he has done. But the ancient Bell & Howell projector breaks down, and tedium reigns anew. While a couple of electricians perform emergency repairs, Marshall smokes some more, chews some gum, then pops a few vitamin pills with a Yoo-Hoo chaser.

Twenty minutes later, the projector, cast and crew are back in action. Marshall's main concern seems to be letting the scene breathe; she wants to give Williams whatever time he needs to find the essence of the drama while playing it.

She calls "Action!" The take runs extremely long and goes extremely well. "Cut!" she calls gratefully.

"Done!" Williams declares triumphantly. "Only twenty more scenes in two days! A million takes served!"

Later, Williams talks of Marshall's style as a director. "She just lets it happen in some ways. She sets the environment, talks it through with a kind of primal instinct about what works in a scene and what doesn't. I think her instincts are dead-on powerful." And what of her verbal style—the pitiful whimper, the patented whine? Here he leaps back into manic action, doing three or four characters in the same bit, including an impassioned alter ego whose voice *explodes in staccato bursts* and dyspeptic Marshall, whose voice—limps—along—haltingly.

"She's a brilliant woman, but maybe you don't want to *scare* people, because some people can be *afraid* of a brilliant woman. One way it's '*Wait a minute! Watch out! There's a brilliant woman here!*' Her way it's 'Well—all—right—let's—see. . . .'

"It's a great *smoke screen*! Great *camouflage*! That way she *gets things done* and you don't even *know* they've been done! Like, 'So—it's—done—and—it's—a—nice—picture—about—two—friends. . . .'

"'*And what about all these deep psychological insights?*'

"'They're—there. . . .'

"'*And what about the incredibly detailed background of a unique chapter in the annals of modern medicine?*'

"'That's—there—too.'"

•

It's hard to tell what any director actually does from watching him or her on the set. In the fragmented process of making feature films, the director's most meaningful contributions are usually made before production starts, in casting and working with writers; then again before shooting each new scene, in private discussions and rehearsals; and after production ends, during editing. In Marshall's case, it's extremely hard to tell, because she resists, at least at first, discussing her craft (Q: "Why are you directing?" A: "Nobody's asked me to act") and because her working method on the set is so collegial: Ask this one, So whaddya think?, ask that one, So whaddya think?, then shoot the scene every which way.

She admits to taking pleasure from the success of *Big*—"I really do like it that my stuff is entertaining"—but quickly adds, lest that make her sound like a boastful *auteur*, "What I deal with when I'm directing is just ordinary stuff like, 'Go from here to there and say this and then that while you're doing it.'"

Penny's brother, Garry, who directed the enormously successful *Pretty Woman*, talks of a similarity in their approach. "Some directors work with fear, others with intellect and analyzation. Begging is our approach. We beg, and it works for us. It's not manipulative or anything, it's just, 'Please, I've got a headache, I want to go home, I'm tired, just say the words, come on, don't make me crazy here.' And they sometimes rally. They rally for her even more than for me, because she plays the perfect urchin. They say, 'We better do it, because Penny looks like she's very unhappy.'"

Yet there are gaps in Garry's set piece on his sister. When Penny directs De Niro, an actor of formidable talent and vast experience, she tells him firmly, before one scene, "You can't do it without your head, you know. You can't do it if you don't focus." That doesn't sound like begging. When Anton Furst, the production designer (who won an Oscar for his stunning work on *Batman*), speaks of Penny's direction of *Awakenings*, he describes an artist who "works on a very large palette of the human condition; she models and remodels, takes advantage of any malleable situation." That doesn't sound like much of an urchin. Under cover of the beggar and the urchin, beneath the camouflage of the lovable *kvetch*, Marshall has been going through her own dramatic awakening to her gifts.

•

She was born in 1943, the younger daughter of Tony Marscharelli, an advertising man and an industrial film maker, and his wife, Marjorie, who ran a tap-dancing school and was an eccentric of epic proportions. The block she grew up on in the Bronx—Grand Concourse and Mosholu Parkway—was a cradle of celebrities to come (including Neil Simon, Paddy Chayefsky, Robert Klein, Calvin Klein and Ralph Lauren) but *chez* Marscharelli—last house on the Concourse on the left—was less of a cradle than a crucible, with her mother as keeper of a high flame.

"She was a funny lady," Penny says. "She was way ahead of her time. She was the only mother who wore slacks, the only mother who worked, and she had this sort of Harpo Marx style of humor. We all got our sense of humor from her." Yet that humor had a sarcastic edge that could cut deeply. "I mean, when it wasn't pointed at you, it was very funny, but, in retrospect, when it was comin' at you, it was hurtful."

Very hurtful?

"Yeah, I'd say that. Very."

Life with Mother was many things, but it was never dull. "She talked so fast it was almost like she was on speed. She did take Anacin most of her life, because all the noise from sixty kids tap dancing all day gave her headaches, but she was just like on speed, and the only way us kids could get to talk was if we sort of talked under her—at—a—slower—pace."

Marjorie Marscharelli had what she called a suicide jar, in which she deposited one pill from every prescription

(continued on page 170)

Playboy

cordially invites you

to co-host

an unforgettable

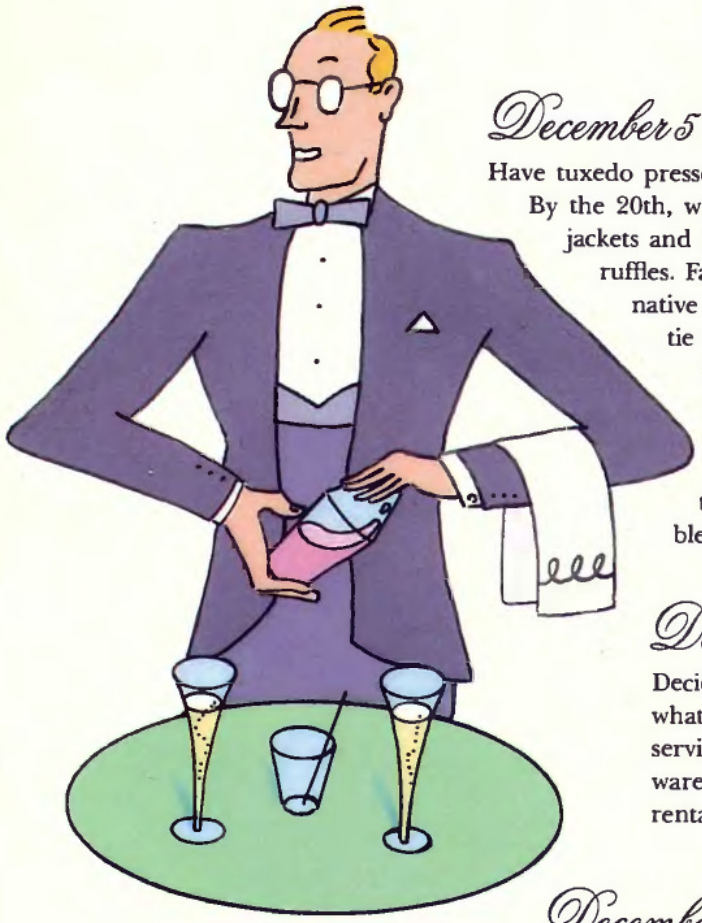
New Year's Eve

party

Black Tie Requested

The Countdown

how to get the ball rolling on your holiday bash



December 1

Send out invitations. Do it any earlier and you'll look desperate. Do it any later and come midnight on the 31st, you'll be drinking alone.

December 3

Hire a bartender. The going hourly rate in Manhattan on New Year's Eve doubles to about $40. When booking, be sure to ask about minimum hours.

December 4

Order champagne. Caterers estimate a bottle per person when it comes to the bubbly. It's also a good time to order caviar if you plan to have it delivered.

December 5

Have tuxedo pressed. Renters, be warned: By the 20th, what's left will be size 48 jackets and tux shirts with lavender ruffles. Fashion note: As an alternative to the traditional black-tie ensemble, check out the latest winter-weight white tuxedos or rich brocade dinner jackets that can be worn tieless with a formal double-banded shirt and vest.

December 7

Decide what to cook and what to buy from a catering service. Also reserve dinnerware and silverware with a rental company.

December 9

Order liquor and arrange to have it delivered. For a party of 25, figure two fifths of vodka, two fifths of Scotch and one fifth each of gin, bourbon and light rum—plus whatever liquors you know the gang likes to drink. Also three or four six-packs of premium beer and plenty of club soda, tonic and soft drinks.

December 14

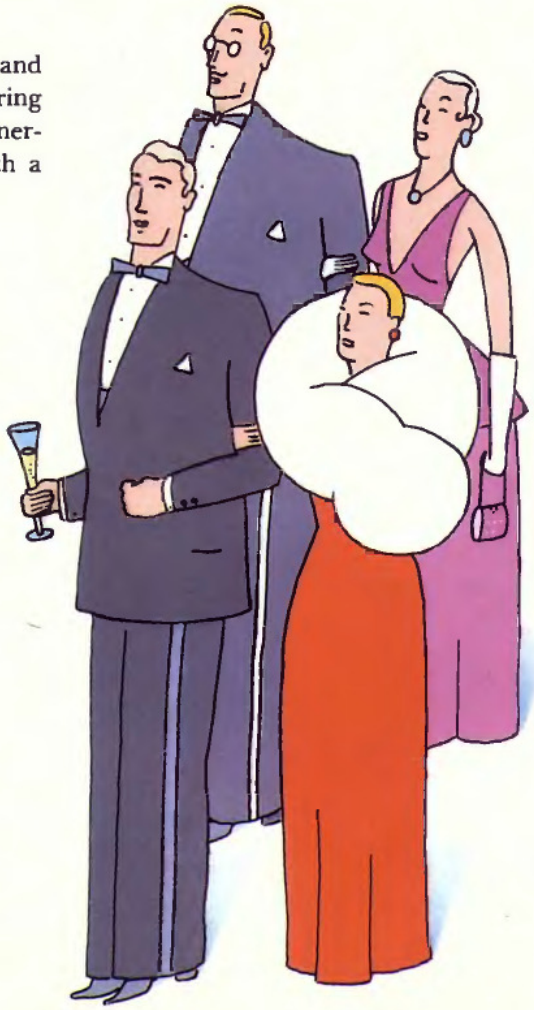
Time to update your music library. Check out our "Style" page in *After Hours* for ideas. Don't forget *Auld Lang Syne*. Also buy noisemakers, streamers, confetti and aspirin.

December 17

Plead with cleaning lady to come Sunday the 30th. You did remember her Christmas bonus, didn't you?

December 18

Count R.S.V.P.s. Add in all the people spontaneously invited. Add in all the people you forgot to invite. Add in friends of friends who'll get brought along. And add in all your procrastinating friends who will R.S.V.P. late.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEPHEN TURK

December 24

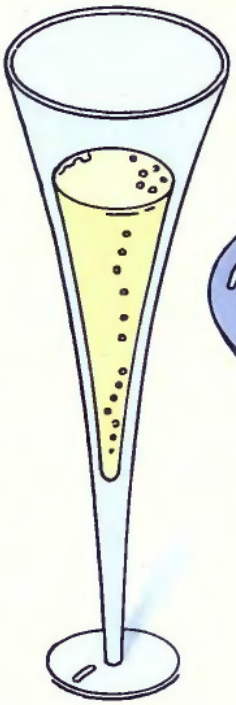
Wish neighbors season's greetings. Casually mention that 25 friends will be dropping over on New Year's Eve. Noise? Make no promises.

December 26

Order oysters and shrimps. Make sure you ask for the former shucked and on the half shell and the latter cooked, peeled and chilled.

December 27

If you haven't ordered caviar by air express, now's the time to go shopping. Storage tip: Keep it cold but not frozen.



December 28

Take off from work early. Shop for remaining food. Check liquor supply again. Call the employment agency or catering service to double-check the time your bartender will be arriving for the evening.

December 30

Rearrange furniture. Lock up expensive wines, well-aged single malts, rare liqueurs and any other liquid assets you don't want consumed. Buy ice cream, sauces and plenty of toppings. Resist the temptation to sample each flavor.

December 31

Buy Danish for the following morning and hide two clean coffee cups. Buy plenty of ice. Pick up oysters, shrimps, *crudités*, dressings and other last-minute fixings. Set table and spread out food. (If you plan to offer a New Year's toast, now's the time to give it some consideration—not 30 seconds before midnight, when the crowd is chanting the seconds away.) Pop a cork. Pour yourself some champagne, get dressed and let the party begin.

January 1

Move out.

The Party

an eat-drink-and-be-merry guide to an elegant year-end gala

modern living
By Karen MacNeil

NEW YEAR'S EVE, the biggest party night of the year, offers numerous opportunities for celebration. You can catch the midnight mob scene and surround yourself with strangers in silly hats tooting horns in your face; or you can skip the impersonal mayhem and host your own year-end gala.

We're not talking about cocktail wienies, cole slaw and Cold Duck. Your New Year's Eve party will be one that auld acquaintances won't forget. And, yes, you'll be a guest at your own party. Our countdown calendar on the previous pages outlines a day-by-day strategy for the month of December. Follow it and you won't find yourself with four hours to spare, still attempting to rent extra wine goblets while the champagne is getting warm.

Year-end blowouts come in all sizes, but when a bash becomes bedlam, what's the point? That's why 20 to 25 revelers seems to be a manageable number. A group that size is large enough to encourage mingling but small enough to preserve intimacy. What's more, you won't have to continuously circulate from group to group to ensure that the level of frivolity stays at Mach one.

On New Year's Eve, black tie is traditionally the stylish way to step out (or, in your case, stay home), but because your party will be an open-end buffet, with guests who may have other commitments dropping by and possibly moving on, you may wish to make black tie optional.

Since you've hired a bartender early in December (as we suggest in our countdown), he or she will mix the drinks with flair and keep the champagne well iced and flowing into the wee hours of the morning, so you don't have to lift a *(continued on page 188)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

MEN'S FURNISHINGS FROM STUART, CHICAGO

PENNY FROM HEAVEN *(continued from page 162)*

"'Penny didn't have a position, which is why she kind of took Rebel. She should've taken Bright.'"

written for her over the years, because she was afraid of being an invalid like her mother, who became blind and lived with them for most of Penny's childhood. The most bitter pill was that she contracted Alzheimer's disease four years before she died in 1985. "The last two years of her life," Penny says, "she was just sort of lying there, she wasn't anything. But the women in the family have very strong hearts. They last a long time. They simply go slightly mad, I believe. My grandmother was ninety-two when she died, and sort of insane."

Penny's older sister, Ronny Hallin, who produces the television series *The Hogan Family*, remembers Penny as "a little devil kind of a kid, always getting into trouble. She was a real good athlete, a tomboy. She rode a two-wheeler really young, and fast, always very fast, zip zip zip, testing people all the time. If someone told her, 'Don't go in the gutter,' she'd go in the gutter."

Testing people meant testing herself, as she tried to find a tenable position in the family. Ronny was the pretty and sweet one, a delightful child whom everyone loved, while Garry was the sick and hurt one. "I filled the slot of the sickly child to get attention," he says. "I was so sick nobody else had a chance to be sick in my family. So Penny didn't have a position, which is why she kind of took Rebel. She should've taken Bright, but she didn't."

She didn't take it because she didn't believe it. Garry was the big brother with the photographic memory, and Ronny was the big sister who skipped a year and a half in school, so Penny became the rebel who liked to have a good time. When Garry got out of high school, he went to the college of his choice, Northwestern, in Chicago; Ronny earned a degree there, too. When Penny went off to college, she went to the college of her mother's choice, the University of New Mexico, in Albuquerque, because it was closer to New York.

Closer? New Mexico?

"Uh-huh," she explains. "My mother thought it was closer than Ohio. Because New York, New Jersey, New Hampshire, New Mexico—she figured all the News were together. I wanted to go to Ohio State because there was a guy there, but my mother said New Mexico. It didn't matter. I just wanted to get away."

During her first two years, she studied psychology, with minors in business and anthropology. She also married a football player named Michael Henry and got pregnant. "He was on football scholarship, and one of us had to work, so I worked. A man was supposed to finish college, a girl didn't have to. And I wasn't really dedicated, anyway; I felt it was no big sacrifice. I think I was just killing time."

After the birth of her daughter, Tracy, who is now 26 and an actress in her own right, Marshall did secretarial work; she typed 70 words a minute and knew her way around a calculator. Then she taught dancing, because it paid better and didn't require getting up early, which she has never been great at. She also got a chance to do some choreography at the Albuquerque Light Opera and to appear in a production of *Oklahoma!* But her marriage came apart, and she found herself alone, with a baby and nothing on earth she really wanted to do. By that time, her brother was a successful writer on *The Dick Van Dyke Show*, so Penny stuffed her worldly goods into a suitcase and headed farther west, to Los Angeles.

•

That marked the beginning of a long Hollywood appendageship; first she was known mainly as Garry's sister, then, after marrying Rob Reiner in 1971, as Rob's wife (and Garry's sister). As Garry tells it, this period began with the career-counseling equivalent of C.P.R.

"When she came out with her suitcase

"I liked it better when it was just 'Bah, humbug!'"

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from college, she said, 'I'm not finishing school, so what should I do?' I said, 'I don't know; what is it you want to do?' She didn't know, and I was in my preoccupied, busy mode, so I said, 'Well, we could have dinner and we could talk, but we're already talking in circles here, so go away.' I said, 'Look, I can't do anything until you come and tell me that there's something you like. I give up on something you love. You're not a person who loves something at this point, but you must tell me something you like or I'm not talking to you anymore.'

"So she went away, and then came back two days later. 'One time in Albuquerque, I was in a show, *Oklahoma!* . . .'

"And I said, sounding like my mother, 'But you don't sing so good.' Our mother always told her she never sang very well. She said, 'No, that was the thing; I was petrified, but I sang Ado Annie, which is not so much singing as acting. I did Ado Annie, and they laughed, and they applauded, and I felt good.'

"And I said, 'That was it?'

"'That was it. When I felt good. That was it.'

"And I said, '*Actress!*'"

•

Easier said than done. She couldn't turn on the charm in interviews, because she didn't feel pretty enough. She couldn't get auditions, because she wasn't perky enough. In what became a painfully funny milestone in her life, she finally did get hired for a shampoo commercial, but as the girl with stringy hair; the girl with beautiful hair was Farrah Fawcett. Worse yet, when they were lighting the set, Fawcett's stand-in was identified by a card hung around her neck that read PRETTY GIRL, while the card on Marshall's stand-in read HOMELY GIRL. (In one of those small but sincere gestures that can change a life, Fawcett had someone cross out HOMELY and put PLAIN; they have been friends ever since.)

These days, Garry gives a lot of lectures. His billing is Garry Marshall: director, producer and Penny's brother. In those days, when he was coming on strong as a writer-producer, he was his sister's best hope for regular work, and he did the brotherly thing, even though it meant opening himself—and, more hurtfully, her—to charges of nepotism. As coproducer of the television series *The Odd Couple*, Garry cast Penny, in 1971, as Jack Klugman's secretary.

It wasn't much of a part, and she didn't do much with it. For three years in a row, every member of the supporting cast except Penny got a $100-a-week raise. But her other role, as Reiner's wife, was richer for her, and for their friends. She had met Reiner when she was auditioning for the part of Gloria, Archie Bunker's daughter on *All in the Family*, and he was auditioning for Archie's Meathead son-in-law, Mike Stivic. He got the part, they got each other. They were the first of their circle to marry, and to have a house, which became the group's gathering spot, salon, saloon and home away from home.

What a group it was—a budding television aristocracy of talented, audacious and insecure young people that included writer-producer James L. Brooks, who'd recently started *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, writer Jerry Belson and actors Albert Brooks, Paul Sills and Ted Bessell. Jim Brooks remembers Penny and Rob's house, with great nostalgia, as an emotional haven. "It was a house where those of us passing through had great anxiety; that was what we had in common."

Brooks also remembers Marshall as a loving, endlessly caring friend. "This was a time when all her strengths and all her intelligence had no practical utilization in the world. She was sort of a housewife, and it was great for all of us who knew her then, because all her marvelous talents were available for your life. Any problems you had, you got this great force of energy from her. I enjoyed it while I had it, but I saw it slipping away, because she had to go out and be a whole person."

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Brooks helped her go out by giving her a substantial part in a short-lived

series, *Friends and Lovers*. A year after that came *Laverne & Shirley*, which was created and produced by her brother and coproduced by her father. From the beginning of its phenomenal run in 1976, *Laverne & Shirley*, a spin-off from Garry's series *Happy Days*, was one of those blue-collar sitcoms that only the public loved. (In a capsule review dripping with condescension, *Time* magazine derided the show's "sheer witlessness" and said Penny had "chosen not to characterize her role but to do an imitation of the inimitable Judy Holliday.")

Most of all, the public loved Penny's Laverne De Fazio, one of the two young women working in a Milwaukee brewery in the late Fifties. Laverne was homely but lovable, gloomy about being a virgin but devilish in ways that Penny had been developing since her girlhood.

Laverne & Shirley brought happy days for her. Suddenly, Garry's sister and Rob's wife was a star in her own right, a heroine of working-class America, and also a bright light on the Hollywood party circuit, when she wasn't too zonked from the merciless shooting schedule.

"She was amazing," says Jack Winter, who directed some of those episodes and who has been friendly with Garry and Penny for decades. "She used to cut film in her head while she was acting. When I directed, I'd go, 'Oh, God, we've got twelve new pages out of twenty-six and they'll never learn it, they'll never learn it!' And Penny was out there, and not only had she learned her lines and was doing something new to get a laugh but she was already going, 'OK, we've got C camera on this, so we can cut that and go to the close-up and then cut to the master.' She knew everything that was going on: every line, every joke, every cut."

According to Penny, her virtuosity was only an unconscious survival response. "In television, especially in proscenium three-camera television, you tend to stage yourself. That's how I would memorize my lines. My body would tell me what lines I had. If I was here, I'd be saying this, and going over there would mean I'd be saying that. As long as it made sense to me, I could act it."

But it was more than mere survival. There's a special kind of intelligence that thrives on the complexities of TV-sitcom production. (She is also a whiz at jigsaw puzzles.) "Her thing," says Winter, "was, 'OK, I'm in a corner; how do I paint myself out?'"

When someone once asked Mack Sennett for the governing principle of his comedy, he thought for a moment and said, "One thing leads to another." When Marshall played Laverne (she also directed four episodes), she used to insist, with a rigor that could drive writers mad, on the need for the writing to make sense.

"Sometimes they'd write these big physical scenes and all these jokes, but you couldn't get from here to there, because it was just not logical. There was one scene like that where I had to make a bed with a fat guy in it, asleep. I said, 'Let me just literally try to do it, and then you'll see what'll come out. As long as you approach it logically, you want to take the first blanket off, pull the pillow out, then get that bottom sheet out. Now, that bottom sheet will lead to something, and then you want to lift the legs up. OK, you want the legs of the pajamas to rip, but let me just do it in a logical order instead of jumping around from joke to joke.' You've got to be true to the premise."

•

If life were a sitcom, Marshall's marital problems might have had solutions, too. In the best of times, the relationship was grounded in friendship; in the worst, with his *All in the Family* stint at an end and her series running out of steam, they became so distant that, after ten years, they decided to divorce. For Marshall, who had never been a fighter, it was the beginning of what she calls her "door-mat years." "You could walk all over me and it was OK, 'cause that's what I thought of myself." She revisited

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the party scene, but it wasn't much fun. She rented houses for a while, because she didn't feel she deserved to own one. When she finally did buy, it was only because her accountant had urged her to do so for tax purposes. The sprawling hillside house, which she still lives in, would have been huge for a large family. For a single woman, it seemed an unthinkable, unfillable void.

Yet she filled it—with friends who became house guests, then boarders, and who coalesced into a surrogate, if fluid, family. When friends came to stay at Marshall's house, they came for stretches of time that made *The Man Who Came to Dinner* seem like a guy who had to eat and run. Jim Belushi stayed for two years. Joe Pesci stayed for three years (moving in at the same time Marshall was using his apartment in New York, during her run in an off-Broadway play). Marshall's daughter had one level of the house as her own domain. Marshall's niece asked if she could have a room for a couple of months; she stayed six years.

Part of the time, Marshall wasn't home; there were relationships, in New York as well as L.A., with actor David Dukes and singer Art Garfunkel, among others, and a trip to Europe—her first—after *Laverne & Shirley* ended. When she was home, she insisted that her boarders live by a few simple house rules: "Pay for your own phone bills, and I don't want your girlfriends sleeping over, because I end up having to talk to them and I don't want to, because I don't have anything to say."

Marshall herself lived a strange, increasingly isolated life. In part, that grew out of her problems of finding privacy as a celebrity. But mostly, it was an expression of her tastes and needs. "I'm basically just someone who loves to stay in bed," she says. "I'm very happy there. I have clickers and cigarettes, and machines I don't know how to work. One friend always says, 'Are you in The Cave?' He calls it The Cave, because I have blackout curtains."

Her friends have always understood. They know her as a woman who doesn't go out, so they come to her. They also know her as a woman of extraordinary energy and stamina, when she isn't wallowing in lethargy, and a woman of extraordinary competence, when she isn't whining or playing helpless.

That's the essential contradiction of Marshall's life: She's a can-do person who often behaves as if she can't. The pattern may have deepened during her door-mat years, but it grew out of her own family life. "If you play helpless, people respond," her sister says. "My brother does it, too. Garry goes, 'Am I cold? Am I hot?' You have to tell him. 'Do I have my glasses?' *Think* for a minute! you tell him. He says, 'I have these people to think for me, I can't be bothered thinking about these things.' Penny saw that that worked, too."

•

In 1985, Marshall got a call from a producer friend, Lawrence Gordon, who had a desperate problem. His movie, *Jumpin' Jack Flash*, had just started shooting, but his star, Whoopi Goldberg, and his director, Howard Zieff, were at each other's throats; Gordon wanted to know if Marshall could take over from Zieff right away.

From Gordon's perspective, the request made sense. The picture was a comedy, or aspired to be; she had directed comedy, both on *Laverne & Shirley* and in *Working Stiffs*, a TV pilot with Jim Belushi and Michael Keaton. Most important, perhaps, she and Whoopi Goldberg knew each other socially and seemed to get along. From Marshall's perspective, the prospect of plunging into someone else's movie after ten days of shooting was fearsome. The script was an amateurish, unpleasant mess, while the production was awash in panic and anger.

The shoot was rough, in more ways than one. "It had shoot-'em-up stuff, and such cursing! I'd go, 'No, no, just put *one* "Asshole" or "Motherfucker" there!' I mean, this girl cursed through the whole thing." But Marshall got through it and emerged with a feature film. Not a good film, or even a particularly coherent one, but a completed film, a releasable film, a generally acceptable film. And that, given the grisly circumstances, constituted a promising debut as a feature director.

•

Big was Marshall's project from the start. One day, while she was still embroiled in *Jumpin' Jack Flash*, Jim Brooks came into her office at Twentieth Century Fox, put a manila envelope with a script in it on her desk and said, "This is your next movie."

"Huh?" Marshall replied.

"This is the movie you're doing next."

A charming fable of a 12-year-old boy who finds himself in a 35-year-old body, *Big* is one of those seemingly effortless movies in which a comic style is sustained from beginning to end, and every detail along the way rings true. Just how far from effortless it actually was suggests some of the pitfalls of making movies, and of being a woman in what is still a man's profession.

Unlike the script for *Jumpin' Jack Flash*, the script for *Big* was appealing from the start. When Marshall began casting the lead, however, she got turndowns from such actors as Kevin Costner, Dennis Quaid and Tom Hanks. (Hanks ended up playing the part brilliantly, of course, but he wasn't available the first time around.) And the delays involved in casting took their toll, for three other movies with the same plot premise—starring Dudley Moore, Judge Reinhold and George Burns—were also gearing up to go into production.

In an effort to move her project away from these competitors, Marshall tried to rethink the hero as an older man, or a stronger man, someone who'd never be

"Don't worry, dear, I've already made a New Year's resolution to stop doing this."

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expected to dance on a piano. Her notions roamed in the direction of Clint Eastwood and Robert De Niro. When De Niro read the script, he said yes.

By now, it's almost impossible to imagine De Niro in the part. "It would've been a whole different movie," Marshall admits, "a street kid versus establishment. It would've been tougher. Not a bad kid, but a street kid who left the Bronx instead of the suburbs." But De Niro withdrew before shooting started—"It had to do with studio-agent problems and deals," Marshall says, "nothing to do with Bobby and me, or else we wouldn't have been working on *Awakenings*"—and half a year later, in the summer of 1987, Tom Hanks, newly available, claimed the role.

By the time *Big* was ready to start shooting, however, its three competitors were either on the way or in the can and a discouraged Marshall found herself wondering, Why bother? Her brother had a simple answer: "You're going to do it better. That's your shot. You took the job, you're obligated to try to do it better; there's nothing else to say."

Penny took a lot of time and shot huge amounts of film. For the actors, who understood what she was doing, her working method was an invitation to shine, even if it drove them crazy now and then. But some key members of the crew neither understood how she worked nor wanted to. "One time on the set," Garry says, "she literally cried on my shoulder. 'They don't like me, they're pickin' on me all the time.' She knew why. She knew it was because she was a woman, and I said, 'You're right, and there's nothing to do about it. Let's just find out who they are and have them killed.'"

"I couldn't believe it," says Jim Brooks, who, with Robert Greenhut, was the movie's coproducer. "I couldn't believe what was happening, because even on *Big*, even in 1986, Marshall really had to live with shit because she was a woman.

"I'll give you an example. There's a cut in the picture I just love, when Tom Hanks and Elizabeth Perkins are bouncing on the trampoline and you cut outside and see them from across the street. It's a beautiful cut that rewards you for your intimate knowledge of the film; the moment the shot goes outside, you have a sense of being in on some secret. Yet Marshall had to resist a crew who said it was stupid, we've finished shooting the scene, now why do you have to go out there across the street? But she was compelled to go across the street and get that shot. She wasn't going to let them go until that happened."

This illustrates another point, that the same woman who can admit to not knowing what works best—at least not until she reviews her options in the editing room—has wonderful instincts, and the tenacity to follow them. Like every good movie, *Big* was the product of an intricate collaboration: actors and technicians, writers and producers and director. But, like every good movie, it was shaped by the sensibility of its director.

One sees that sensibility at work in comic moments, such as the lovely bit where Hanks, at a cocktail party, tries to figure out what to do with an ear of baby corn; in showstoppers, such as the one with the giant piano, which starts tentatively, then develops gradually, organically, into a jubilant dance; and, most of all, in a succession of calm, sweetly human scenes such as the one where Hanks and Perkins undress to make love, and he caresses her breasts with such tenderness and wonderment that we really believe he's seeing a grown woman's breast for the first time. That's an example of Marshall's insistence on being true to the premise, and one reason why *Big*, of all those movies with the same plot, was the only hit.

•

Directing is not something Marshall loves to do. She may never love it, given the staggering detail, the stupefying tedium, the crushing fatigue and the prodigious investment of time that each feature film involves. She'd much rather be home in bed, with the TV on and the curtains drawn.

After *Big*, however, she found it hard to keep daylight out of her life; every studio courted her, every producer sought her magic touch. "Since *Big* was a high-concept movie, I got every high-concept script going: A horse is your next-door neighbor, a dog turns into I don't know what. Then the script for *Awakenings* came across my desk. I had no idea who sent it. It didn't come with a cover letter. But when I'm not working, I read everything myself, so I read this and it was just a fascinating story."

No one can call *Awakenings* high concept; there's little likelihood that three or four other pictures will turn up with the same plot premise of a postencephalitis patient coming out of catatonia. Indeed, *Awakenings* would seem to be a wildly improbable stretch for the woman who directed *Big*, were it not for the woman's love of logic and her habit of hewing faithfully to a subject's premise. "I've been so impressed by Penny's seriousness as a researcher," says Oliver Sacks, the author of the original book. "She's extremely bright, with huge energy and enthusiasm. I think that woman works harder than anyone I've ever seen."

•

There are animal trainers, and there are cats, but there is no such thing as a trained cat. Marshall may not have realized this before *Awakenings*; neither of her previous films has any noticeable feline content. Here she is, though, on the next-to-last day of the *Awakenings* shooting schedule, waiting anxiously on the set in Brooklyn while a handler tries to persuade his insouciant tabby to stay put in a garbage-strewn kitchen sink. (In the scene, a character's elderly sister is found dead in her apartment.) "It's important to keep the cat in position," Marshall urges in a doom-struck voice. "In the last take, its head was cut off so it looked like a big fur ball."

This is the problem of directing in a nutshell, or a fur ball. *Awakenings* is a story of singular depth and mysterious beauty. But before Marshall can get to the beauty part, before she can put the filming behind her and begin shaping the human drama in the editing room, she must solve the immediate problem of the goddamned cat.

"Tell me when we're ready," she calls to no one in particular, as she stands outside the narrow confines of the kitchen set. She's keeping her distance because she's allergic to cats. Already, in fact, she is scratching her scalp with a vengeance.

"Still placing the cat," the unseen handler responds grimly.

Still placing the cat on this, the 82nd of 83 shooting days during which 750,000 feet of film have been shot. Still placing the cat on this, the morning after an intense night of shooting; most of the crew is nearly comatose, too. Eventually, the cat is placed, and the scene is shot again, with a Steadicam rig that the camera operator wears like a robotic suit. But just before the operator sashays past the sink, the cat high-tails it onto the floor and out of sight. The crew prepares for a third take.

Maybe the scene was written as a secret test of character. If so, Marshall passes with flying colors, both as director and as unit mother. "Did you get enough sleep?" she asks a grip, putting her arm around his shoulder. (He didn't.) "Want your chair, hon?" she asks her cinematographer. (He doesn't.)

And what of the cat?

The director checks her little TV monitor, but the picture is too blurry to make out. "Is the cat just hanging over the sink?" she asks edgily. "'Cause it just looks like a big lump on the monitor. Like a big rat."

No response. The cinematographer goes to investigate. A moment later he comes back, looking forlorn. "The cat," he announces to Penny, "is wrecking the kitchen."

"Oh, dear," she replies, whining her whine. "Oh, *dear*. . . ." Suddenly, her face brightens; she has had a revelation. "But, listen, it's OK! The cat *can* wreck the kitchen!"

She's right, of course. The animal is free to do whatever it wants, and so is she. Soon the lights are relighted, the cues are recued and the director gets the shot that she's been itching for.

"Marilyn Monroe in 'The Seven Year Itch'"
In full color on fine china
Actual diameter 8½ inches

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APERTO E CHIUSO

(continued from page 84)

"'How nice it is here,' he said. 'And what a dreamboat you are.' 'Why do you lie?' she asked."

"Considering," she said, "you're driving on an empty gas tank."

•

Sirmione, even in early May, was full of other tourists. "The kids are here," they said, continuing a joke that had developed in Venice and continued into Ravenna, where every basilica and baptistry seemed crammed, beneath the palely shimmering Byzantine mosaics, with packs of sight-sated, noisily interacting school children. Even the vast piazza of San Marco wasn't big enough to hold the boisterous offspring of an ever more mobile and prosperous Europe.

The small fortress at Sirmione offered views of the lake and, most fascinatingly, of the process of laying roof tiles. Three men labored gingerly on a roofed pitch beneath the fort's parapets. The oldest stood on a dizzying scaffold and guided onto his platform each wheelbarrowload of tiles and cement hoisted by a crane in the courtyard; the youngest slapped mortar along the edge where roof met parapet; the middle-aged man crouched lovingly to the main task of seating each row of tiles on gobs of mortar and tapping them, by eye, into regularity. "Doesn't that seem," Allenson asked his wife, "a tedious way to make a roof? What's wrong with good old American asphalt shingles?"

"They're ugly," Vivian said, "and these roofs are beautiful."

"Yeah, but acres of them, everywhere you look. How much beauty do you need? The cement must dry up and then everything slip and slide and have to be done all over."

Catullus had summered here, a monument down by the dock informed them, and a hydrofoil from Riva hove splashily into view, and they ate two toasted *panini con salami* at an outdoor café. When Allenson closed his eyes and lifted his face to the sun, he had a dizzying sensation of being on the old workman's scaffold, suspended at a killing height, thousands of miles from home, on a small blue planet, and soon to be dead, as dead as Catullus, his consciousness ceasing, his awareness of sun and of shade, of the voices of the kids around them. His brief life was quite pointless and his companion no comfort. She was a kid herself. He opened his eyes and the tidily trashy, overused beauty of the lakeside washed in, displacing his dread.

"What are you thinking?" Vivian asked him, her voice on edge, as if they were already back in the car.

"How nice it is here," he answered. "And what a dreamboat you are."

"Why do you lie?" she asked.

He felt no need to answer. People lie to spare each other.

They drove west to Desenzano, then north to Salò and along a road that twisted high above the lake. "Why do you have to accelerate around the corners?" she asked.

"There's a guy pushing me behind."

"Let him pass."

"There's no place to pass."

"Then let him go a little slower. He can see you're not Italian."

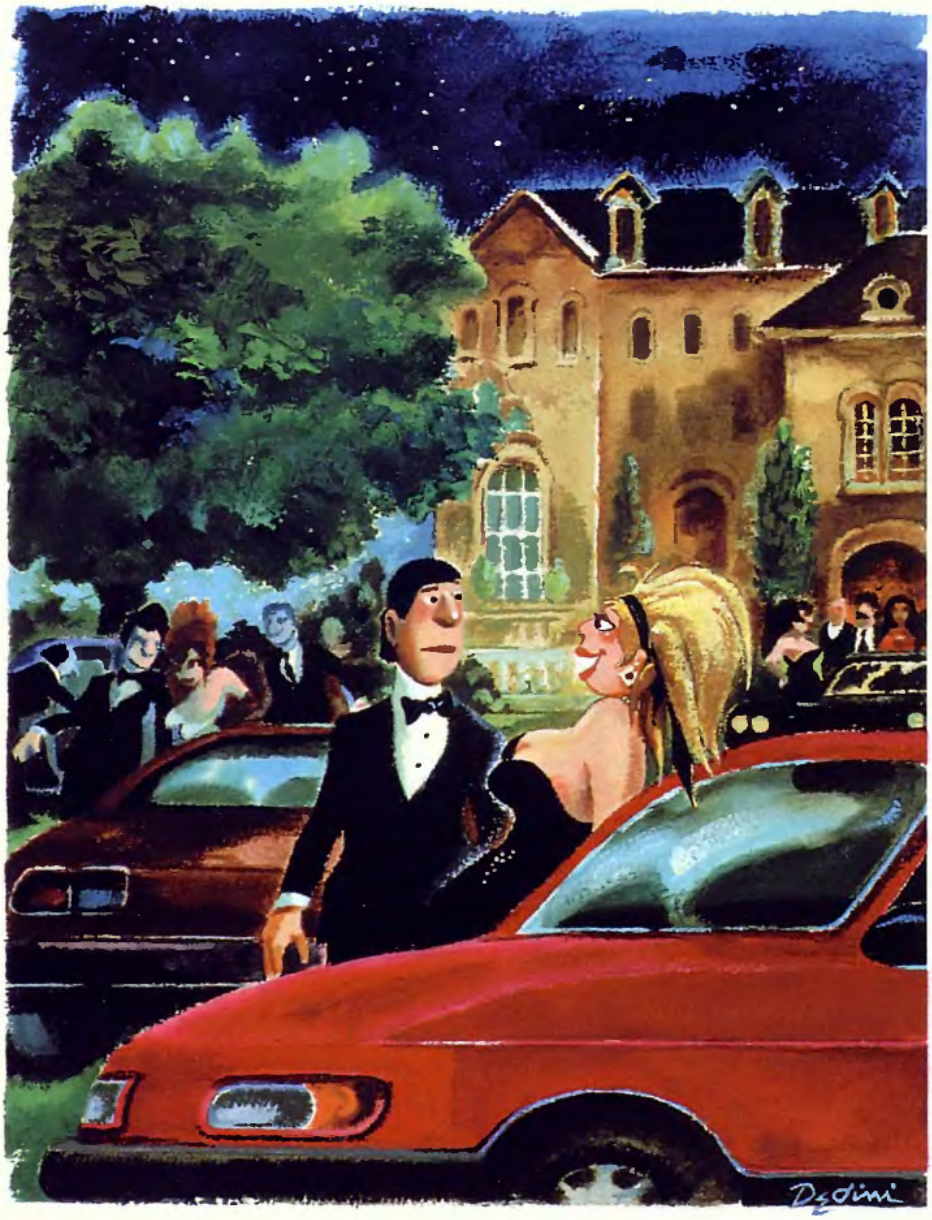
"How?"

"From the haircut. Why do you feel you have to pretend you're an Italian driver?"

"*No comprendo*," he said. "*Sono Italiano. Sono uno ragazzo.*" In a lavatory in Venice, he had studied a graffito that read, HO FATTO L'AMORE CON UN RAGAZZO VENEZIANO ED È STATO BELLISIMO. "*Con mia cara*," he added. *Con*, with its coarse meanings in other languages, turned out to be an indispensable Italian word. *Cappuccino con latte. Acqua minerale con gas. Panini con salami.* The Fiat emitted a tiny satisfying squeal of tires as Allenson surged around a hairpin curve. His eyes held in his rearview mirror the grilled face of a tail-gating vehicle, switching back and forth in the mirror like an exasperated beast in a cage.

"I'm getting sick to my stomach," Vivian said.

"Stop looking at the map. Look out



"Let's go home and get a few hours of sex before the Rose Bowl starts."

the window. Enjoy the beauty you're so crazy about."

The most beautiful moment, for him, had occurred in Venice, while they were walking back to the hotel, up over a little bridge, past a place where the long black coffinlike gondolas waited in the canal while their drivers gloomily played cards. The dollar had become so weak Americans were timid of gondola rides, and the Allensons had contented themselves with hearing, as they walked around after dinner, the astounding male singing of a gondolier, as open and plaintive as that of a woman but enormous: It would swell from a distance into an operatic moment only a few yards away as the gondolas slid and tapped past and then slowly would subside, still audible after the gondolas, with their burden of swaddled passengers, had vanished between the tall angled house façades and the water in the canal had gone still. The passengers were usually Japanese. This evening, as the Allensons crossed a little piazza and approached the passageway to their hotel, a tall Japanese girl cried out, "No! Wait!" The two syllables of English, somehow like a cry in a language Allenson did not understand, brimmed with a sweet anguish that electrified the air and arrested all motion but hers. Tall for her race, glimmering in a white dress, the young woman, her straight sleek hair utterly black in the half-light—the stagy indoors-outdoors atmosphere of Venice—raced across the flat stones at the canal's edge while the gondoliers called to one another like awakened birds. She had lost something, Vivian speculated at Allenson's side, and, indeed, the contralto cry had been as of someone violated, fatally penetrated. But no, she wanted to give something to a mustachioed young gondolier who, to receive it, gallantly made his way back across the narrow canal by stepping on other gondolas. The two of them each reached out an arm to touch hands, while imaginary music swelled, and in her strangely electrifying, passion-filled voice, the Japanese girl said, in this language that belonged to neither her nor him, "Your mon-ey." A tip. Some yen turned into lire. The Japanese flooding the world with money, as once Americans did. The Japanese had become rich and, with it, sexy. So beautiful, so far from home, her voice rising like a Madame Butterfly's in this echoing stage-set of a city. Her cry vibrated in Allenson's bones until he at last fell asleep in the hotel bed.

"Darling, you *must* stop the car," Vivian said, in a voice drained of all flirtation, of wifely importuning. "I'm about to throw up."

He looked over. She did look pale, under the little tan she had acquired drinking cappuccini in sunny piazzas. Within a few hundred yards, he found a space by the side of the road, beside a steeply descending woods, and pulled over. Other cars whizzed by. A few wrappers and empty plastic bottles testified to previous visitors. The lake showed its sparkling green-blue through the quivering tops of poplars. On the other side of the road, a high ocher wall restrained the hillside. Vivian sat still, eyes shut, like a child trying to hold down a tantrum. Feeling unappreciated, Allenson got out of the car, slammed the door and inspected this unscenic piece of Italy—the litter, the link fence, the flowering weeds. Such unpampered roadside nature reminded him of America; his used old heart popped open and peace entered, and with it, for the ten thousandth time, a desire to reconcile with his wife, whoever she was. She had opened the car window a crack, to permit communications. "Want to come out for some air?" he asked.

Vivian shook her head curtly. "I want to go back. I want to get off this fucking twisty road."

"What about Riva?" They'd intended to drive to Riva at the head of the lake.

"Fuck Riva."

"Honey, your language," he said, slightly stirred, along the lines of the Japanese girl's exclamation in Venice. He loved it when women *let it out*. "Would you like to drive?"

"You know I'm scared of the gears."

"Then just relax and let me drive."

"OK, but don't be so *macho*." Her voice softened on "*macho*." "I beg you," she added. "*Prego*."

"Smooth as silk," he promised. The exchange had conferred youthful status on him; he got back into the car bouncily. "Stop looking at the map," he told her. "That's what gets you sick."

•

On the way back toward Salò, Vivian cried out, "What a lovely little church! Darling, could you please stop?"

There was a space of cobblestones beside an array of white metal tables, and he pulled in. "See," she said, in a placating tone meant to match his new docility. "If you go slow, we can see things."

The ancient little church had a patchily Romanesque façade. The rounded front portal was open, and to enter, they parted a thick red curtain. Within, they were embraced by the watery cool of village Catholicism—the stony deep scent of a well, a few guttering candles, some unfathomably murky frescoes. The hard-pressed tourist couple welcomed the emptiness, the vaulted silence between them and the pale Virgin making a gentle disclaiming gesture beside the altar. Vivian was so moved she fed a 1000-lira bill into one of the offering boxes. From the church, they went next door to sit at one of the white tables. A girl just barely in her teens came to them shyly, nervously, as if they were the first customers of her career; Allenson ordered cappuccino for Vivian, *limonata* for himself. Both were good, as Hemingway might have said. Dear old Hemingway, Allenson thought, hoping to find the good life in hotels and cafés, roaming Europe like a bison on a tenderly grassy plain, nibbling, defecating, praising headwaiters and *contessas*. From the white tables, one looked level across the road at the masts of some fishing boats and at the glittering turquoise water backed by the misty blue mountains of the far shore. Once again, the best had proved to be the unforeseen. On her map, Vivian discovered that they were in Maderno. She found the church in her guidebook, in the smallest of types. "'*Sant' Andrea*,'" she read. "'*Shows remains of Roman and Byzantine architecture, especially in the pillar capitals, doors and windows. A yet older church*,' it says, '*seems to be incorporated in the building*.'"

"Yet older." Reading over her shoulder, Allenson said, "We should go to see D'Annunzio's house. It's just down the road."

She looked at him distrustfully. "Who was D'Annunzio?"

"You dear child," said Allenson. "He was just about the most famous writer since Byron. I mean famous-famous, not literary-excellence-famous. I'm a little vague about exactly why. Fond of big gestures, and a great womanizer. Didn't you see the article on his house a little while back in *Art and Antiques*? It looked like a Turkish harem."

"That *would* appeal to you," Vivian said.

"And there are gardens," he dimly remembered. "We passed the sign to it just here"—he stabbed the map—"in Gardone Riviera. We'll nip in to look at it, and then drive straight back, and be back in the hotel in time to have tea in the bar. Maybe he'll give us those little English biscuits again."

"Gas," Vivian said. "We *must* get gas, George."

"There'll be a station on the way to D'Annunzio," he promised.

But there wasn't. The distance was so short he shot past the turnoff and had to back around, awkwardly and dangerously, while Vivian shrieked and clamped her eyes shut. Once safely parked, they walked uphill, following signs to *Il Vittoriale degli Italiani*. It was two o'clock, and the sun had become hot. "What's a *vittoriale*?" she asked him.

"I don't know. Some kind of victory?"

"I thought the Italians never had that sort of victory. That was part of their charm."

"We'll see," he promised.

But at the entrance, with its ticket booth and desultory souvenir stands, the guard was explaining something to a bulky, displeased Italian family. "*È chiusa*," Allenson heard him say. The ending was feminine.

"*La casa?*" he asked, at a venture.

"*La casa, il museo*," the guard said, and

a torrent more, of which Allenson took the drift to be that the grounds and gardens were, however, open. The day was Monday, which presumably explained the split. *Aperto, chiuso:* Italy was a checkerboard.

"You're in luck," Allenson told his wife. "The house full of pillows is closed. Only the outdoors is open."

"Is it worth seeing?"

"It must be, or they would shut everything up at once. Do you want to go in, or not?"

Even this early, she showed signs of a curious D'Annunzio-induced panic. Her brown eyes, with their dry smile crinkles at the corners, tried to read his face. "You want to," she said. "You think it'll be sexy."

"I want to do what *mia cara* wants," Allenson said. He pointed out, "We won't be here soon again. Maybe never." Wednesday, they were flying home.

"How much is it?"

Allenson glanced at the *biglietteria* and said, "Five thousand a head. A cappuccino in Venice cost nine. It's only money; we're making memories." *Your mon-ey:* passed through the reaching hands, the coffinlike gondolas bumping.

"Let's see what the other people do."

The Italian family, with abundant disgruntled exchange between the husband and the wife, while their two fat children reddened in the sun, decided to enter; but inside the gates, on the long paved walks and surreal stark stairways, where the Allensons kept encountering them, the man was heard more than once exclaiming, as he surveyed the sun-struck *vittoriale*, "*Cinque mila!*"

To Allenson, it was worth it. The views of the lake, of the forest plunging down into the lake, were worth it. The early-modern grandiosity was worth it. The place had the feeling of an American sacred place—the home of Daniel Chester French, for instance, or Roosevelt's Hyde Park—in which history had scarcely had time to cool. One's parents, in boaters and white linen, might have been guests here, filling the terraces with the sound of their youthful frivolity. An old red roadster was displayed behind glass—*l'automobile dell'impresa di Fiume*. "The empress of Fiume?" Vivian asked.

"I don't think so. Something that happened at Fiume?" Stairways led upward, past closed house and museum doors, into the surrounding woodland, where a mountain stream had been tricked into forming a goldfish pond. The atmosphere was pampered, enchanted, sinister. They came to a structure, open, wherein a large old-fashioned motorboat was suspended in memorial dry dock; around the walls of the boathouse, maps and photographs tried to explain the great *impresa* of Fiume, but only in Italian. It was a secret the Italians had among themselves; it involved a number of men, centered on short, bald, goateed, baggy-eyed D'Annunzio, wearing the clothes of an aviator. Maps showed dotted lines heading across the Adriatic and back. "What *hap*pened?" Vivian demanded in her sharp, car-riding voice.

"I don't know. It was a heroic exploit, in the car and then the boat."

"It feels evil."

"Don't be silly. In the First World War, the Italians were on the Allied side, remember? Read Hemingway. They were fighting the Austrians."

"Then what were they doing in Yugoslavia?"

"It was Austrian at the time, maybe." History, his fragile knowledge of it, was crumbling under him.

•

From the boathouse, a concrete path led upward still, to a bizarre and solemn structure, a two-story mausoleum. The lower portion, entered through open arches, had the same watery smell as the little Romanesque church, but the only holy objects were graven names, names of *i Tredici*—the Thirteen—and more inscrutable printed information concerning Fiume. Upstairs, a circle of blazing white sarcophagi thrust pointed corners, like little marble ears, against the blank blue Mediterranean sky. In the center of the circle, on square columns twice as tall as the others, the largest sarcophagus flamboyantly loomed. Vivian seemed quite bewildered, dazed and lost in the white brilliance, in the angles of unrelieved marble. "He's in there," Allenson explained to her, pointing to the central tower.

"Your hero?" she said. "And who's in all these others?"

"His companions in the thing of Fiume. The Thirteen."

"You mean *men* are in all these boxes? Where are their wives? Why aren't they buried with their families?"

Allenson shrugged. Her insatiable questions, like a child's, were wearing him down, numbing his brain.

She announced, "This is the most hateful place I've ever been. I can't stand it. It's Fascist. It's Hitler. I keep thinking of all the dead Jews."

"Honey, it wasn't that war. Italy was on our side. D'Annunzio died in 1938, it says right here. The grandeur of all this, I don't know—maybe it *was* Mussolini who financed it. He wasn't thought to be all that bad at first—he made the trains run on time. Not that even I was alive then."

"I can't *stand* it," Vivian said. "If I have to stand a minute longer here in the blinding sun listening to you defend this Nazi, I'll scream. I'd like to blow it up. I wish I'd brought a can of spray paint so I could write graffiti all over it. I'm surprised nobody has."

"Vivian, dear, you're being quite stupid. He wasn't a Nazi, he was a poet, a *fin-de-siècle* dandy. You don't know the details of it, and I don't either. When we get home, I'll do some research."

"You ever mention this hideous man to me again, I'll ask for a divorce."

He winced a smile, here in the sun. "You think the judge will find it insufficient grounds?"

She would not smile back. "Think of it—real men in those boxes, their bones. Hideous male bonding, right through to the afterlife."

"I don't know, isn't there a kind of innocent pomp to it? I find it rather touching."

"As touching as what you did to Claire."

Claire had been his second wife. Allenson blinked and said, "What *we* did to Claire, you could say."

"*Men*, I mean," Vivian pleaded, desperately gesturing upward, out of the depths of a millennial oppression. "Putting themselves in pompous marble boxes, ruining all this woodland, the lovely view. Oh, I *hate* it. I can't stand you standing there smirking and loving it."

"I don't exactly love——" But his wife, with an angrily shut face, from which tears were trying to escape, dodged past him and through the shadows of the motionless memorials, the Thirteen basking in their glory, as if through a maze, and ran down the stairs, where the portly family was with difficulty ascending to get their *cinque mila*'s worth.

Maybe a baby, Allenson thought, would calm her down. She was approaching the age of now or never, as far as pregnancy was concerned. But the thought of one more dependent, its little life sticking out past his into the future like a diving board, made him dizzy. Vivian was waiting for him at a landing lower down, leaning against a stone balustrade. "Sorry," she said. "I lost it." In the cooling sunlight, he saw that she, like a real Italian beauty, had a few fine dark hairs on her upper lip.

This vulnerable touch softened him. "You're right, of course. There is something creepy about this place."

"There's still more. There's a whole navy down there, the sign says."

"*Navi*," Allenson read. "A ship. How can there be a ship?"

But there was, with a mast and cabin and funnels, breasting the treetops, below them. A kind of gigantic centaur, its back half a deck imitated in stone, the foredeck apparently real, and all the tons of it heroically dragged up the hillside to rest incongruously among the poplars and the ink-dark cypresses. It would have helped his marriage, he knew, to forgo this wonder, but the boy in him couldn't resist heading down the steps, and setting foot on the marble deck, then the wooden deck, and looking over the rail at the ocean of trees, the poplar leaves flickering like tiny whitecaps. It was very Italian—like, on a

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grander scale, those pieces of Venetian glass that ingeniously imitate candy. Returning up the stairs, he was short of breath, and his legs felt heavy. "It's a toy," he told Vivian. "It's all toys."

"Just like war," she said.

"Oh, come on," he begged. "I didn't build it. I'm just a tourist like you." Imitating a dutiful husband, he escorted her down, past the closed mansion with its art-deco doors, past the red roadster used in the mysterious *impresa*, out of this maze with its dead Minotaur. Yet at the entrance, he couldn't resist asking, "Want to buy any souvenirs?"

"Drop dead," she suggested, and walked away from him toward the car. He bought five postcards, including one showing D'Annunzio *nel sui studio* (*dans son bureau*, in his study, *in sein er Bibliothek*) gazing intently at what appeared to be comic-strip-shaped proofs, wearing a three-piece fuzzy gray suit, a handkerchief in his pocket, a stickpin in his cravat, the veins in his very bald head bulging with concentration, his little lips pursed. He looked sickly, a rich life catching up to him. Now his body was back there, pressed against the sky, dry as a flattened lizard.

Vivian was far down the narrow sidewalk toward the parking lot. *No, wait.* That thrilling contralto. Ignominious in her sulk, she had to wait beside the little Fiat, since he had the keys. "That was fun," he told her. "Just as well the house and museum were closed, they might have been too much."

"I'd rather have fun at Auschwitz," she said.

"Cut it *out*. OK, the guy had a good self-image. That's no crime. That doesn't mean Auschwitz. The trouble with your generation, all you know about history is Auschwitz and the A-bomb, and all you know about politics is you don't want them to happen again. I keep telling you, he was on our side. You've got the wrong guy."

"Maybe you've got the wrong girl. You *had* a wife just like you, why didn't you stick with her? Claire would have loved going to Nazi shrines."

"She might have," he admitted.

Vivian persisted, her dark eyes flashing. "You want a new woman. Claire and I were a set, we went together. I bet you've already got her picked out. It was somebody you saw in Venice. You began to act funny in Venice." Female intuition, Allenson thought, what a nuisance it is. Her basic thrust secretly thrilled him, but the practicalities of it were overwhelming.

"Vivian, please. I'm nearly sixty. I'm ready for my sarcophagus. As my prospective widow, I hope you paid close attention up there. It's just what I want. Only, you can leave out those thirteen other guys."

She grudgingly laughed, beginning to let him back in. He knew what would please her. Back on the main road, she said, "Look, George, there's an *aperto*."

He slowed and pulled into the gas station. "How did you say we say, 'Fill 'er up'?"

"*Il pieno, per favore*. That's what the guidebook says."

But no one came out of the little office, and no other cars were at the pumps. Allenson got out into the sun and shrugged at Vivian through her window. "*Chiuso*," he said.

Another car pulled in, and a small Italian woman in black got out and looked around. Allenson caught her eye. "*Chiuso?*" he said again, with a more tentative intonation. She favored him with a stream of Italian and did not seem disappointed when his face showed total incomprehension.

Allenson had noticed, beyond the empty office, a boy in gray jeans and a Shell T-shirt washing a car, with an air of independence of this establishment. But now he came over and spoke to the woman and showed her something about the pump. She smiled in sudden eager understanding, performed some action Allenson could not see, seized the handle of the gasoline pump, pumped and drove away.

The boy approached Allenson. "Is *automatique*," he said. "Ten-thousand-lira note, then pump."

"Ah, *comprendo, comprendo. Molte grazie*." He explained to Vivian, "You deal with the pump directly. You feed it lire." He found the right denomination of bill in his wallet, and with a curt mechanical purr, the slot sucked it in. Gasoline then flowed from the nozzle into his tank, rather briefly. Ten thousand lire—nine dollars—bought just a few liters.

"More!" Vivian shouted from within the car. "Here's some more *money*." She pushed ten-thousand-lira notes out through her half-open window, and the pump sucked them up, turning money into movement, into married romance.

When he got back behind the wheel, Vivian, momentarily satisfied, said, "It's strange he had to explain it to the woman, too. She was Italian."

"It's a tough country," Allenson pronounced, from his height of experience. "Even the natives can't figure it out."

"Hey! It's Christmas Eve—let's go fuck with Scrooge's head!"

Mein Kuwait

(continued from page 96)

so are sure to be questioned by the regime's five security forces, which spy not only on the people but on one another.

On my first visit in 1988, I had approached a man on the street to ask the time. He held up his arm as if warding off demons and scurried off. More often, pedestrians or shopkeepers responded by stating politely that their English, or my Arabic, was not so good.

"People just don't talk to you much, particularly about politics," said a United Nations worker named Thomas Kamps. "They know that's the fast lane to the electrodes and the dungeon."

There were genies inside every telephone and telex. One of Kamps's colleagues, an Ethiopian, told of phoning a co-worker in New York and switching, mid-sentence, from English to his native Amharic. A voice quickly cut in, instructing him to "please continue in a language we can understand."

Censorship of the media and the ban on overseas travel ensured that Iraq stayed airtight, hermetically sealed against the outside world. During Iraq's war with Iran, a typical copy of the *Baghdad Observer* devoted the upper half of its front page to a picture of the president, as it did every day, apropos of nothing. Alongside the picture was an Orwellian news flash—War Communiqué Number 3221—announcing that Iraqi troops had "liberated 13 strategic mountain peaks at the northern sector" and had inflicted "thousands of enemy casualties." The enemy's original taking of the now-liberated peaks had never been reported. In eight years of war, no Iraqi defeats and no Iraqi casualties were ever reported.

Only the tiny minority of Iraqis listening to the BBC or Voice of America—when their frequencies weren't jammed—could have had any notion of just about any external reality. Saleh was one of them. When I had met him in a downtown office on my first visit to Iraq, he chatted politely over tea until his colleagues filed out for lunch. Then he turned up a radio and leaned across his desk, speaking in a hoarse whisper.

"My phone is tapped, this office is bugged and, for all I know, my grandmother is wired for sound," he said. "But sometimes a man must speak his mind. Saddam Hussein, he is the worst dictator ever in the history of man."

Saleh said this with the grim but giddy urgency of a parachutist leaping from an airplane. "I could be shot," he added, "for what I've just told you."

Saleh liked to write and had applied several times for an Arabic typewriter. Each request had been denied, so he'd reapplied for a machine with English characters. He'd been waiting a year. "What am I going to do with an English typewriter," he wondered, laughing, "incite tourists to riot?"

Like most Iraqis, he'd stopped seeing anyone but his family and closest friends. "Who else can I trust? Can I even trust them?" And he limited himself to acts of defiance that would have seemed petty in any other place. Most Iraqi shops and homes displayed several pictures of Saddam; Saleh hung nothing more than a calendar adorned with the president's face. But he kept a carpet with Saddam's face woven at the center rolled up in the front closet of his home, just in case. "If there is a knock in the night, I can roll it out before answering the door," he said. "A man must be brave, but he must not be reckless."

•

Two years later, Saleh was still there in his dusty office, though he looked grayer and kept popping pills for what he called "heart sickness." A few months before, the army had furloughed his son after eight years at the Iranian front—only to call him back again to Kuwait.

"If America kills Saddam," he said, turning up the air conditioner, "many people will think the Prophet Mohammed is alive and well in Washington."

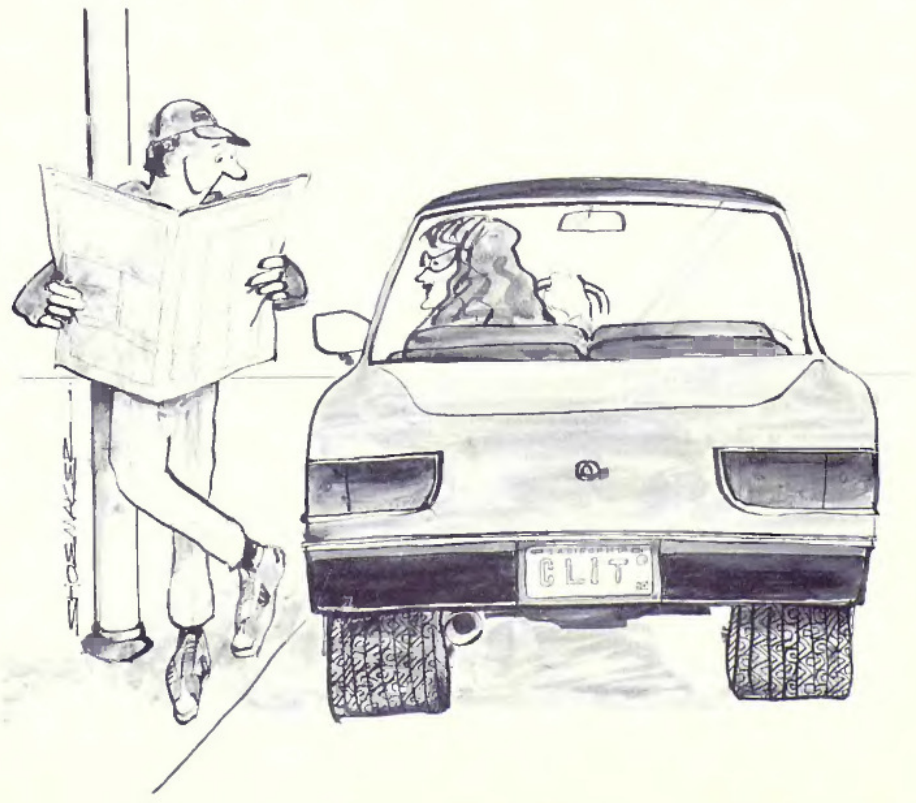
Earlier in the year, when the travel ban had been lifted, Saleh visited Europe for the first time in ten years. What struck him most was the hotel newsstand, stuffed each day with a dozen newspapers. "Half of them were in languages I could barely read, but I bought them all, just the same," he said.

Sighing wistfully, he unfurled an Iraqi paper to show me the thin gruel to which he'd returned. Gone were the communiqués about victories on some distant front of a never-ending war. But in an even eerier echo of *1984*, history had been hastily rewritten. Iran, the millennial foe, had become a "fraternal" ally, and the sheikdoms that had bankrolled Iraq were now the "backward agents" of America. A front-page story reported that the Kuwaiti foreign minister was riddled with syphilis. On the inside pages, readers learned that rabbis were ministering to U.S. troops inside the holy Moslem shrines of Mecca and Medina.

Saleh chuckled and tossed the paper into the trash. Opening his desk, he drew out smuggled copies of *Newsweek* and *Time*, wrapped in brown bags as though they were pornography. "Without this," he said, "I would be a sheep like everyone else."

•

Getting information from private or public sources has never been easy in Baghdad. In 1988, when I made my pilgrimage, as must all visiting journalists, to the Ministry of Culture and Information, Mr. Mahn, director of protocol for the foreign press, sat behind his desk, with a red flyswatter in one hand and my requested "program" in the other. The fat, bug-squashing official reminded me at first of Sydney Greenstreet in *Casablanca*. But then I realized that he bore an even closer resemblance to Saddam. It was an unspoken rule that officials not only draped their walls with Saddam portraits and wore a Saddam watch but also mimicked the president's squarish haircut and thick, well-manicured mustache. Unfortunately for Mr. Mahn, Saddam had recently decided to lose weight, and officials across Baghdad



were now on what was known as the "Saddam diet"; their weights and target weights were published in the press and those who failed to lose the designated amount lost their jobs. By my third visit to Iraq, Mr. Mahn had shed 50 pounds.

I'd been warned of the difficulty of seeing Iraqi officials and had listed every person I could think of on my program, beginning with Saddam Hussein. Mr. Mahn took out a red pen and crossed out the president's name. "His Excellency, of course, is too busy to see you," he said. Saddam's face was everywhere, but the man himself was elusive.

"This is no," Mr. Mahn said, crossing out the next official I'd requested.

"This is also no." He continued down the list, alternating strokes of the red pen with slaps of the red flyswatter.

"This is no." *Thwap.*

"Never mind."

"No."

"Still no." *Thwap.*

"Never mind."

After five minutes, Mr. Mahn had flattened a dozen bugs and reduced my epic-length list to three or four requests. One of them was to "see current fighting on the southern battle front."

"This maybe you can see," Mr. Mahn said. "On video." He stuffed the list into his breast pocket. "Now you can go back to the hotel and wait. We will see what we can do with your program."

Not much, as it turned out, which left plenty of time for wandering the streets and "sight-seeing." Playing tourist in Baghdad wasn't easy. There was, first of all, the matter of maps. There was also the problem that broad areas of the city were sealed off, for security.

Driving in the vicinity of Saddam's riverside palace was a bad idea. Soldiers had been known to open fire on any car that motored past too slowly or that made a suspicious U-turn. Even visiting Baghdad's premiere tourist site, a striking memorial to the war dead, could be hazardous. One Japanese visitor attempted it at night and alarmed the guards with the flash on his camera. They responded with a burst of machine-gun fire, missing him but riddling his car with bullet holes.

I visited, without camera, a museum of Saddam's life, which included his birth certificate, his fifth-grade report card (he scored an 89 in history, his best subject) and a family tree tracing his ancestry to the family of Mohammed. Saddam was raised in the Euphrates town of Tikrit by his uncle Khairallah Tulfah, who once wrote a leaflet titled "Three Whom God Should Not Have Created: Persians, Jews and Flies." His foster son was doing what he could to finish Allah's work in at least two of those categories.

Downtown, there was a statue marking the site where Saddam had attempted to assassinate Abd Karim Kassim. Nearby sprawled the centuries-old copper bazaar, where hammer-wielding craftsmen tapped out giant urns, plates, ashtrays and wall hangings—with Saddam's face adorning their center.

The rest of the capital seemed drab. As far back as the 12th Century, an Arab traveler lamented of Baghdad, "There is no beauty in her that arrests the eye, or summons the busy passer-by to forget his business and gaze." The flat, sun-baked plain surrounding the city offered little with which to build, except mud. Invaders had periodically leveled most of the great buildings that once existed. And Iraq's vast oil wealth had finished the job, with swathes of the old city ripped down to make space for towering hotels and housing blocks. Or for statues of Saddam.

•

Wandering the streets once again on my return visit last year, it became obvious that Saddam's personality cult hadn't really waned, despite my first impression. It was true that there were fewer portraits of the president. But, hewing to the architectural axiom "Less is more," new likenesses of Saddam were grotesquely bloated, as though some pituitary disorder had infected the paint and clay.

One fresh sculpture of Saddam rivaled the Colossus of Rhodes: It was four stories high, with Saddam's outstretched arm casting a shadow the length of a football field. Even Iraqis seemed stunned. "Normally, you must be dead before they put up something so big," a cabby confided, stalled in traffic beneath the statue's Promethean gaze. A much smaller statue, titled Arab Horseman, that had once graced an adjoining lot, had been torn down so as not to obstruct the view of so much as the shins of the new Saddam.

Nearby, a new monument called Hands of Victory soared 150 feet into the air. The hands—modeled in Pharaonic scale on those of Saddam—clutched enormous crossed sabers, their hilts draped with nets of Iranian helmets. In the same complex, an Eiffel Tower–like structure was going up, topped with a giant clock. Its base was to be decorated with scenes from the president's life. This was Baghdad's answer to Big Ben, though it wasn't destined to become a tourist attraction. The clock lay inside a restricted area, where cars were forbidden to stop and pedestrians to enter.

I'd also hoped to visit Babylon, which I'd last seen in 1988. The ancient city lies 60 miles south of Baghdad along a dull road bordered by date palms, mud-brick villages and 50-foot-high placards of Saddam. Just outside Babylon, I had come upon the biggest portrait I'd yet seen. It showed the president receiving inscribed tablets from a skirted Babylonian king, beneath the words FROM NEBUCHADNEZZAR TO SADDAM HUSSEIN. Nebuchadnezzar, of course, was the ruler who had defeated the Jews and carried them back to Babylon as slaves. His modern-day heir has inserted several bricks into the rebuilt Babylon inscribed with the information that they were laid "in the era of the leader Saddam Hussein."

But when I asked a Ministry of Culture and Information official if a day trip to Babylon were OK, his face curled into a chilling smile. "To follow the line of Bazoft?" he asked. "You are free." Farzad Bazoft, an Iranian-born London-based journalist, had been hanged by

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the Iraqis a few months before, accused of spying during a drive south from the capital. I decided I could live without seeing Babylon again.

•

But there was one spot I made sure to revisit. Down by the river, I found Mohammed the fishmonger where I'd left him two years before, in a blood-stained smock, clubbing fish and propping them against an open wood fire. Thrashing around in their tiled tub of water, the unsuspecting fish looked fat and happy. Mohammed didn't. "Business no good," he said, waving his monkey wrench at the sole customer in his restaurant. "No one have money anymore."

He seemed pleased to see me, though his long list of Iraq's enemies now included America. "And Egypt and Saudi Arabia and England and France and Russia," he said, ticking them off on his fingers. I pointed out that Iran, at least, was off Iraq's hit list.

"Persians be enemies again someday," he said, shaking his head. "No one makes love to Iraq."

Although strait-jacketed in most respects, Iraq was remarkably unbuttoned when it came to drink and entertainment. Mohammed's restaurant sat beside Abu Nawas Street, a neon-lit stretch of clubs and bars named for a medieval Arab poet famed for his suggestive verse. Two years before, Mohammed had taken me to one of the clubs and we'd sat in a dark booth upholstered with red velvet and visited every few minutes by fantastically fat bar girls.

"Pretty boy want to fickey fickey?" the first one had cooed, holding me in a playful hammer lock.

Mohammed had leaned across the pitch-black booth and lit a match an inch from the woman's nose, revealing a haggard, heavily made-up face and the shoulders of a longshoreman. "By Allah!" he cried, shooing her away. "What species is this?" After half an hour, he'd exhausted his matches and the supply of women in the bar.

Recalling the incident now, I suggested to Mohammed that we make a return trip and I offered to pay for the beer. For the first time, Mohammed's mood brightened. "I only go out with Allah now," he said. He pointed to a picture of Mecca that now hung above his fish tank, beside a dusty picture of Saddam. Mohammed had found religion.

"For years, I throw my dinars away at ugly women and bad beer," he said. "Why I do this?" Clutching his monkey wrench, he smiled and nodded suggestively at the fish tank. "Stay here, Mr. Tony, I make you nice dinner."

I declined the offer and ducked across the street to visit the night club without him. It was closing early, for lack of customers, but the doorman, a glum Egyptian named Omar, said I could poke my head in for a quick look. The scene inside was even more tattered and depressing than I remembered. Two Iraqis hunched over a half-empty bottle of whiskey as a lone dancer shuffled listlessly across the stage. Months-old tinsel hung from the rafters, cigarette burns covered the tablecloths. One amplifier had blown out, bombarding half the club with deafening warbles and feedback.

Omar said the club would probably close for good now that the Kuwaitis no longer came to town. Although Kuwait was now, officially, Iraq's 19th province, most of its inhabitants had fled into exile.

"Kuwaitis paid, got drunk and paid some more," he said. Even Egyptians—the club's other large clientele—were fleeing Iraq in the mass exodus of foreign workers. "I think the happy days are all done in Baghdad," he said.

I walked back past the shuttered stores on Sadoun Street, Baghdad's main shopping drag. Earlier that week, the government had closed ice-cream parlors to conserve milk, and pastry and chocolate shops to nurse Iraq's dwindling store of sugar. Restaurants were to close on the weekend, as meat, rice and other staples could be purchased only with ration cards. At one A.M., the only other person on the street was a soldier, snoozing over his submachine gun.

Cutting back to the Tigris, I found a bench and gazed out at the anti-aircraft emplacements on the river's other bank. The guns had been taken down after the cease-fire with Iran—and resurrected now that enemy bombs threatened again. A small boat with an unmuffled engine puttered toward me and then turned around. It was forbidden to continue downriver, past the presidential palace.

A night out in Baghdad had never been my idea of a good time. But it depressed me that what little vitality the city had once possessed was now draining away so fast. War or no war, Iraq seemed destined to become a desert Albania: destitute and lifeless, forever armored against the outside world.

But then, anything was possible. Ten months before, on a raw Christmas night in the Romanian town of Timisoara, I'd seen ill-clad and crooked-toothed mobs rush into the street to celebrate the news that the dictator Ceausescu was dead.

Walking back to my room at the Baghdad Sheraton, with its dim light and tapped phone, I wondered if I would return here again some starry Arabian night, to watch Baghdad dance on the banks of the Tigris.

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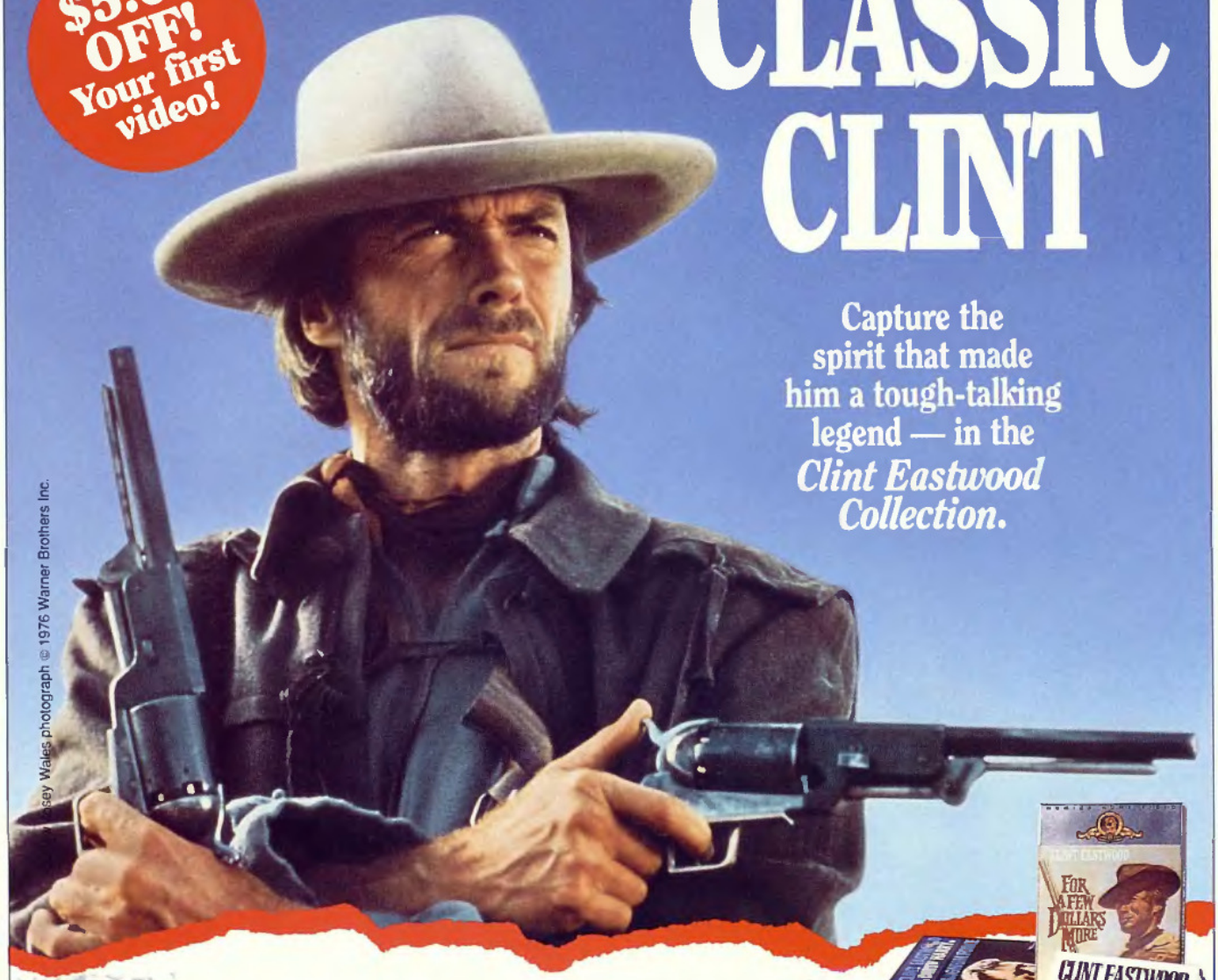

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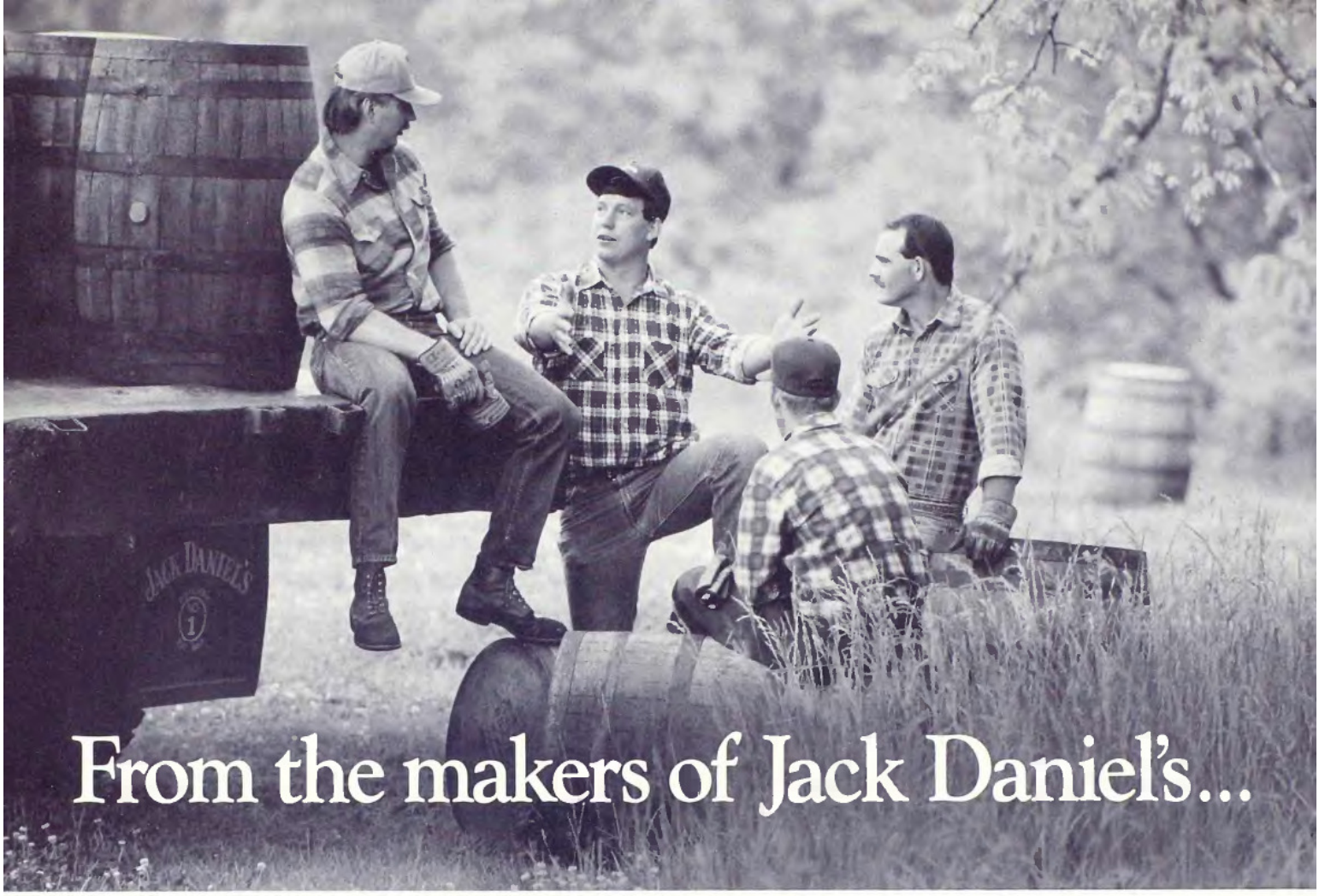

From the makers of Jack Daniel's...

The Party

(continued from page 167)

finger. Nothing can put a damper on fun more quickly than a frazzled host madly dashing about in an attempt to keep everyone happy.

How much and what kind of champagne you serve depends on your budget and your friends' palates. Caterers estimate about a bottle per person, but with designated drivers and the trend toward drinking less but better, you may wish to adjust your order accordingly. And because the French bubbly that you'll be pouring will cost at least $20 a bottle, we suggest that you stick to good nonvintage *crus*, such as Moët & Chandon White Star.

California sparkling wine, which costs about 30 to 50 percent less than champagne, is no longer considered the bubbly's homely stepsister. If you opt for serving a West Coast sparkler rather than champagne, look for wine from such top vineyards as Gloria Ferrer, Iron Horse, Schramsberg and Mumm Napa Valley, and pay particular attention to the labels. Most sparklers will be labeled "*blanc de blancs*" or "*blanc de noirs*." The former usually means the wine was made from all white grapes, primarily *chardonnay*. The latter means it was made with red *pinot* grapes. *Blanc de blancs* sparklers tend to be lighter; *blanc de noirs* are fuller. Take your pick.

A good red wine, such as American *pinot noir*, should also be added to your list of spirits. Why? Because it's an excellent red wine to serve when you're offering both seafood and meat—as you'll be doing at your party. *Pinot noir* is voluptuous and smooth with relatively little tannic bite, so if you drink it directly after popping an oyster into your mouth, your taste buds won't kick back with an unpleasant metallic taste. California wineries to look for include Saintsbury, Robert Mondavi, Sterling, Carneros Creek, Sanford and Calera.

While you're still thinking about beverages, you also might plan to serve a New Year's Eve punch. When the line starts forming at the bar, thirsty guests can help themselves. The following punch, which serves 20, is easy to make and delicious.

NEW YEAR'S EVE PUNCH

4 6-oz. cans chilled apricot nectar
6¼ cups chilled ginger ale
1½ cups chilled Grand Marnier
2 bottles chilled California sparkling wine
1 lemon, thinly sliced
1 can pineapple wedges, drained and chilled

Mix a 6-oz. can apricot nectar with 6 ozs. ginger ale and freeze in ice-cube tray. Put cubes in chilled bowl or pitcher. Pour remaining nectar, ginger ale and Grand Marnier over them. Stir well. Add sparkling wine and float lemon slices and pineapple wedges on top.

With all the merriment going on, you'll want to provide the gang with some serious sustenance to keep them straightened up and flying right. But with 20 people floating through your abode laughing, drinking and having a good time, it's no occasion to serve veal medallions with wild mushrooms in a cream sauce. A buffet that's laid out for a large gathering should be easy to eat and, unless you're lucky enough to have a staff of ten, simple to prepare. The most practical solution when planning such a spread is to rely on mail-order services, local specialty stores and caterers. That way, you can order everything over the phone and just arrange a delivery or pickup time.

Our recommended menu includes pheasant *pâté*, a side of smoked salmon, Southern country ham, freshly shucked oysters, chilled shrimps, *crudités* and salad dressing, a wheel of stilton or brie and, of course, caviar. The last is a must. Caterers estimate at least half an ounce of caviar per person. There are many kinds to choose from, including American sturgeon, but the best caviars are either Russian or Iranian. Guess which one is embargoed.

Serving Russian Beluga caviar to your

20 closest friends is a grand gesture, but if you're not in the mood to cash in a six-month CD to do it, you might consider considerably less expensive Sevruga as an alternative. It's still the real McCoy and the flavor is only slightly different. But it's less rare and, hence, less costly. If you can't find caviar in your area, place a call to Zabar's (212-787-2000) or Macy's Department Store (212-695-4400, extension 2647) in New York no later than the first week in December. Each holiday season, those two rivals declare a serious caviar price war.

Expect to spend at least $200 for 20 ounces of Sevruga and $675 for the same amount of Beluga. Schedule your caviar delivery to arrive no more than a week before your party, because that's about how long caviar keeps when refrigerated. Store it unopened in the coldest part of your fridge, usually the back of the lowest shelf. (Don't freeze it or you'll have expensive trash on your hands.)

When serving caviar, avoid fussy accompaniments. Some toasted brioche and a glass bowl filled with *crème fraîche* (available in specialty stores) are all you'll need. The caviar should also be served in a glass bowl resting on a bed of cracked ice with a mother-of-pearl spoon for scooping. Avoid metal; it reacts badly with caviar, causing it to taste strange.

Nothing is easier to buy than smoked salmon. Order a side of a good Scottish, Irish or Norwegian brand that has been cut on the diagonal into paper-thin slices. Lay the side out on a silver platter and place a serving fork nearby, along with a basket of lemon wedges and plenty of slices of buttered pumpernickel.

Oysters on the half shell are a New Year's rite of passage. Order them at least a week before your party from a local fish market and be sure to have them shucked just before you pick them up. Don't forget to ask for the shells. Caterers estimate about six per guest, but, because oysters aren't to everyone's liking, you may wish to order fewer. Before your guests arrive, lay out a selection in three or four big glass bowls filled with cracked ice.

Chilled shrimps are a near-perfect party food. Any fish market that carries oysters also will stock jumbo shrimps that have already been cooked, peeled and chilled. Order about five pounds early, along with the oysters, but pick them up at the last minute for maximum freshness.

Preparing the shrimps is simple. Cut a tiny notch in the belly of each one and hang it on the lip of a big glass bowl filled with crushed ice. Make a dipping sauce by combining equal amounts of mayonnaise and sour cream spiced with a bit of minced garlic and ginger, a dash of Worcestershire and Tabasco sauce and a teaspoon or two of tomato paste for color.

The centerpiece of your table should be a whole country ham. Not the processed excuse for ham that's too often served at Easter, but a true, lean Southern ham that has been smoked and cured naturally. Order it from your butcher well in advance of the party. Serve it on a platter and slice about half of it before your guests arrive. Slice the rest halfway through the party. If you simply lay out a knife and leave the cutting to your guests, you'll end up with a mess on your hands.

Pheasant or duck *pâté* is a wonderfully easy party food—and an ideal complement to the ham. Order it at least one week in advance from your favorite food emporium. You can pick it up the weekend before the party and keep it refrigerated. But remove it an hour or so before your guests arrive so that it warms to room temperature. Serve partially sliced—in one-half-inch-thick pieces—on a platter, with nuts or dried fruits for garnish. And be sure to lay out a *pâté* knife for serving (you know, the kind with the rounded end).

A brimming bowl of *crudités* will round out the appetizer/entree section of your buffet. But instead of wasting time chopping veggies in your kitchen, simply drop by a local full-service supermarket

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MADE IN TENNESSEE
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TENNESSEE MUD

or upscale deli that has an ambitious salad bar and buy about $15 worth of your favorite fixings. Then choose a variety of bottled dressings to serve in glass bowls on the side. Buying carrots, broccoli, mushrooms, etc., already cut and chopped will save you time in the kitchen and will look smart, to boot.

Lastly, dessert. It's likely that you'll have sung *Auld Lang Syne* and welcomed in the New Year with hats, noisemakers, serpentines, confetti and the like before you get around to it, so no one will be in a stuffy mood. Our suggestion is to serve a huge frosty bowl heaping with scoops of different flavors of ice cream. Alongside it, set out a dozen or so toppings in clear glass bowls: maybe shredded coconut, chocolate chips, roasted nuts, chopped berries, sliced bananas, granola, raisins, whipped cream and broken pieces of peanut brittle, plus pitchers of hot fudge sauce, Kahlúa, etc. Then watch everyone gleefully dive in with the kind of damn-the-calories, full-speed-ahead attitude that befits New Year's Eve. For those guests who avoid ice cream, place a selection of truffles, pastries and other sweets on the table so they don't feel left out of the caloric action.

At some point in the evening, you—or someone else—should offer a toast to the New Year. If you're up to it, fine; but otherwise, assign the task to your wittiest guest. Stopping the party as one, two or even three merrymakers pay sentimental or outrageous homage to the New Year adds psychological fuel to the social fire and gives everyone an attitude kick. Onward, into the night!

As the evening winds down, strong black coffee will be in order, and, of course, you'll want to have plenty of soft drinks and plain and flavored bottled waters on hand for the designated drivers.

Have fun and a happy New Year!

"Much as we'd like to help public television, I'm afraid we're a little overextended at the moment, what with having to bail out the savings-and-loan industry."

LOVE DICKS

(continued from page 104)

agency. "If you want to know if a man is having an affair, you just wait until he goes out of town and stays in a hotel. He'll eat in the restaurant, have a couple of drinks, then go back to his room and make two phone calls—one to the honey and one to the wife. The next day, you call the hotel and say, 'This is Miss Smith with the ABC Company. I want to verify the charges on our employee's phone bill. . . .' Simple," Pankau says. "They give you the numbers and you see who he called."

Martin handled about 300 love spy cases last year—ten times the number he investigated in 1985—and it gave him a new appreciation for feminine intuition in matters of the heart and lower organs. "Of the women who ask us to do a background check just to make sure everything's OK, usually they walk away very happy, very satisfied, no problems," he says. "Of the women who want us to find out if their partner is fooling around, ninety-seven percent are, and the other three percent are, too; we just don't catch 'em. It's uncanny. *Women know.*"

If AIDS has raised the stakes in the dating game, it has also changed the rules. Nick Beltrante, of D.C.-based Beltrante & Associates, says almost all of his clients requesting background checks want to know if their lovers are sleeping around. Same old story—with a new denouement. "They say they suspect their boyfriend is seeing someone else, but they're not that concerned unless he's having casual relations," says Beltrante. "They want to know, is he going to bars and picking up anyone he meets? The subject is health, not sex."

Sometimes the subject is money.

Joan, a 38-year-old office manager, is a petite brunette with sky-blue eyes, a musical laugh and a biological clock ticking like Big Ben. She met Steven at a party in a friend's home. He was tall, dark and "gorgeous," she says. She fell in love.

Steven told Joan he worked in PR for local hotels. When they started dating, he had plenty of spending money. Gradually, as the weeks piled into months, he was coming up short. "It was little things at first," Joan says. "He needed some new shirts for a business trip, or he'd want to take some clients to dinner at a real nice place and could I pay? He'd say, 'My money will be coming through soon.' That kind of thing." So she paid. She paid for shirts and dinners. Then she paid for suits and rental cars. Then airline tickets. And then, one day, he was gone.

When Joan met the man she now lives with, she was still working off $50,000 in debts from her two-year binge with Steven. Once burned, she shied into detective David Mollison's office to get a

background check on her new suitor.

"I was so suspicious at that point, I figured the detective was jerking me off, too," Joan says, laughing. "I was like, oh, this guy just comes right out front with it. Gimme a hundred bucks!"

Mollison, founder of Coastal Operations Group in Casselberry, Florida, gave Joan a clean report card on her new lover. He also tapped his computer keyboard until he found a paper trail to con man Steven. "He said we could probably find him and press some kind of charges," Joan says, "but I don't know. I feel like that's over and done. In a way, I guess I must have known what was going on, but I just wanted to believe in him."

•

We've all spied in the name of love. Not the zoom lens, wire-tap, cloak-and-dagger kind of spying—not the stuff from the movies. Even the pros seldom ever resort to that. But how about glancing in snookums' Week at a Glance to see what's booked for Saturday night? Hasn't your hand ever dipped into a coat pocket for an address book? Or rifled the receipts on a desktop? What about the medicine chest at hot cakes' place—you checked for an extra toothbrush, didn't you? And you would have noted if he had a diaphragm case next to the Q-Tips, or if she kept a bottle of Brut with her Lady Bics. That's only natural. After the first few mindless mattress thrashes, we're all looking for clues.

"What I tell people is, Come to me before you get in deep in the relationship," says Martin. "It'll save you a lot of grief, a lot of time and a lot of money. It's so much easier."

Consider the case of Ralph, an insurance adjuster in Boston, 45 years old, married for the second time. He hired a detective to check the probate records before he married his second wife, "but I wasn't going to admit that," Ralph says. "I mean, she wasn't the problem."

The problem was Ralph's first wife. They had met on a blind date and married within months. He was 25 years old, she was 20.

"I loved her," Ralph says. Then he amends quietly, "I thought I loved her."

One night, a couple of years after they wedded, Ralph and his wife went to an awards banquet. During cocktail hour, as he introduced her to his colleagues, he noticed something odd.

"This one guy from the office seemed to be really staring at my wife—I could just kind of feel it—and when he came up and I introduced them, she became uncomfortable. She went through a little change. I could see it in her eyes."

At work the next day, Ralph confronted the guy. "He said he didn't want to accuse my wife of anything, but he thought he knew her from Montreal. He said he used to go to this place in Montreal where they had exotic dancers. . . ."

When he cooled down, Ralph called detective Robert Simmons. Three weeks and $3500 later, Ralph had the skinny on the missus.

"The report said she was a dancer in the club, and she was helping herself to liquor between shows, and she'd been a prostitute up there, too. The whole deal. Her hair was a different color, but she used her own name, and her own Social Security number, so that proved it. That Social Security number proved it."

Ralph says it took him a week to get up the nerve to confront his wife. When he did, "she admitted everything. She said times had been rough. She said she started dancing when she was seventeen and the money was good, but she stayed longer than she'd wanted to. She said she wanted to tell me about it but just never did."

Ralph moved out, filed for divorce, quit his job. "I didn't think I'd ever get married again," he says. "I didn't want children, so what was the point? It's not that I don't trust people because of what happened, but I didn't want to go through all that again and find out my wife was somebody I didn't even know."

•

He says, "I can't give you my phone number, because I'm working undercover for the DEA."

She says, "You're the only one."

He says, "I'm with the CIA and I move to a different safe house every week."

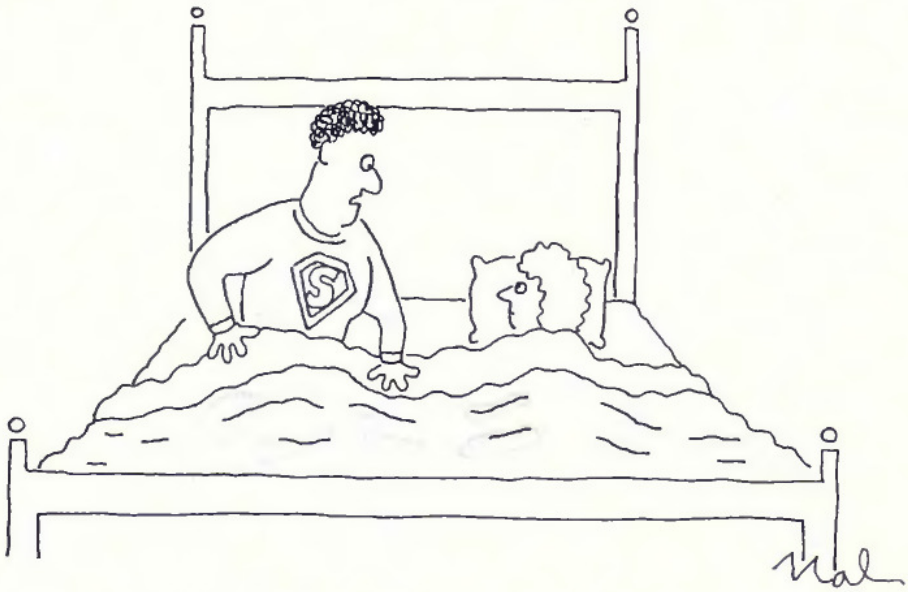
She says, "I'm a virgin."

You'd be hard put to devise a pickup, come-on or plea the love spies haven't heard. Pankau says he or one of the 65 agents who work for him hears the DEA and CIA lines "at least once a week. Those are real popular."

Speriglio heard the virgin line recently from a single guy who ordered a background check on his fiancée. "She told him she was a virgin, and she's twenty-eight years old. Then they had sex and she said she was pregnant." Speriglio pauses. "That's pushing it, don't you think?"

Martin, who actually *was* a DEA agent before he hung his shingle, says, "Listen to this. This happens a lot. A woman comes in here and says, 'I'm in love with this guy. We've been dating for two years. He's always over at my house. I've never been to his house. Does he have an address?'" Martin slaps a meaty fist against his forehead for emphasis. "I go, 'Look, lady, I'll give you this for free: The guy's *married*. OK? You don't even need me. Get outa here. Goodbye!' I mean, how stupid can you be?"

Another line tossed around liberally is an old standard: "Will you marry me?" That's what Salvatore said to the wealthy divorcee who hired Speriglio. Here's what happened: Barbie from Brentwood, as we'll call her, met Sal at a party. He spoke broken English and she spoke phrase-book Italian. They talked and shortly thereafter made an international love connection. Sal had the kind of body you see in museums cast in bronze—the kind of body they build at Gold's Gym in Venice, California, where he worked out daily, or out on the beach, where he played paddle tennis. Barbie swooned. They began to date. When Barbie wanted to see Sal, she called him on his car phone or his pager. When Sal wanted money for "investments," Barbie paid. She didn't have his home number and had never been to his apartment, but that didn't bother her



"Most men wear a condom for safe sex—I wear one so my schlong of steel won't rust!"

much until Sal proposed. Then she went to the Nick Harris Detective Bureau & Academy for a background check.

In a photograph Barbie gave the detectives, Salvatore sits on the edge of a bed wearing pink boxer shorts and a Cheshire-cat smile. The calf muscles and biceps bulge. His hennaed hair flows onto his bronze shoulders. One hand disappears in the folds of the rumpled bed sheets.

•

We don't know if Sal is home the day we cruise his neighborhood, past his apartment house, up the alley, around the block again. Speriglio parks on a cross street, where his car can't be seen from Sal's front porch. Since the day Barbie came to Speriglio's office, a staffer has run a data search that came up with the address. A little legwork on the part of another agent established that Sal lived with an attractive woman named Mona. We don't know if she is his sister, girlfriend, wife or accomplice.

It's Sunday afternoon and the streets are quiet. After a few minutes, Speriglio looks up and smiles. "Let's be reporters," he says. He points at the pad and pen in my lap. "You've got the props."

He tells me how we'll play it—we're with such-and-such news agency, working on a story about paddle tennis. We have a tip that Salvatore is an international paddle-tennis star and we want to ask a few questions. What does Salvatore make of the competition in California? Is the paddle-tennis scene here the same as in Italy? Does he like the beaches? Is it like home?

"Hot story, Milo."

"I know, I know. Who cares about some Italian playing paddle tennis at Venice Beach? But just watch," he says. "It'll fly."

And it does—on the wings of Speriglio's jackpot guess that sleepy-eyed Mona, who answers the door, is, in fact, Salvatore's wife. Once we're in, we're home.

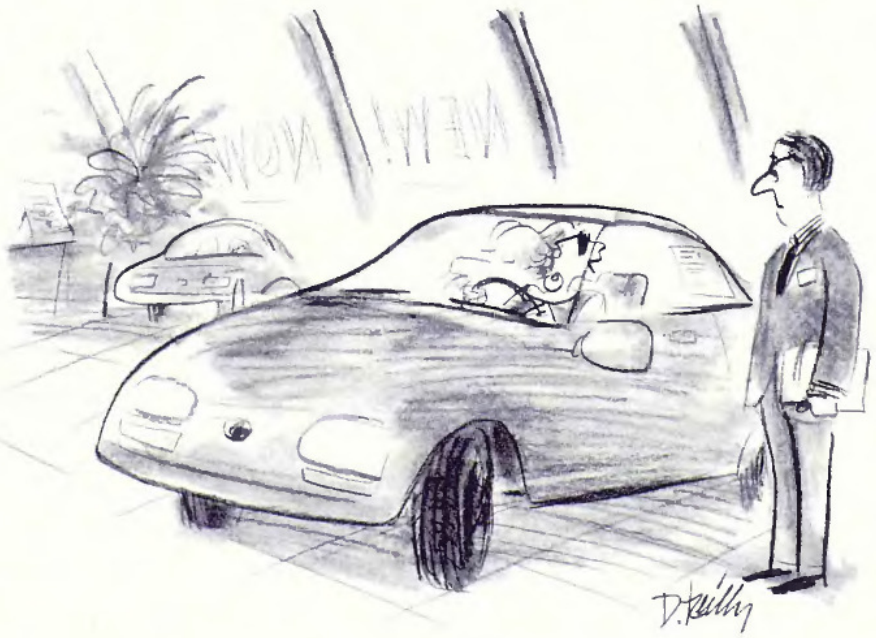
As for our "interview," it couldn't have been easier. "Do you play paddle tennis, too?" Speriglio begins, as all good reporters do, giving the subject a chance to talk about herself. Mona is groggy and she doesn't know much English, but Speriglio is as cool as a sea breeze. He uses his real name and tosses in a couple of Italian words, for good measure. He compliments her on how fit she looks and her lovely tan. Ever so slowly, the talk turns to Salvatore. How long has he been in the U.S.? When did she arrive? How long have they been married? Did they have any *bambini*? Mona's eyes shift from Speriglio to me and back a few times. She seems to understand less and less English the longer we stay. At one point, she leans back against the couch and crosses her arms over her stomach.

"Why you come here?" she asks.

A few minutes later, we're back on the street. We now know that Salvatore has been in the U.S. for a year and Mona arrived three months ago—about the time her husband met Barbie. They have been married for three years. They have no children. Mona is headed home within weeks and Sal is leaving a few months later. For the record, Mona says there was no such thing as paddle tennis in Italy, but Sal was a squash champion.

As we turn the corner and walk to the car, out of sight of Salvatore and Mona's front door, Speriglio plugs a cigarette into his mouth.

"Case closed," he says.



"Um—what colors do the air bags come in?"

DETECTIVE D'AMOUR

(continued from page 104)

clients named her husband's brokerage firm in divorce papers. We'd found out that the guy was leading a double life with another woman and the firm knew all about the arrangement. His office routinely referred business calls to the apartment he kept for the woman. The wife's lawyer claimed the firm "entered into a conspiracy of mental cruelty" against the wife. The firm folded on the case, too.

PLAYBOY: You let us eavesdrop when you phoned the Wall Streeter's actress friend. When she answered, you faked some conversation, then claimed the telephone company had crossed lines. Is the ruse a way of life for private eyes?

MULLEN: Sure. A private eye may telephone you to confirm that you live at a certain address; he'll make some small talk and then say that he's got a wrong number. He may call on the pretext of a character reference for a new employee, then claim he made a mistake. But any private investigator who says he's a cop is a jerk. He taints his case.

PLAYBOY: You have an eight-by-ten glossy head shot of the actress. Did you pose as a theatrical agent to get it?

MULLEN: I lucked out with a talent booker for an ad agency and got a photograph of the actress. But you always want to narrow things down, do a profile before you go out on the tail job. When the wife called for an appointment, I asked her to bring a picture of her husband to help with the I.D. She brought notes on the guy's routine; he stops for drinks every day in a place near a bank after the stock market closes. Which is why we're parked out here. She even brought an American Express charge receipt she lifted from her husband's pocket so I could have a look at his signature. He charged drinks at a bar where the girlfriend works as a cocktail waitress between acting jobs.

PLAYBOY: We see a forty-dollar tip on a ten-buck tab. He's a big tipper and he's leaving a paper trail for you, right?

MULLEN: She's giving him free drinks. But with plastic, we can bring up your life story. You're a stranger throwing down a piece of plastic and walking out with the merchandise. You pay a price for the convenience. But what are you going to do, pay cash for everything? Technically, we can't get credit reports. It's an invasion of privacy. I have a girlfriend who owns a business and I use her shop's credit-reporting service. We can pull a motor vehicle up on the office computer. We're licensed private eyes, so we can subscribe to that service. We'll enter the plate number of a car and get a name, date of birth, height, color of eyes, driving record, impaired-driving incidents. We can write for an accident report and get an address. We can write

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PLAYBOY: So much for privacy. What about civil rights?

MULLEN: Maybe a guy has registered to vote. I can get a copy of your voting card for three bucks. Find out how long you've lived in your building. Call the town clerk, get a lot number, find out when you bought the property, how much you paid for it. Sometimes public officials balk at coming across with public records. Bruce Springsteen is like a god in Jersey, but we pried loose information about him. Julianne Springsteen's attorneys retained me to help make their case that Springsteen spends most of his time in California. Julianne had to counter his claim that Jersey was his home. That was and still is important for her divorce. The property's all split in California. New Jersey maintains an equitable-distribution law. So her attorneys wanted to start the case in California. We found that Bruce Springsteen of Thirty-six Bellevue Avenue, Rumson District Five, had failed to vote in the past four years and, according to law, his records were removed from the active file. We got copies of the deed for Springsteen's Jersey house registered under the name of his manager in California; we found New Jersey registrations for his '63 Chevy and '69 pickup. His driver's license, his motorcycle registration and his current voting registration are not in New Jersey. Hard to get that kind of stuff in California. They protect constitutional rights out there.

PLAYBOY: We had an idea this might be a dirty business, but your son confirmed our suspicions when he dropped a bag of trash onto your desk.

MULLEN: The guy picking up your garbage may not be the garbage man. Garbage tells a lot about a person. In certain cases, you can't use the garbage in criminal actions, because there's no proof it hasn't been diluted with someone else's. Private eyes working a matrimonial case search garbage for notes enclosed with bouquets or gifts, condom wrappers, empty champagne bottles.

PLAYBOY: That's quite a telephoto lens on your Nikon. Can you pass along any pointers on getting good candid shots?

MULLEN: You have to line up a shot, be the director. I'll follow a couple to a restaurant. At first, there are no signs of affection. It's like a business meeting. But it's a different temperature outside. With food in his stomach, everyone gets tired. Two drinks. The mind slows down. The guy's out of a controlled environment. He wants to show some affection. It's human nature. The private eye is anticipating that. He's standing across the street with a thirty-five-millimeter with a zoom lens. He gets the picture. Places a fallen tree branch on the hood of the guy's car so he has to walk around and face you so you get a good picture. The P.I. can drop some coins on the ground to slow him down, get him in the frame. Or you could give him a flat tire. But I would never, never do that. [*Laughs*] I don't want to be subpoenaed for anything I say to you.

PLAYBOY: We I.D.'ed the bond trader when he left his office and followed him into that bar. Can he shake a Mullen tail?

MULLEN: No one has time to look over his shoulder. New York's crowded streets and subways provide good cover for private eyes on tail jobs. On the other hand, a guy can get away with leading a double life—I followed a guy who was married but had a series of flight attendants on the side. We photographed him and them in restaurants just a couple of blocks from his own home. By the way, flight attendants are still very big as the other woman in a case; these Wall Street types travel first class on long trips and the flight attendant is the one who's there, giving them the attention.

PLAYBOY: You have a pistol strapped to your leg. Do things ever get violent?

MULLEN: The big difference between real life and television private eyes is a lack of violence. I try to control a situation; if I'm working a criminal case, I'm not going to tell someone to meet me at eleven P.M. in an empty lot. Even in a matrimonial, you want to be in control; you don't go into the guy's office and serve papers. He'll hardball you and shout that his lawyers will be calling. You serve him in the morning after he's spent the night with the girl and told his wife he was on a business trip to Tucson.

PLAYBOY: What's the worst nightmare of a guy getting something on the side?

MULLEN: The girlfriend starts putting on the pressure. She's hoping to break up the marriage—especially when the married man earns a lot of money. I showed you that letter the bond trader's wife had given me, the one that described how her husband and the actress were recently spotted together on a plane from LaGuardia to O'Hare, date and flight number included. The writer commiserates. Sure. And the letter's signed "One who pities you." But you can bet the actress wrote it. The girlfriends write ninety percent of those letters. Sometimes the girlfriends have hunches of their own. We were hired by a woman who wanted us to check out her boyfriend's wife. He'd kept stalling her on a divorce. He claimed his wife was sick, near death. We found her running a ten-K race up in Westchester.

—INTERVIEWED BY WARREN KALBACKER

"'Aside from lighting up a top fuel dragster, the Diablo is an all-time killer with aging prom queens.'"

me—seats. My second choice? The Suzuki Swift GTi, because it's great fun, offers tremendous gas mileage and embarrassingly good performance. It's kind of a born-again Mini-Cooper." David Stevens also opted for the Corrado, commenting favorably on its "stubby boy-racer bravado and kiss-my-acceleration rising spoiler. What's more," he said, "it feels European, and that's kind of nice for a change." Brock Yates cast his vote for the MR2, observing, "Toyota's reliability replaces traditional Continental under-hood zaniness with mid-engine madness—a feature formerly reserved for the gold-plated crowd." Ken Gross chose the Isuzu Impulse: "With its Lotus-tuned suspension, Isuzu's flashy—and affordable—Impulse makes a good driver out of a tyro." Lyn St. James favored the Mustang GT: "It's a real kick to drive. *Macho*, but so subtle anyone can drive it—even my mom." John Lamm called Mazda's Miata "the sweetheart of the pack," praising its quick-folding top and "the best sports-car shifter ever. I recently drove a Miata back from the desert on a warm summer night. Top down, going like hell on a twisty road. . . . Take me back; I loved it."

Coolest Wheels for a High School Reunion: "Show up in a Lamborghini Diablo," said Gross, "and they'll think you're a vice cop or a drug dealer. Either way, everybody will know you made it big time." Yates agreed: "Aside from lighting up a top fuel dragster in the parking lot, this thing is an all-time killer with aging prom queens." Lamm: "If you take the Diablo, you'll impress the hell out of everybody, but you'll intimidate them and no one will talk to you. Take a '57 Chevy ragtop and you'll have the time of your life." St. James said everybody should return in "the car he drove in high school [she drove a Pontiac Catalina 2+2], but if that's not available, go for a Ferrari F40. It's a race car in disguise. No one would dare sit in it, let alone ask you for a ride." Stevens would drive a Porsche Carrera 2: "So what if you blow into the old high school parking lot backward?" he said. "Isn't that how you drove in those days, anyway?" Frank: "Even if I owned a 500E or an NSX, I wouldn't take it. I'm from Youngstown, Ohio, so maybe a clapped-out Studebaker Avanti might be appropriate."

Smartest Four-Door Sedan Over $20,000: Last year, in this category, the car our panelists liked best was the Lexus LS 400 and this time around, not many opinions had changed. Lamm felt that "while there are other luxury cars that may perform better, none of them is as good a package as the Lexus." Gross: "European car makers sneered at the notion of a Japanese luxury car before they saw the quick, silent and affordable LS 400. You can bet they're not sneering now." Yates: "A Stepford sedan; perfect in most respects, but is there a passion

PLAYBOY'S PANEL OF JUDGES

FRANK

GROSS

LAMM

ST. JAMES

STEVENS

YATES

Len Frank: Host of the nationally syndicated radio program *The Car Show*, Frank has been racing, buying, selling and writing about automobiles for many years. Although the cars he races lean toward the unusual (a Cheetah, a Scaglietti-Corvette and a souped-up Volvo station wagon, to name a few), he has eagerly tested nearly every conventional make and model around.

John Lamm: As editor at large for *Road & Track* magazine and *Road & Track* special publications, Lamm is in the enviable position of traveling the world to write about and photograph the latest dream machines. Also a frequent contributor to six overseas car magazines, Lamm recently returned from the Paris auto show, only to be whisked off to Japan to check out the latest Mitsubishis.

David Stevens: Street driving may seem tame compared with racing a dune buggy in the Mexican 1000 down Baja or crossing the Sahara in a Land Rover, but to Stevens, who has braved these and other adventures during his 25 years with *Playboy*, the wheels are as thrilling as the terrain. Our Senior Editor is in charge of the material stuff men love—and that includes the world's best cars.

Ken Gross: As *Playboy*'s Automotive Editor, Gross keeps track of the latest new cars and trends for *Playboy's Automotive Reports* and recently shed light on the collectible market in *Million-Dollar Babies* (*Playboy*, December). He test-drives more than 100 cars a year, is the editor of "Vintage Stuff," a monthly feature in *Automobile Magazine*, and a columnist for *Automotive Industries*.

Lyn St. James: The most successful female race-car driver in North America, St. James has set 31 speed records as a Ford Motor Company driver. In 1985, she became the first and only woman to win a race in the International Motor Sports Association's Camel GTO series, a feat she has repeated four times since. Off the track, she is a commentator for ESPN and a columnist for *Cosmopolitan*.

Brock Yates: Co-host of the Nashville Network's award-winning *American Sports Cavalcade*, Yates also is an editor at large for *Car and Driver* and owner of the Cannonball Run Pub in Wyoming, New York. In his spare time—there's little of it these days—Yates organizes the annual 8000-mile One Lap of America endurance rally and recently completed a biography of Enzo Ferrari, due out soon.

PLAYBOY'S PICK OF THE PACK

VOLKSWAGEN CORRADO
Hottest Sports GT Under $20,000

LAMBORGHINI DIABLO
Coolest Wheels for a High School Reunion

LEXUS LS 400
Smartest Four-Door Sedan Over $20,000

VOLKSWAGEN PASSAT GL
Sharpest Four-Door Sedan Under $20,000

CHRYSLER MINIVANS
Most Improved Old Model

MAZDA MX-5 MIATA
Sexiest Car for Your Girlfriend

PORSCHE 911 TURBO
Most Fun to Drive

PORSCHE TIPTRONIC
Niftiest New Feature

DODGE STEALTH

MITSUBISHI 3000GT

Top All-Wheel-Drive Wheels

LOTUS ELAN
Ultimate Convertible

CITROEN XM
Most Anticipated Futuristic Wheels

gap?" Stevens: "I almost voted for the Infiniti Q45, because I like its quick acceleration and snazzy exterior door handles, but I've got to go with the LS 400. It's just so damn competent." St. James preferred the Lincoln Continental for its comfort, roominess and reliability of service. Frank chose the Ford Taurus SHO, "because when you compare its twenty-two-thousand-dollar price with the forty-something-and-up competition, the SHO seems like a winner."

Sharpest Four-Door Sedan Under $20,000: The aerodynamic Volkswagen Passat won top marks from Lamm, who felt that "there's something special about this sedan that separates it from the rest, and it's a difference I like—a bit tighter and more tightly sprung than the Japanese or American cars without being hard or rough. And the pricing [about $15,000 base] makes the Passat a relative bargain." Stevens agreed, commenting on its quick acceleration, taut steering and the fact that "you don't have to be a relative of Billy Barty to be comfortable in the back seat." Yates and St. James praised the Ford Escort GT. Yates: "So it ain't American; the Escort [designed by Mazda for Ford] is a plucky little chugger for the low-rent crowd. Just stay off Park Place and Broadway." Tell that to St. James, who feels that "the Escort is a first-class compact I'd go anywhere in. I like the straightforward, precise way it gets around." Gross's vote went to the new Saturn, because he felt "GM has taken a clean sheet of paper and come up with a stylish, twin-cam small sedan packed with high-tech features." Although he hadn't driven the Saturn, Frank liked the concept: "The Saturn's from by-Gawd Tennessee," he observed. "Why *not* a little chauvinism, a little jingoism, for a change?"

Most Improved Old Model: Half our panel came through loud and clear for Chrysler's minivan make-over. Stevens called it "a great redo. Even the directional signal feels right. Go for a black short-wheel based Dodge with all-wheel drive, ABS brakes and dark windows and be somebody." Lamm also opted for the minivan, saying, "Chrysler has owned this market segment and will keep its share. As technically interesting as the Toyota Previa may be, all family vans should be as simple and logical as the Chryslers." Yates concurred: "The Chrysler vans are radically refined, and they don't look like monorail locomotives, either." St. James touted the Lincoln Town Car. "The old Town Car was pretty heavy and antiquated. Now it's got a stronger V8 and improved handling. The boat no more!" Gross chose the Porsche 911 Turbo: "Since they've been working on the 911 for twenty-seven years, you can bet they've got it right." "Quietly American," said Frank about the 5.0 Mustang, pointing out that "it has evolved from the most lackluster,

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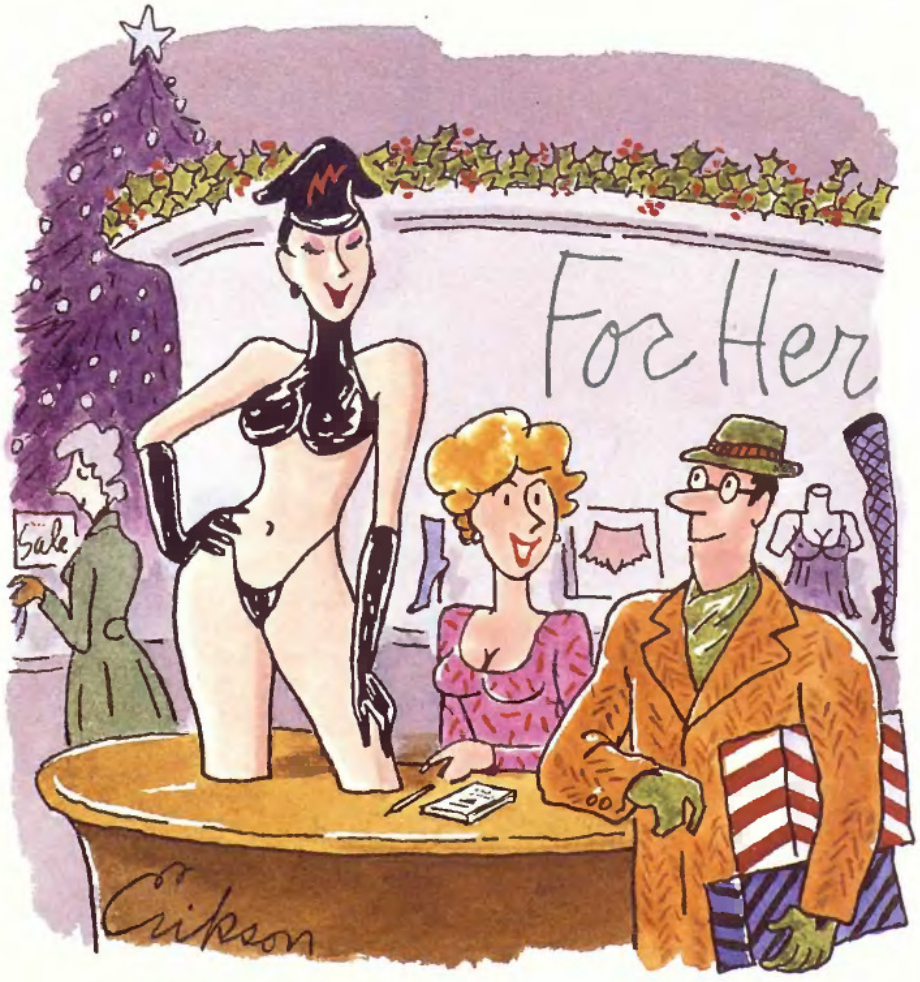
lowest-common-denominator Fairmont-based, Iacocca-blessed sporty car of the late Seventies into a real car—great for the buck and great for satiating torque hunger."

Sexiest Car for Your Girlfriend (Boyfriend): In this category, last year's Most Fun to Drive winner, the Mazda Miata, pulled slightly ahead of the pack. Stevens: "If you've got a rich girlfriend, tell her to buy a Jaguar XJ-S convertible. Otherwise, the Miata is still the sexiest skirt-over-the-knees car going. Just make sure your girl looks good in the wind." Frank agreed, saying, "My girl *bought* a Miata," but he also liked Buick's Reatta. "It's what all those blue-haired ladies in Beverly Hills who own 560SLs should have bought, except Buick didn't build it soon enough." "I don't know about your girlfriends," said Gross, "but mine likes sports cars and she can drive a stick shift. The quick, slick MR2 is an obvious choice for a lead-foot lady." Lamm said his girlfriend "is a tall, leggy blonde whose hair looks terrific in the wind. The Mercury Capri wouldn't be fast enough for her, and she'll never be old enough for a Reatta, no matter how old she is. She also has a practical streak, so I'd pick a Toyota Celica convertible—a great combination of open-air fun and long-term reliability." Yates liked the Capri, saying, "If your girlfriend is half as cute as this little nugget, you're a real winner." St. James split her vote between the Jaguar Vanden Plas sedan and the Lincoln Continental. "Since I will probably be riding in *his* car," she points out, "both my choices are elegant, and each offers a very comfortable ride."

Most Fun to Drive: Porsche's born-again, superquick 911 Turbo was the winner. Says Lamm, "If you like your fun fast and dramatic, the Porsche is the only answer, provided you know how to control it." Yates agreed: "Is there anything to replace sudden, terminal understeer as the ultimate thrill behind the wheel?" Stevens hadn't driven the 911 Turbo yet but said he'd have to vote for it, anyway: "Some lunatic tried to buy a Carrera 2 that I was testing at seventy-five miles an hour, heading north from Chicago. 'How much? I'll buy it!' he kept screaming through the open window of his Chevy Suburban. If I'd been driving a 911 Turbo, he probably would have run me off the road and included his wife in the deal." St. James voted for the Escort GT, calling it "a great little weekend warrior for autocrossing." Gross praised Alfa-Romeo's new 164: "A snappy Italian confection that turns heads and handles like a sports car." And Frank chose the Acura NSX, wryly adding that the Toyota MR2 is also "a nice enough car, but rumor has it that final suspension tuning was done by Toyota's legal department."

Niftiest New Feature: The majority of our panel's votes went to Porsche's Tiptronic automatic transmission. Said Yates, "Very clever, those Germans. Unlike dozens of pretenders of yore, this one works. You can actually shift the Tiptronic manually or let it ride in automatic." Gross called it "the finest automatic transmission ever devised for a sports car." Stevens agreed: "You've got to drive Tiptronic to believe it. Porsche has made the clutch pedal the necker knob of the Nineties." Frank: "Tiptronic is the first automatic transmission that doesn't trade the virtues of a manual for pure sloth and an atrophied left leg." Lamm and St. James were impressed with the NSX's all-aluminum body and chassis. Lamm: "Honda has taken aluminum out of the doors-deck-and-hood-only category. Some Ferraris featured hand-built aluminum bodies, but now Acura has made all-aluminum construction a reality."



"We keep coming back to leather lingerie, don't we?"

Top All-Wheel-Drive Wheels: Those two sexy, not-quite-identical twins, the Dodge Stealth and the Mitsubishi 3000GT, drove away with top honors in this category. Yates: "If Porsche or Ferrari had made these things, we'd all be in a state of rapture. All they lack is a name plate for the status slaves." Gross: "The Stealth design is a bit simpler, but I prefer the speed-activated aero package on the 3000GT. Either way, these curvaceous coupes claw the road like a pair of cheetahs." Stevens also cast his vote for the Stealth and the 3000GT but liked the Ford Explorer, too, calling it "a good-old-boy-mobile—big, fast and looking for a good time. The Eddie Bauer model reminds me of a marriage between Hank Williams, Jr., and Meg Ryan." St. James also picked the Ford Explorer: "It's a classy work horse that can handle all kinds of terrain." Frank voted for the Range Rover: "The only car in the sort-of-*macho* four-wheel-drive group that's good to drive and good to ride in." Lamm, however, preferred the Toyota Land Cruiser, saying that "a number of other machines are more sophisticated, but if you want to bounce off a canyon wall, go skiing in Colorado or—sorry, Range Rover—even go to the opera, this is the one in which to do it."

Ultimate Convertible: Half our panel picked the new Lotus Elan roadster, despite its relatively high price (about $39,000) and limited availability. Lamm said, "You can't really appreciate the Elan until you've driven it. Not only

does it handle like a Lotus, with no front-wheel-drive ill effects, but the car is sooo smooth." Gross observed that the chauvinistic British car magazines "did backflips over the Elan despite its Isuzu-based engine." Stevens thought "it took guts to bring out a small convertible that's more than twice the price of a Miata. You won't see yourself coming and going in this one." Yates and St. James praised the Mercury Capri. Yates: "It's new, it's kind of nerdy under the hood, but so was last year's cuddliest ragtop, the Miata." St. James found the Capri's top easy to use "and there's room to transport small friends legally in its back seat." Frank couldn't decide between the Geo Metro ("it's a better highway car than I expected") and the Buick Reatta ("Not good enough for all those bucks, but still pretty nice"). He still longs for a 1948 Buick Roadmaster.

Most Anticipated Futuristic Wheels: The Citroën XM tied with the new Mercedes-Benz 500 E in this category, but since Stevens, the editor in charge of this feature, owns a 1970 DS 21 Pallas Citroën, guess which one is pictured on page 196. Stevens' comment: "I like Citroëns. They're so *outré*. But then, I like the New York Yankees and burning the roof of my mouth. It will be good to see the old double chevron back on American roads." St. James gave Citroën a backhanded compliment, saying, "The old ones were so ugly I can't wait to see what they'll come up with next." The rest of our panel opted for Mercedes-Benzes to come. "I've driven the 500 E," said Lamm, "and it's a rocket. I'd actually like two—one for here and one to keep in Germany for those autobahn runs." Frank said, "The 500 E has everything I want in a sedan except its Becker radio. I wonder if installing the Bose from the NSX would cause the Mercedes' Bosch electrics to hemorrhage." Gross and Yates look forward to the new Mercedes S-Class. "It's going to be the baddest Benz ever," said Gross. "Twelve cylinders and four hundred horsepower's worth of German engineering, finished in leather and walnut. Definitely a *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous* contender." Yates concurs, wondering, "With the Japanese raising the ante by the day, can the Germans call their bluff in this high-stakes game?"

There you have it, our auto panelists' picks for 1991. They don't always agree on individual models, but they do agree on this much: Despite uncertainty over fuel prices, competition among the world's auto makers has never been keener. American and European manufacturers are responding to the challengers from Japan with dozens of interesting new models. And that guarantees some great bargains in the market place. Happy hunting!

BUCKEYE BEAUTY

(continued from page 124)

told me that if I had patience, I'd get what I was dreaming about."

After breezing successfully through the Miss Sunburst contests, a series of privately sponsored pageants in which Stacy got to the national finals and nabbed first-runner-up honors in both the beauty and the talent categories—country music is her thing—the Arthurs set their sights on the big show: the Mrs. Ohio pageant. She easily bested 28 other contestants in the finals and was instantly catapulted to local stardom. Sidney even declared a Stacy Arthur Day.

Which is where we came in. "Jim and I went to Chicago on this little modeling job I'd booked, and while I was there, I said, 'We can't waste this trip. Let's call *Playboy*.' So I made the call and said, 'Look, I don't want a lot of time, I just want to do test shots, OK?' They said, 'All right, come on in.' What was supposed to be a fifteen-minute test lasted almost an hour.

"I couldn't believe it when I was accepted as Playmate of the Month. Ever since high school, I had fantasized about being in the magazine. Even my first boyfriend, Todd Becktal, predicted I'd be a Playmate one day—and I was only thirteen! But I never thought it would actually happen. This is another lifelong dream come true."

So today, the Arthur household has become Stacy Central. In the foyer are 32 trophies, one crown and a scepter—Stacy's spoils from just over a year of pageantry competition; unopened mail and magazines (*Popular Ceramics*, *Pageantry* and *Playboy*, to name three) pile up on the kitchen table; videos of Stacy's pageant performances sing from the TV. And manning the phones is Jim, handling an endless stream of calls in which he hopes to persuade local sponsors to ride the wave of Stacymania all the way to Moscow.

"We're asking *everyone* to pitch in," says Stacy, beaming. "After all, this could be the first time anyone brings the Mrs. America title to Ohio."

You have our vote, Stacy. We'll be watching.

"Season's greetings, Ed. . . . Management has asked me to tell you that due to a drop in corporate earnings this year, there won't be any Christmas bonus. . . . Season's greetings, Jim. . . . Management has asked me. . . ."

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JAZZ AND ROCK

(continued from page 116)

sophisticated nine-piece band had been paid for the entire night. "They had the stuff the people wanted," said Handy. "It touched the spot." Possibly the one in his wallet.

In 1912, Handy wrote and published *The Memphis Blues*, one of the first pieces of sheet music with "Blues" in the title. This was followed in 1914 by the *St. Louis Blues*, which became a huge nationwide hit. To achieve this success, Handy, a black man himself, made the blues "whiter"—since whites were the main paying audience for this sheet music and since true "blue notes" could not be reproduced on the piano, which was too orderly and European an instrument. Handy was more of a popularizer than a creator of the music, but he helped put the blues into the musical mainstream.

The blues came from the sticks. Between 1890 and 1910, there was a significant migration to the Mississippi countryside by Southern blacks who went to the logging and turpentine camps, and to plantations such as the Dockery Farms in the Mississippi Delta, looking for work.

Prominent among the many major-league bluesmen associated with Dockery's was Charley Patton. Like so many other musicians from poor backgrounds, he had figured out early that singing and playing guitar, drinking a little whiskey and having the girls chase after him—and getting paid for it—sure beat sweating in the fields all day picking cotton. By all accounts, he liked to party, too much for his own good—just like Buddy Bolden. But also like Bolden, he put his own mark on the music.

Patton influenced a string of younger players, including Roebuck Staples, father of the Gospel group the Staple Singers; growlin' Howlin' Wolf; "Bukka" White, a big influence on the young Bob Dylan-to-be; "Son" House; Robert Johnson—whose records had a big impact on the Rolling Stones and Eric Clapton—and "Blind Lemon" Jefferson, born in Texas in 1897, who passed through Dockery's and eventually landed in Chicago, dying there at the age of 33, another heavy drinker gone early, leaving behind 81 sides he recorded in just four years. Jefferson, in turn, influenced Leadbelly and "Lightnin'" Hopkins.

They all learned from Charley Patton on or near the Dockery Farms—though Johnson sometimes claimed he got his licks from the Devil. The Dockerys, however kind as employers, were not particularly affected by the powerful, poignant music around them. Robert Palmer, in *Deep Blues*, quotes Keith Sommerville Dockery, who was married to Joe, son of Will Dockery, the original owner: "None of us really gave much thought to this blues thing. . . . We never heard these people sing. We were never the type of plantation owners who invited their help to come in and sing for parties. I wish we had realized that these people were so important."

Palmer quotes Joe Dockery, speaking in the insensitive diction of the time: "Now, the blues was a Saturday-night deal. The crap games started about noon Saturday, and then the niggers would start getting drunk. I've seen niggers stumbling around all over this place on a Saturday afternoon. And then they'd have frettin' and fightin' scrapes that night and all the next day. They made their own moonshine and all that kind of stuff. And, of course, some of them would end up in jail."

Dockery added: "Now, Charley Patton was around playing on Saturday nights, or going from plantation to plantation, a new woman here, a new woman there, just having a party. Daddy could have told you more about that, because he was closer to it. I think they had to get Charley Patton out of jail half the time."

•

"I personally invented jazz . . . in 1902," Jelly Roll Morton told Lomax. He irked people with his bragging, though even his enemies admitted that he could generally back it up—whether at the pool table or on the piano.

Jelly Roll's was a New Orleans Creole family. As a schoolboy, he spoke French and was given music lessons—starting with jew's-harp and guitar—and played in string bands by the time he was seven. At about the age of ten, he started playing piano, which he had avoided at first because it was thought of as a ladies' instrument. He said he was inspired to play it by attending a recital at a French opera house.

By the time he was 15, he was playing barrel-house piano at various joints around town. When his grandmother found out that he was working as a piano professor in a whorehouse, she threw him out. Barely a teenager, Jelly Roll was on his own, leading the sporting life.

He also used to play in parades that were literally battles of the bands. The "second line" marched in the parade, "armed with sticks and bottles and baseball bats . . . ready to fight the foe when they reached the dividing line [between two wards]," he told Lomax. "There was so many jobs for musicians in these parades that musicians didn't ever like to leave New Orleans."

But Jelly Roll did. He was a ramblin' man, one of the first New Orleans musicians to begin spreading this new music around the country.

He was a ladies' man, too, and a particular favorite among the red-light women of New Orleans. One of his songs goes: "Never had no one woman

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at a time/I always had six, seven, eight or nine."

For a while, Morton's primary profession was as a pool hustler. He would get himself into some new joint as the piano player, lay back as the local sharps tried to cut one another at the pool table, then go in when the betting got good and take all their money—at least that's the way he told it, as proud of his pool hustling as of his piano playing.

He traveled all over—passing through Chicago in 1912, playing clubs in "the Section" around 35th and State—and going as far as California, where in 1917, with a woman "friend" (who probably gave him the famous diamond that went back and forth from his front tooth to the pawnshop), he set up a modest little hotel/club/brothel in Watts and did business there until 1922.

If this was the jazz he personally invented, he was not the first to record it. That honor ironically went, in 1917, to a white group called the Original Dixieland Jazz Band.

"On February 26, 1917," notes jazz historian James Lincoln Collier, "five white New Orleans musicians went into the Victor studios in New York City and made the first jazz record. It was the single most significant event in the history of jazz. Before this record was issued, jazz was an obscure folk music played mainly by a few hundred blacks and a handful of whites in New Orleans, and rarely heard elsewhere. Within weeks after this record was issued, jazz was a national craze and the five white musicians were famous. . . . The first record sold more than a million copies, an extraordinary accomplishment for those days."

By 1917, when the Navy shut down Storyville and the so-called Diaspora from New Orleans had begun, a new generation of players was coming along. The most prominent among them, Freddie Keppard, Sidney Bechet and Louis Armstrong, were barely born when Bolden, Jelly Roll Morton and other older "heads" were first cooking up jazz.

Keppard was a teenaged phenomenon. He formed his Olympia Orchestra in 1905—at the age of 16—and quickly assumed the cornet throne after Bolden blew his brains away. He took the first New Orleans band on the road, heading west in 1913 and putting together the Original Creole Ragtime Band with the help of bassist Bill Johnson, who had left New Orleans for L.A. four years earlier. The band signed on with the Orpheum Theater vaudeville circuit and played up and down the West Coast until 1918, when Keppard took the outfit, by then known as the Original Creole Orchestra, to Chicago—which, thanks to the migration of Southern blacks, had become a magnet for this music from down the river.

On the circuit, Keppard played New York City, where the Victor label offered him the chance to become the first recorded jazz artist. He turned down the opportunity for artistic reasons, finding the Victor reps "too businesslike" and fearing, according to Bechet, that if he accepted the contract, "the music wouldn't be for pleasure anymore." A more likely version has it that he thought making records would make it too easy for people to steal his music. Whatever the reason, the white Original Dixieland Jazz Band made the first jazz record shortly afterward.

Bechet also landed in New York around that time. A child prodigy, he was born in 1897, and Keppard heard him playing clarinet at a party when Bechet was six years old. Before long, Bechet was playing occasionally with Frankie Dusen's Eagle band—Dusen had taken it over after Bolden went crazy—and by 1917 was a regular at Guidrey and Allen's Cabaret on Perdido Street.

"He was widely known for his beautiful tone and brilliant ideas," says Samuel B. Charters in *Jazz: New Orleans, 1885–1963*. "He would usually show up for the job drunk, and without his horn. Somebody would go out and borrow one for him, and one night, they came back with an E-flat clarinet [instead of the standard B-flat]. He played the whole night with it, transposing everything as he went along."

Bechet went to Chicago in the summer of 1917 and was discovered there by the bandleader Will Marion Cook. He moved to New York with Cook's Southern Syncopated Orchestra in 1919 and then toured Europe, where he introduced jazz improvisation to audiences amazed at the music that had sprung up in the U.S. In the years just after World War One, there was hardly a major U.S. city—or a minor one—that didn't have a jazz band.

The shutting down of Storyville in 1917 was one relevant factor in the spread of jazz. It put batches of musicians out of regular jobs and forced them to seek work elsewhere—in many cases, outside New Orleans. Simultaneously, a general migration north was taking place among Southern blacks. Stimulated by World War One, new big factories promised work and freedom from discrimination in Northern cities such as Chicago, which was pretty much straight up the river by railroad from New Orleans, an easy ticket.

So, out of need and a natural desire for a better social deal, black jazz musicians began leaving town around the time that Storyville was shut down.

The case of young Louis Armstrong was typical. Born in 1900, he grew up in a rough, uncertain environment. His father drifted away and his mother lived with a succession of "stepfathers"—some kind, some not. Young Armstrong was a goodhearted, likable guy. In the autobiography of his early New Orleans years, *Satchmo*, he finds something good to say about practically everyone and everything he did—even reminiscing fondly about picking through restaurant garbage cans.

He even got something out of reform school. On New Year's Day, 1913, 13-year-old Armstrong celebrated by borrowing his current stepfather's .38 pistol and firing it into the air in the street. For this relatively mild infraction, he was put into the Colored Waifs' Home—something James Collier suggests may have been an act of kindness on the judge's part to get Armstrong away from his rugged home life and the poverty and crime all around him.

Armstrong later said of the home, "The place was more like a health center or a boarding school than a boys' jail."

While at the Waifs' Home, an instructor took a liking to him and soon he was made a bugler, quickly moving from that instrument to the cornet, until he traded it in the Twenties for the brighter-sounding trumpet. He was sprung from the home by his father when he was 16—largely, it seems, to become a baby sitter for his father's current household—and fell into the usual musician's lot: working various day jobs as a laborer, most often as a coal hauler, and at night playing gigs in Storyville joints and elsewhere.

At some point, he began hanging out where the Kid Ory band, regarded as tops in town, was playing, with King Oliver on cornet. Oliver took a liking to the younger Armstrong, and that friendship was to change forever the history of jazz. In 1918, Armstrong was in pianist Fate Marable's band, playing the excursion boats on the Mississippi—where a young Bix Beiderbecke met him while the boat was tied up in Davenport, Iowa—and getting an occasional chance to stretch out on a jazz number or two. But in that same year, King Oliver took off for Chicago and Armstrong was hired by Ory as his replacement. In a very few years, Armstrong had become the first virtuoso jazz soloist, rising out of the largely ensemble improvising of the time.

When Oliver got on the train for Chicago, Armstrong was at the station to say so long. They didn't see each other again for four years. But when Oliver called in 1922 and urged Armstrong to join him in what had become Chicago's hottest ensemble, it signaled the beginning of something new—the ascendancy of the virtuoso soloist and a decade that would be known as the Jazz Age.

THE BOGMAN

(continued from page 108)

gradually acquired solidity and presence. At the beginning of her two months with Connor, the wife was a negligible shadow. Julie wasn't even that interested in going through Connor's wallet to look for family photos while he was out of the way in the shower.

She didn't bother then, but she has bothered since. Tucked behind the driver's license there's the whole family group, in color, taken on the lawn in summer: the wife, huge in a flowered dress and squinting; the three boys, with Connor's red hair, squinting also; the dog, a black Labrador that knew better than to look at the sun, its tongue out and drooling. The ordinariness, the plainness of this picture offends Julie deeply. It interferes with her idea of Connor, with his status as romantic isolate; it diminishes him, and it has made Julie feel, for the first time, cheap and furtive. Extraneous, auxiliary. If they were all on a troika and the wolves were gaining, she has no doubt—looking at the dog, the redheaded kids, the suburban lawn—that she herself would be the first to be hurled off. Compared with those upper arms emerging from the short sleeves of the wife's florid dress—those laundry-toting, child-whacking arms—Julie, with her long dark pirate's hair and her 24-inch waist, is a frill.

It's all very well for Connor to say that his wife doesn't understand him. This hefty, squinting woman looks as if she already understands a great deal too much. If she and Julie were to meet, she would not take Julie seriously. She would glance at Julie, merely glance, and then she would chuckle, and Julie would shrivel away to nothing.

Homely is the word. That is the wife's ace up the sleeve, her insurance policy. Even though she looks like a truck tire, she has the territory staked out. She has the home. She has the house, she has the garage, she has the doghouse and the dog to put into it. She has Connor's children, forming together with them a single invincible monster with four heads and 16 arms and legs. She has the cupboard where Connor hangs his clothes and the washing machine where his socks whirl on washdays, ridding themselves of the lint they've picked up from the bath mats in the motel rooms he has shared with Julie. Motels are a no-man's land: They are not a territory, they cannot be defended. Julie has Connor's sexual attention, but the wife has Connor.

•

Julie has knitted enough for one day; she rolls the newly begun second sleeve around the needles and tucks it into her tapestry bag. She decides to walk out to the bog to find Connor. She has not seen the bog before; she has not seen the bog man. She has picked up the impression from Connor that she would be in the way. Even he has dropped the pretense that she is an assistant in any real sense. She runs the risk of being treated as an interruption, but it's a risk she is now willing to take. Boredom is the mother of invention.

She picks up her shoulder bag from the chipped dressing table, peers at herself in the decaying mirror, pushing her hair back off her face. She is getting that sunless look. She ferrets in the closet for her raincoat, stuffs her Gitanes into her pocket, closes and locks the door and descends the stairs, skirting the cleaning woman, who gives her a baleful glare, and heads out into the mist.

She knows where the bog is; everyone knows. It takes her half an hour to walk there, along the road that is so old it has cut itself into the land like a rut. Connor goes there in a car that has been rented in Edinburgh by one of the other archaeologists. No hope renting a car in this town.

The bog does not look much like a bog. It looks more like a damp field; tall grasses grow on it, small shrubs. The chocolate-brown scars of the peat cuttings open into it here and there. It would have been more watery in the days of the bog man; more like a lake. More convenient for drowning.

Connor is over by a roughly constructed tarpaulin shelter. There's another man with him, and several others out on the bog surface, fooling around in the peat cutting, Julie supposes, to see what other buried treasures may come to light. Julie says hello but does not otherwise account for her presence. Let Connor explain it. Connor gives her a quick annoyed glance.

"How did you get here?" he says, as if she has dropped from the sky.

"Walked," says Julie.

"Ah, the vigor of youth," says the other man, with a smile. He's fairly young himself, or anyway, younger than Connor, a tall blond Norwegian. Another archaeologist. He looks like something out of a viking movie. The metallic scent of rivalry is in the air.

"Julie is my assistant," Connor says. The Norwegian knows better.

"Ah, yes," he says mockingly. He gives Julie a bone-crushing handshake, gazing into her eyes while she flinches. "Did I hurt you?" he asks tenderly.

"Can I see the bog man?" Julie says. The Norwegian expresses mock surprise that she has not done so already, an assistant like her. With a proprietary air—he was in the area, he got there right after the Scots, he beat Connor to it—he ushers Julie into the tent.

The bog man is lying on a piece of canvas, curled on his side. His hands have deft, slender fingers, each fingerprint intact. His face is a little sunken in but perfectly preserved; you can see every pore. His skin is dark brown. The

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bristles of his beard and the wisps of hair that escape from under his leather helmet are an alarming bright red. The colors are the effects of the tannic acid in the bog, Julie knows that. But still, it is hard to picture him as any other color. His eyes are closed. He does not look dead or even asleep, however. Instead, he seems to be meditating, concentrating: His lips slightly pursed, a furrow of deep thought runs between his eyes. Around his neck is the twisted double cord used to strangle him. His two cutoff feet have been placed neatly beside him, like slippers waiting to be put on.

For a moment, Julie feels this digging up, this unearthing of him, as a desecration. Surely, there should be boundaries set upon the wish to know, on knowledge merely for its own sake. This man is being invaded. But the moment passes, and Julie goes out of the tent. Maybe she looks a little green in the face: After all, she has just seen a dead body. When she lights a cigarette, her hands are shaky. The Norwegian gives her a solicitous look and places a hand beneath her elbow. Connor does not like this.

The three men who have been out at the peat cutting return: one Scottish physical anthropologist and two workmen with peat-cutting spades. Lunch is proposed. The workmen have brought their own and stay to guard the tent. The archaeologists and Julie get into the Norwegian's rented car. There's no place to eat except the pub, so that is where they go.

•

For lunch, Julie has bread and cheese, which is the safest thing, a lot safer than the flabby Scotch eggs and the barely warmed, fat-saturated meat pasties. The three men talk about the bog man. That he was a sacrifice is beyond a doubt. The question is, to which goddess? And at which solstice? Was he bumped off at the winter solstice, to make the sun return, or at the summer solstice, to make the crops prosper? Or perhaps in spring or fall? An examination of the stomach—which they intend to remove, not here and now but later in Edinburgh—will reveal clues. Seeds, grains and the like. This has been done with all the other bog people who have been found, those who still had stomachs. Julie is just as glad she has stuck to the bread and cheese.

"Some have said the dead cannot talk," says the Norwegian, twinkling at Julie. Many of his remarks have been addressed to Connor but aimed at her. Under the table, he lays a hand, briefly, upon her knee. "But these bog men have many wonderful secrets to tell us. However, they are shy, like other men. They don't know how to convey their message. They must have a little help. Some encouragement. Don't you agree?"

Julie doesn't answer. There's no way she can answer without participating, beneath Connor's very nose, in what amounts to a flagrant proposition. It's a possibility; or would be, if she weren't in love with Connor.

"Perhaps such things as stomachs disgust you?" says the Norwegian. "Things of the flesh. My wife does not like them, either." He gives her a hyena grin.

Julie smiles and lights a Gitane. "Oh, do you have a wife?" she says brightly. "So does Connor. Maybe the two of you can discuss your wives."

She doesn't know why she has just said this. She doesn't look at Connor, but she can feel his anger coming at her like heat from a stove. She gathers up her purse and coat, still smiling, and walks out of the room. What's running through her head is one of the first axioms from logic: *A thing cannot be both self and nonself at the same time.* She has never been convinced by this, and now she is even less so.

Connor does not follow her to her room. He doesn't reappear all afternoon. Julie knits and reads, knits and smokes. She's waiting. Something has changed, she has changed something, but she doesn't yet know what.

When Connor does show up, after sundown, he's morose. He says nothing about her piece of rudeness. He says nothing much at all. They have dinner with the Norwegian and the Scot, and the three of them talk about the bog man's feet. In some of these cases, the feet have been tied together, to keep the dead from walking, returning to the land of the living, for revenge or some other reason. But not in this instance; or they think not. The cutting off of the feet may have interfered with something, of course. Ropes, thongs.

The Norwegian is no longer flirting; the looks he gives her are speculative, as if there is more to her than he thought and he'd like to know what. Julie doesn't care. She eats her ossified lamb chop and says nothing. She thinks of the bog man, under his tarpaulin. Of all of them at this moment, she would rather be with him. He is of more interest.

She excuses herself before dessert. Connor, she thinks, will stay down there, drinking beer in the pub, and he does.

•

Around 10:30, he knocks on Julie's door as usual, then comes in. Julie is already in bed, propped up on the pillows, knitting. She has been sure he will come, but also not sure. She shoves the wool and needles into her tapestry bag and waits to see what he will do.

Connor does not say anything. He takes off his sweater, drapes it over the back of the chair, undoes deliberately the buttons of his shirt. He is not looking at Julie but into the wavering, patchy glass of the dressing-table mirror. His reflection there has a watery look, as if a lake bottom with decaying leaves on it is visible in glimpses beneath him, beneath his face and the whiter skin of his torso. In this light, his red hair has faded. "I'm getting love handles," he says, slapping his belly. This room flattens his beautiful voice, muffles it. "The curse of the middle-aged." It's a signal: If he's angry with her, he's not going to mention it. They will go on as if nothing has happened. Maybe nothing has.

That's fine with her. She smiles. "No, you aren't," she says. She doesn't like him doing this. He's not supposed to examine himself in mirrors or think about his appearance. Men are not supposed to.

Connor gives her a reproachful glance. "One of these days," he says, "you're going to run off with some young stud."

He has said such things before, about Julie's future lovers. Julie has not paid much attention. Now she does. Is this about the Norwegian, is he looking for reassurance? Does he want to hear from her that he is still young? Or is he telling her something real? Julie has never before thought of him as middle-aged, but now she can see that there might be a difference between her idea of him and his own idea of himself.

He climbs into the sagging bed with something like a sigh of resignation. He smells of beer and pub smoke. "You're wearing me out," he says. He has said this before, also, and Julie has taken it as a sexual compliment. But he means it.

Julie turns out the bedside lamp. Once she wouldn't have bothered; once she wouldn't have had time. Once Connor would have turned it back on. Now he does not. He does not need to see her, she has been seen enough.

Meditatively and without ardor, he begins to run his hand along her: knee to thigh to hip, hip to knee. Julie lies stiffly, eyes wide open. The wind gusts through the cracks around the window, handfuls of rain are thrown against the glass. Light seeps in from under the door, and from the few street lamps outside: In it, the dressing-table mirror gleams like dark oil. Connor is a bulk beside her. His stroking does not excite her. It irritates her, like sandpaper, like the kneading paws of a cat. She feels that she has been demoted, against her will. What to her has been self-abandonment, to him has been merely sin. Grubby sin, sin of a small order. Cheating. Now he feels trapped by it. She is no longer a desire for him, she is a duty.

"I think we should get married," says Julie. She has no idea where these words have come from. But yes, this is what she thinks.

Connor's hand stops. Then it's withdrawn suddenly, as if Julie's body is hot, hot as coals, or else cold; as if Connor has found himself in bed with a mermaid, all scales and fishy slime from the waist down.

"What?" he says, in a shocked voice. An offended voice, as if she has insulted him.

"Forget it," says Julie. But Connor will not be able to forget it. She has said the unforgettable thing, and from now on, it will be hopeless. But it has been hopeless, anyway. Connor's unseen wife is in the bed with them, where she has been all along. Now she is materializing, taking on flesh. The springs creak with her added weight.

"Let's talk about it tomorrow," says Connor. He has recovered himself, he's plotting. "I love you," he adds. He kisses her. His mouth feels separate from him; soft, moist, coolish. It feels like uncooked bacon.

"I could use a drink," Julie says. Connor keeps a flask of Scotch in his room. Grateful that she has given him something to do, some small thing he can offer her instead of what she really wants, he clambers out of bed, pulls on his sweater and cords and goes in search of it.

As soon as he's out of the room, Julie locks the door. Connor comes back. He shakes the doorknob; he whispers and taps, but she does not answer. She lies in her bed, shivering with grief and anger, waiting to see whether Connor loves her enough to kick at the door, to shout. Whether she's important enough. He does not. She is not. After a while, he goes away.

Julie hunches up under the mound of damp coverings and tries without success to go to sleep. When at last she manages it, she dreams of the bog man, climbing in through her window, a dark, tender shape, a shape of baffled longing, slippery with rain.

•

In the morning, Connor makes another attempt. "If you don't answer me," he says through the keyhole, "I'll get them to break down the door. I'll tell them you've committed suicide."

"Don't flatter yourself," says Julie. This morning, she's no longer sad. She's furious, and determined.

"Julie, what did I do?" says Connor. "I thought we were getting along so well." He sounds truly perplexed.

"We were," says Julie. "Go away."

She knows he will try to ambush her in the breakfast room. She waits him out, her stomach growling. Instead of eating, she packs her bag, glancing from time to time out the window. At last, she sees him leaving for the bog in the Norwegian's car. There's a noon bus that will get her to another bus that will get her to a train for Edinburgh. She leaves behind the tapestry bag and the unfinished sweater. It's as good as a note.

•

Back in Toronto, Julie pins her hair into a brisk but demure French roll. She buys herself a beige cotton-twill suit and a white blouse, and deludes the Bell Telephone Company into hiring her as a personnel trainee. She's supposed to learn how to train other women in the job of complaint management. She doesn't intend to stay with this for long, but it's good money. She rents herself a large, empty apartment on the top floor of a house. She has no long-term plans. Although she was the one who left Connor, she feels deserted by him. At night, she listens to the radio and cooks subsistence meals and cries onto her plate.

After a while, she resumes her black clothes, at night, and goes to folk clubs. She no longer smokes Gitanes, because they frighten men. She picks up with a boy she knew slightly from her Spinoza course. He makes a crack about windowless monads and buys her a beer and tells her he used to be terrified of her. They end up in bed.

For Julie, this is like a romp with an entire litter of puppies. There's the same effect of gangly enthusiasm, of wriggling, of uncontrolled tongues. It's not passionate or even sensuous, but it's invigorating. Julie tells herself she's enjoying it, and she is. Or she would be, except for Connor. She wants him to know about it. Then she would really enjoy it. Even better would be the Norwegian. She should've taken advantage of that while she had the chance.

Connor returns at the end of August. It doesn't take long for him to track her down.

"I've missed you," he says. "I think we should talk."

"What about?" says Julie warily. She thought she was over him, but it isn't true.

"Why can't we go back to the way we were?" he says.

"Where were we?" says Julie.

Connor sighs. "Maybe we should get married, after all. I'll divorce her." He says this as if it's being torn out of him.

Julie starts to cry. She's crying because she no longer wants to marry Connor. She no longer wants him. The divinity is going out of him, like air. He is no longer a glorious blimp, larger than life and free in the heavens. Soon he will be just a damp piece of flabby rubber. She is mourning his collapse.

"I'll come right over," says Connor, in a pleased, consoling voice. Tears mean he has made headway.

"No," says Julie, and hangs up.

•

She puts on her black clothes, eats quickly, finds her cigarettes. She phones her boyish lover. She wants to pull him over her like a blanket, hug him to her like a stuffed animal. She wants comfort.

She goes out the door of her building and there is Connor, waiting for her. She has imagined him so much that she has forgotten what he looks like. He's shorter than she thought, he's saggier. His eyes look sunken and also too bright, a little wild. Is this what she has changed him into, or was he always like that?

"Julie," he says.

"No," says Julie. The knees of his brown cords are baggy. This is the only detail Julie finds actually repulsive. The rest just leaves her cold.

He reaches out a hand toward her. "I need you," he says. It's a trite line, a line from a mushy song, but he does need her. It's in his eyes. This is the worst thing yet. It was always supposed to be

"Hurry it up! Do you realize how many lotteries there are in this country?!"

her who needed him; he was supposed to be well above such a weak thing as need.

"I can't help it," says Julie. She means she can't help it that things are the way they are, that she herself is without feeling for him; but it comes out more flippant, more pitiless, than she intended.

"Jesus Christ," says Connor. He moves as if to grab her. She ducks around him and begins to run down the street. She has her black pants on and her flat black shoes. Now that she has cut down on her smoking, she's a decent runner.

What does she expect, now that she's in full flight? That he will go away, finally, that he'll never be able to catch up? But he hasn't gone away, he is catching up. She can hear the thudding of his feet, the gasping of his breath. Her own breath is rasping in her throat; she's losing speed.

She has come to a cross street, there's a phone booth. She ducks into it, slams the folding glass door shut, pushes against it with both of her feet, leaning her back against the phonebook shelf for leverage. The smell of ancient pee surrounds her. Then Connor is right there, outside, pushing at the door, pounding at it.

"Let me in!" he says.

Her heart pounds in panic. "No! No!" she yells. Her voice is tiny, as if she's in a soundproof booth. He presses his whole body against the glass door, wraps his arms as far around the phone booth as they will go.

"I love you!" he shouts. "Goddamn it, can't you hear me? I said I love you!" Julie covers her ears. She is truly frightened by him now, she's whimpering with fright. He's no longer anyone she knows; he's the universal child's nightmare, the evil violent thing, fanged and monstrous, trying to get in at the door. He mashes his face frontways into the glass, in a gesture of desperation or a parody of a kiss. She can see the squashed tip of his nose, his mouth deformed, the lips shoved back from the teeth.

Julie remembers that she's in a phone booth. Without taking her eyes off him, she fumbles in her purse for change. "I'll call the police," she screams at him. And she does.

•

It took them some time to come. By the time they did, Connor was gone. Whatever else he wanted, he did not want to be caught in the act of sexually attacking a phone booth. Or this is how Julie puts it, when she tells the story these days.

At first, she did not tell it at all. It was too painful for her, in too complicated a way. Also, she did not know what it was about. Was it about the way she had been taken advantage of, by someone older and more experienced and superior to her in power? Or was it about how she had saved herself from an ogre in the nick of time? But Connor was not an ogre. She had loved him, uselessly. This was the painful thing.

Then, after she was married, after she was divorced, she began to tell the story of Connor once in a while. She told it late at night, after the kids were in bed and after a few drinks, always to women. It became part of an exchange, the price she was willing to pay for hearing other, similar stories. These were mystery stories. The mysterious objects in them were the men, they and their obscure behavior. Clues were discovered and examined, points of view exchanged. No definite solutions were found.

Now that she has married again, she tells it more frequently. By this time, she concentrates on the atmosphere—the Scottish rain, the awful food in the pub, the scowling inhabitants of the town, the bog itself. She puts in the more comic elements: her own obsessive knitting, the long dangling sleeves, the lumpiness of the bed.

As for Connor, how can she explain him, him and his once-golden aura? She no longer tries. She skims over the worshiping love she once felt for him, which would be mawkish out loud. She skims over the wife, who is no longer the menacing rival of the piece: Julie has now been a wife herself and feels a sneaking sympathy.

She skims over the grief.

She leaves out entirely any damage she may have caused to Connor. She knows the damage was done, was severe, at least, at the time, but how can it be acknowledged without sounding like a form of gloating? It was unintentional on her part; more or less. At any rate, it does not really fit into the story.

•

Julie eases forward in her chair, leans her arms on the table, lights a cigarette. She still smokes, though not as much. Over the years, she has put on weight around the face, and her waist has solidified. Also, she has cut her hair; it's no longer a mane, it's fashionably short at the back and sides, with a wispy, puckish mop on top. She wears silver earrings in the shape of starfish, an eccentric touch, the last vestige of her days of piracy. Except for the earrings, she looks like any woman of that age you might see, walking a dog or shopping, in one of the newly renovated neighborhoods.

"God knows," she says, "what I thought I was doing." She laughs, a rueful, puzzled laugh that is also indulgent.

The story has now become a story about her own stupidity, or call it innocence, which shines at this distance with a soft and mellowing light. The story is now like an artifact from a vanished civilization, the customs of which have become obscure. And yet every one of its physical details is clear to her: She can see the ruined mirror in the room, the slabs of dry toast at breakfast, the grasses moving on the surface of the bog. For all of this, she has total recall. With each retelling, she feels herself more present in it.

Connor, however, loses in substance every time she forms him in words. He becomes flatter and more leathery, more life goes out of him, he becomes more dead. By this time, he is almost an anecdote, and Julie is almost old.

"I'm spending at least two thousand dollars on Christmas presents for people I wouldn't give the right time of day to!"

"'I've got a little girl in there with a crazy old man who wants a hooker. Do I give him one or not?'"

"It's up to you to calm him down, get that shotgun away from him."

"How do I calm him down?" Eileen asked.

"We've had run-throughs on situations like this one," Brady said.

"Not exactly, sir, no, sir. We didn't do any run-throughs on a man expecting a hooker and getting a talker instead."

"This is only a variation on a classic hostage situation," Brady said.

"I don't think so, sir. I think he may get very upset when he finds out I'm really a cop. I think he may decide to use that gun when he——"

"There's no reason for him to know you're a cop," Brady said.

"Oh? Do I lie to him, sir? I thought once we established communication, we told the truth all the way down the line."

"In this instance, we can bend the truth a little."

Goodman looked at him.

"Inspector," he said, "I think we may be confusing Detective Bur——"

"I'm certainly not trying to confuse her," Brady said. "But I've got an eight-year-old girl in there with a crazy old man who wants a hooker or he's going to blow her away. Now, do I give him a hooker or don't I? That's the only pertinent question at this moment in time."

"I'm not a hooker, sir," Eileen said.

"I realize that. The point is, Detective Burke, are you willing to impersonate a prostitute in order to save that little girl's life?"

How about *my* life? Eileen thought.

"Sir," she said, "how do you suggest I get that shotgun away from him? Once I'm inside, and he realizes I'm a police negotiator and not a hooker, how do I get him to give up that shotgun?"

"Now, I understand the risks, don't you think I understand the risks? I've been in this game a long time now. . . ."

Game, Eileen thought.

"And when I say I don't want *anyone* hurt, I mean *anyone*. I'm not asking you to do anything I wouldn't do myself. . . ."

Then go *do* it yourself, Eileen thought.

"But the situation has reached this point in time where we've got to make a decision. We've got to either satisfy the old man's desire or risk his killing that little girl. He's given us ten minutes and eight of those minutes are gone. So what would you like us to do, Detective?"

"Sir, you're asking me to go in there unarmed. . . ."

"That's what we promised. No guns, no one gets hurt."

"But he *does* have a gun, sir."

"They always have guns," Brady said. "Or knives. They always have weapons of some sort, yes."

"A double-barreled shotgun, sir."

"Yes, that's the situation," Brady said.

"I'd have to be crazy, right?" Eileen said.

"Well, that's for you to decide, that's the nature of the work." Brady looked at his watch. "What do you say, Burke, we're almost out of time here. Yes or no? Believe me, there are plenty of female police officers in this city who'd be happy to work with this team."

Female police officers, she thought.

Are you a man or a mouse?

Bullshit, she thought.

"We negotiate *before* I go in," she said.

Brady looked at her.

"I work the door. The old man can believe what he wants, but nobody's going inside that apartment until he hands over the little girl *and* the shotgun. Take it or leave it."

He kept looking at her.

She figured whichever way this went, she'd be off the team tomorrow morning, he'd get rid of her.

"Take it or *leave* it?" Brady said.

Or maybe get rid of her right this minute.

"Yes, sir," she said. "Take it or leave it."

Both you *and* the old man, she thought.

"If anything happens to that girl . . ." Brady said, and let the sentence trail.

•

The old man liked the redhead. It was a pity she couldn't speak Spanish, but at his age, he couldn't expect perfection. Enough that she had eyes as green as the sea and breasts as softly rolling as the hills of his native land. Freckles sprinkled like gold dust on her cheeks and across the bridge of her nose. A beauty. He was a very lucky man.

"We have to talk," she said. "My name is Eileen."

The door to apartment 5L was open just a crack, the night chain holding it. He could see her face and her body in the narrow opening. He knew she could see the shotgun against his granddaughter's ear. His finger was inside the trigger guard. There were two shells in the shotgun. His son always kept the shotgun loaded in the closet.

"What is there to talk about?" he asked.

"About my coming in there," she said.

She had been taught not to lie to them. She would try not to lie to him now. She would not say she was a hooker. But neither would she say she wasn't.

"I can't come in there as long as you have that gun in your hands," she said.

In the crack between door and doorjamb, she could see him smiling wisely. A wrinkled old man with a gray-white beard stubble, a terrified little dark-eyed girl on his lap, the double barrel of a shotgun against her head. If anything happened to that little girl. . . .

"I'm afraid to come in while you have that gun in your hands," Eileen said.

"Yes," the old man said.

What the hell does *that* mean? she wondered.

"But that is precisely why they've sent you to me, *verdad?*" he asked. "*Because* I have this gun in my hands."

Heavily accented English, but clearly understandable. And perfectly logical, too. The only reason they were submitting to the old man's wishes was that he had a gun. Give up the gun, he'd give up his power to negotiate.

"Your granddaughter must be frightened, too," she said.

"I love my granddaughter," he said.

"Yes, but I'm sure she's terrified of that gun."

"No, she's all right. You're all right, aren't you, *querida?*" he said to the girl, and chucked her under the chin with his free hand. "Besides, I will let her go when you come in here," he said. "That is our understanding, eh? You come in, I let her go. Everybody's happy."

"Except me," she said, and smiled.

She knew she had a good smile.

"Well, I will certainly do my best to make you happy," the old man said flirtatiously.

"Not if you have a gun in your hands. I'm afraid of guns."

"Once you're in here," he said, "I'll let the little girl go. Then we can lock the door, and I'll put down the gun."

Oh, sure, she thought, Fat-Chance Department.

"I'll make you very happy," he said.

Oh, yes, she thought, I'm sure.

"Listen to me," she said, her voice lowering conspiratorially. "Why don't you send out the little girl?"

Hostage first, weapon later.

All according to the book.

"When you come in, the little girl goes out," he said. "That was the deal."

"Yes, but when they made the deal with *me*, I didn't know about the gun."

"A pretty girl like you?" he said, flirtatiously again. "Afraid of a little gun?"

Gently, he nudged the girl's temple with the barrel of the shotgun. The girl winced.

Don't let it go off, Eileen thought. Please, God.

"I really am afraid," she said. "That's why, if you send out the girl, we can talk about the gun. Privately. Just two."

"Tell me what else we do privately."

"First send out the little girl," Eileen said.

"No. You come in here and then you

can tell me what we'll do privately."

"Why don't you take the chain off the door?" she said.

"Why should I?"

"So I can see you better."

"Why do you want to see me?"

"It's just difficult to talk this way."

"I find it easy to talk this way," he said.

You stubborn bastard, she thought.

"Don't you want to see *me* better?" she asked.

"Yes, that would be nice."

"So take off the chain," she said. "Open the door a little wider."

"Are you a policeman?" he asked.

Flat out.

So what now?

"No, I'm not a policeman," she said.

The absolute truth. A police*woman*, yes. A police*person*, yes. But not a police*man*. She guessed she could live with that.

"Because if you're a policeman," he said, "I'll kill the little girl."

Which she could *not* live with.

"No," she said again, "I'm not a policeman. You wanted a woman. . . ."

"Yes."

"Well, I'm a woman."

In the wedge between door and jamb, she saw him smile again.

"Come in here and show me what kind of woman you are," he said.

"I'll come in if you take the chain off the door. . . ."

She hesitated.

"And put down the gun."

Silence.

"*Then* I'll come in," she said.

Another silence.

"You want a lot," he said.

"Yes."

"I'll give you a lot," he said, and winked.

"I hope so," she said, and winked back.

Double meanings flying like spears in the sultry night air.

"Open your blouse," he said.

"No."

"Let me see your breasts."

"No," she said. "Take off the chain."

Silence.

"All right," he said.

She waited. He leaned forward. Did not get out of the chair. The little girl still on his lap. The shotgun still to her head. His finger still inside the trigger guard. Leaned forward, reached out with his left hand and slid the chain along its track until it fell free. She wondered if she should shove the door inward, try knocking him off the chair. He was so old, so frail. But the shotgun was young, the shotgun was a leveler of age.

Gently, with the toe of her foot, she eased the door open just a trifle wider. She could see the old man more completely now, a blue wall behind him deep inside the apartment, blue wall and blue eyes and gray hair and grizzled gray beard. He was looking directly into her eyes, an anticipatory smile on his face.

"Hello," she said.

"You're even prettier than I thought," he said.

"Thank you. Do you remember our deal?"

"Yes, you're coming in here."

"Only after you let the little girl go and put down the gun."

"Yes, I know."

"So do you want to let her go now?"

"How do I know you'll come in here to me?"

"I said I would. I gave you my word."

"And are you a woman of your word?"

"I try to be."

Which meant she would break her word if he made a move to harm her or the little girl. She was unarmed. . . .

That's what we promise. No guns, no one gets hurt. . . .

But there were backup cops to her right, and all she had to do was signal for them to storm the door. She hoped the old man wouldn't do anything foolish.

"So let her come out now, OK?" she said.

"Pamela?" he said. And then, in Spanish, "Do you want to go outside now, *querida*? Do you want to leave Grandpa here with the nice lady?"

Pamela nodded gravely, too terrified to cry or to show relief. She knew this was her grandfather, but she also knew this was a gun. She nodded. Yes, I want to go outside. Please let me go outside, Grandpa.

"Go on, then," he said in English, and looked to Eileen for approval.

Eileen nodded.

"Come on, sweetheart," she said, and extended her arms to the little girl. "Come on out here before your grandfather changes his mind."

Pamela scrambled off his lap and out into the hall. Eileen clasped her into her arms, swung her around and planted her securely in the arms of an Emergency Service cop, who swooped her up and hurried off down the hall with her.

Now there was only the old man and his gun.

No bargaining power anymore. If they wanted to blow him away, they could do so without any fear that a hostage was at risk. But that wasn't the name of the game. And she had given him her word.

"Now put down the gun," she said.

He had swung the shotgun toward the opening in the door. It sat in his lap, his finger still inside the trigger guard, the barrels angled up toward Eileen's head. He could not see the policemen in the hallway to her right. But he knew she had passed the girl on to someone, he knew she was not alone.

"Who's out there with you?" he asked.

"Policemen," she said. "Do you want to put down the gun, Mr. Valdez?"

"Do they have guns, these policemen?"

"Yes."

The truth. Tell him the truth.

"If I put down the gun, how do I know they won't shoot me?"

"I promise you we won't hurt you."

A slip.

We. Identifying herself as a cop.

But he hadn't caught it. Or had he?

"I promise you none of the policemen out here will hurt you."

Correcting it. Or compounding it. Which? How smart was he? Blue eyes studying her now, searching her face. Could he trust her?

"How do I know they won't shoot me? I made——"

"Because I——"

"A lot of trouble for everybody," he said.

"Yes, you did. But I promise they won't shoot you. No one will hurt you if you put down the gun. I promise you. I give you my word."

"Will they forget the trouble I made for everybody?"

She could not promise him this. There'd be the weapons charge; and God knew what other charges there'd be on top of that. He wouldn't walk away from this clean, that wasn't the way it worked, the promises didn't extend that far. He was only a senile old man, true, who thought he was still six years old and playing doctor under the coconut palms—but he'd broken the law, broken several laws, in fact, and these were policemen here, sworn to uphold those laws.

"They'll help you," she said. "They'll try to help you."

Which was true. Psychiatric observation, therapy, whatever seemed indicated.

But the shotgun was still in his lap, angled up at her.

"Come on," she said, "let's put down the gun, OK?"

"Tell them I want to see them. The policemen in the hall."

"I don't have any authority to tell policemen what to do."

"Ask them," he said. "Do you have authority to ask them?"

The smile on his face again.

Was he toying with her?

"He wants to see who's out here," she shouted down the hall to Brady, who was standing behind four Emergency Service cops with riot guns in their hands and sidearms strapped to their waists. The E.S. cops were all wearing ceramic vests. So what do you say, Inspector? she thought. Want to come in the water?

That's what we promise. No guns, no one gets hurt.

Except that now it was showtime.

"Let him see you," Brady said to the E.S. men.

They lumbered down the hall in their

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heavy vests, toting their heavy guns, lining up against the wall behind Eileen, where the old man could see them.

"Are there any others?" he asked.

"Yes, but not right here," she said. "All the way down the hall."

"Tell them to put down their guns."

"I can't give them orders," Eileen said.

"Tell the other one. The one you were talking to."

Eileen nodded, turned away from the door and shouted, "Inspector Brady!"

"Yes?"

"He wants them to put down their guns."

Silence.

"Or I'll shoot you," the old man said.

"Or he'll shoot me," she called to Brady, and then smiled and said to the old man, "You wouldn't do that, would you?"

"Yes, I would," he said, returning the smile.

"He means it," she shouted.

Behind her, the E.S. cops were beginning to fidget. Any one of them had a clear shot at the old bastard sitting there in full view with the shotgun in his lap. If they put down their guns, there was no guarantee that he wouldn't start blasting away. A ceramic vest was a very handy tool in a situation like this one, but you couldn't pull a ceramic vest over your head. The E.S. cops were hoping this dizzy redhead and her boss knew what the hell they were doing.

"Put down your guns, men!" Brady called.

"Now, just a second, Bill!" another voice shouted.

Deputy Inspector Di Santis, in command of the Emergency Service, came from behind Brady to stand beside him in the hallway. Eileen could hear them arguing. She hoped the old man's ears weren't as good as hers. Di Santis was saying he was willing to go along with all this negotiating nonsense up to a point, but that point did not include standing four of his men against a wall for a firing squad. Brady answered him in a voice Eileen could not hear. Di Santis lowered his voice, too. Eileen could not hear what either of them was saying now. Inside the apartment, the old man was watching her. She suddenly knew that he would, in fact, shoot her if the men behind her didn't put down their guns.

"What do you say, Inspector?" she called. "The man here's getting itchy."

Valdez smiled.

He knew what itchy meant.

She smiled back.

Little joke they were sharing here. The man's getting itchy, he's going to blow my goddamn head off, aren't you, darling? Smiling.

"Inspector?"

The whispers stopped. Eileen waited. Somebody—perhaps her or the old man or one or more of the cops standing behind her—was going to get hurt in the next few seconds, unless. . . .

"All right, men, do what Inspector Brady says."

Di Santis.

Behind her, one of the E.S. cops muttered something, a word in Spanish that made the old man's smile widen. She heard the heavy weapons being placed on the floor. . . .

"The other guns, too," the old man said.

"He wants the sidearms, too!" she yelled down the hall.

"All your weapons, men!" Di Santis shouted.

More muttering behind her, in English this time, soft grumbles of protest. She had been dealt a completely new hand, but the old man was still holding all the cards.

"Now you," Eileen told him.

"No," he said. "Come inside here."

"You promised me," she said.

"No," he said, smiling. "You're the one who made all the promises."

Which was true.

I promise they won't shoot you.

No one will hurt you. . . .

"If you put down the gun," she reminded him.

"No."

Shaking his head.

"I promised that no one would hurt you if you put down the gun," she said.

"No one can hurt me," he said, smiling. "No one has a gun now but me."

Which was also true.

"Well, I thought I could trust you," she said, "but I see I can't."

"You can trust me," he said. "Open your blouse."

"No," she said.

"Open your goddamn *blouse*," one of the E.S. cops whispered urgently.

She ignored him. "I'm going to leave now," she told the old man. "You broke your word, so I'm leaving. I can't promise what these men will do when I'm gone."

"They'll do nothing," he said. "I have the gun."

"There are others down the hall," she said. "I can't promise you anything anymore. I'm going now."

"No!" he said.

She hesitated.

"Please," he said.

Their eyes met.

"You promised," he said.

She knew what she'd promised. She'd promised she would go in to him if he put down the gun. She had given him her word. She was a woman of her word.

"Put down the gun," she said.

"I'll kill you if you don't come in here," he said.

"Put down the gun."

"I'll kill you."

"Then how will I be able to come in?" she asked, and the old man burst out laughing, because the logic of the situation had suddenly become absurdly clear to him. If he killed her, she could not go in to him; it was as simple as that. She burst out laughing, too. Surprised, some of the E.S. cops behind her began laughing, tentatively at first, and then a bit more boldly. Down the hall, Eileen heard someone whisper, "They're laughing." Someone else whispered, "What?" This seemed funny, too. The cops in their ceramic vests were laughing harder, like armored knights who'd been told their powerful king was, in fact, impotent. Defenseless, their weapons and holsters and cartridge belts on the floor at their feet, contained here in this stifling hot hallway, they quaked with laughter, thinking how silly it would be if the old man actually *did* kill the redhead, thereby making it impossible for her to go in to him. The old man was thinking the same thing, how silly all of this had suddenly become, thinking, too, that maybe he should just put down the gun and get it over with, all the trouble he'd caused here, his blue eyes squinched up, tears of laughter running down his wrinkled face into his grizzled gray beard. Down the hall, there were puzzled whispers again.

"Oh, dear," Eileen said, laughing.

"*¡Dios mío!*" the old man said, laughing.

Any one of the E.S. cops could have picked up a gun and shot him in that moment. He had lowered the shotgun, it sat across his lap like a walking stick. Eileen took a tentative step into the room, reaching for it.

"No!" the old man snapped, and the gun came up, pointing at her head.

"Aw, come on," she said, and grimaced in disappointment like a little girl.

He looked at her. The tears were still streaming down his face. He could still remember how funny this had seemed a moment ago.

"Mr. Valdez?" she said.

He kept looking at her.

"Please let me have the gun."

Still looking at her. Weeping now. For all the laughter that was gone. For all those days on the beach long ago.

"Please?" she said.

For all the pretty little girls, gone now.

He nodded.

She held out her hands, palms up.

He put the gun into her hands.

Their eyes locked.

She went into the apartment, the gun hanging loose at her side, the barrels pointing toward the floor, and she leaned into the old man where he sat frail and weeping in the hard-backed chair, and she kissed him on his grizzled cheek and whispered, "Thank you," and wondered if she'd kept her promise to him after all.

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COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW

(continued from page 138)

"Five of the conference's nine teams look like solid contenders for the crown and top-25 rankings."

"The Mouth of the South," has taken his routine to the broadcast booth, leaving the coaching chores to replacement Les Robinson. An ardent advocate of the three-point shot, Robinson's East Tennessee State team finished second in the nation in three-point shooting last season. Robinson says only that he'll favor a "winning style" at State. But with players as talented from the outside as guards Rodney Monroe (23.2 p.p.g.) and Chris Corchiani (13.1 p.p.g.), expect the Wolfpack to launch frequently from the bonusphere.

While everyone else in the league was reading his press clippings last season, **Clemson** won the conference title. Center Elden Campbell is gone, leaving the paint patrol to 6'11" Dale Davis (15.3 points and 11.3 rebounds per game). The Tigers are a little too kittenish to play with the big cats.

The success of **Wake Forest's** season may be determined by how well guard Robert Siler can recover from his second major knee injury. The undersized Deacons, who led the A.C.C. in rebounding last season, get strong forward play from 6'8" Chris King (16.1 p.p.g.) and Anthony Tucker. Two freshmen, Randolph Childress and Rodney Rogers, should both see action early.

Maryland's basketball program continues under a dark cloud. Coach Lefty Driesell departed in the wake of Len Bias' cocaine-induced death. Coach Bob Wade, Driesell's successor, left in the midst of an N.C.A.A. investigation. Now the basketball program begins serving two years of N.C.A.A. probation. The Terps will forget their woes by playing fast-break, run-till-you-drop basketball.

ATLANTIC TEN

Coach John Chaney has had a great run at **Temple,** leading the Owls to a 192–61 record since he took over the program in 1982. With last season's Atlantic Ten championship in his pocket and all five starters returning, Chaney is likely to add another pearl of a season to his string of successes. Guard Mark Macon, Temple's mainstay, returns for his senior year, and Chaney has enough other talent to take the load off his star. "[Macon] will move into a comfort area where there will not be so much demanded of him," says the coach. His optimism is based on the expected emergence of Vic Carstarphen at point guard. Seven-footer Donald Hodge should improve on his 15.1-p.p.g. average. And when all else fails, Macon, already with 1926 career points, stands ready to take control. **Rutgers,** an 18-game winner last season under coach Bob Wenzel, returns four starters, including 6'8" Keith Hughes (18.8 p.p.g., 8.2 r.p.g.). Wenzel has added two 6'9" transfers, Brent Dabbs and Andre Lamareaux. **Massachusetts** pushed Temple to the limit in the conference-championship game before falling 53–51. The Minutemen, under coach John Calipari, had their first winning season (17–14) since 1977–1978. Guard Jim McCoy (20.7 p.p.g.) is Calipari's main man. **West Virginia** returns everyone from last season's squad except point guard Steve Berger. Coach Gale Catlett has a major talent waiting in the wings, freshman Mike Boyd, who averaged more than 23 p.p.g. in high school. Two guard Tracy Shelton (17.8 p.p.g.) is the Mountaineers' top returning scorer. **Rhode Island** will miss Kenny Green in the middle. Green led the nation last season with 4.69 blocks per game. Guard Eric Leslie (23 p.p.g.) will have to excel from the outside. **Penn State** had a very successful season last year under Bruce Parkhill. The Nittany Lions won 25 games and finished third in the N.I.T. tourney. Four starters return, but lost is last season's leading scorer, 6'9" Ed Fogell (15.3 p.p.g.).

BIG EAST

A better name for the Big East might be the Conference of the Unexpected. Two years ago, Seton Hall, not expected to finish in the top half of the conference, came within two Rumeal Robinson free throws of the N.C.A.A. championship against Michigan. Last season, Connecticut, a team picked to finish in the bottom half of the conference, beat Seton Hall, Georgetown and Syracuse on consecutive days to win the Big East tournament and just missed the Final Four on a last-second overtime shot against Duke. This season, five of the conference's nine teams (Connecticut, Syracuse, Georgetown, St. John's and Pittsburgh) look like solid contenders for the crown and top-25 rankings. That leaves Villanova, Providence, Seton Hall and Boston College with the chance to take a run at a national championship.

It's unlikely that **Connecticut** will be able to repeat its awesome 31-win total of last season and take another Big East championship. Point guard Tate George is now a New Jersey Net and Nadav Henefeld, number two in the nation last season as a freshman in steals, is playing pro ball in Israel. The Huskies will still play the same version of coach Jim Calhoun's swarming defense, which covered for some surprisingly weak offensive numbers last season (44.9 percent from the floor and 66.4 percent

Schick
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ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE

The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement both in the classroom and on the basketball court. Nominated by their universities, the candidates are judged by the editors of *Playboy* on their scholastic and athletic accamplishments. The award winner attends *Playboy*'s pre-seasan All-America Weekend—this year held at the Sherotan Warld Resort in Orlanda, Flarida—receives a branzed cammemorative medallian and is included in the team photagraph published in the magazine. In addition, *Playboy* awards $5000 to the general scholarship fund of the winner's school.

This year's Ansan Mount Schalar/Athlete Award in basketball goes to seniar Michael Iuzzolino from St. Francis College of Pennsylvania. Iuzzalino, a 5'10" guard, led his team in scoring (21.3 points per game), field-goal percentage (55.2), three-point percentage (51.6), free-thraw percentage (87.1) and assists (4.8 per game). The only underclassman ta be named ta the GTE/CoSida (College Sports Infarmatian Directars) Academic All-American first team, Iuzzolina carries a 3.7 grade-paint average in palitical science.

Hanarable mentians: David Midlick (Mississippi), Matt Muehlebach (Arizona), Mark Daly (Bastan University), Matt Steigenga (Michigan State), Christapher "Kit" Mueller (Princeton), Teo Alibegavic (Oregon State), Stephen Howard (DePaul), Dave Barrett (Purdue), Rob Mizera (Loyala-Chicago), Chris Hickman (New Mexico State), Benny Moss (North Caralina–Charlatte), Jack Hurd (La Salle), Pat Manar (New Hampshire), Dell Demps (Pacific), Radenko Dabras (South Florida), Aaran Benson (Air Force), Mike Sterner (U.S. Internatianal), Bobby Phills II (Southern), Darren Brown (Niagara), Matt Rae (Maryland).

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from the free-throw line).

Syracuse, 26–7 last season and a third-round tournament victim of Minnesota, loses some great players and returns others. N.B.A. number-one draft pick Derrick Coleman and the flashy Stephen Thompson are gone. However, Playboy All-America Billy Owens and 6'10" LeRon Ellis are back to lead coach Jim Boeheim's frustrated pursuit of a national championship. Ellis, hidden in Coleman's shadow last season, must up his scoring and rebound production. The Orangemen had better talent than chemistry last season.

At **Georgetown,** Alonzo Mourning and coach John Thompson both took a pass on a chance to play in the N.B.A. Mourning, a two-time Playboy All-America, is committed to getting his college degree before turning pro. Thompson, who was offered a generous financial package to take over the Denver Nuggets, wasn't ready to give up the college game. The combination of Mourning and Dikembe Mutombo, also a Playboy All-America, gives the Hoyas two of the best defensive big men in the history of college basketball. Together, they helped Georgetown lead the nation in rebounding margin (10.8) while holding opponents to a 37 percent shooting average. With guards Mark Tillmon and Dwayne Bryant gone, Thompson's biggest concerns are the Hoyas' floor game and outside shooting.

St. John's Malik Sealy, a 6'8" junior forward, has scored more than 1000 points in just two seasons, putting him in the company of former Redmen Chris Mullin and Walter Berry. Coach Lou Carnesecca, who confused opponents by wearing a dizzying variety of garish sweaters, also recruited some outstanding players to join Sealy and the rest of his veterans. Shawnelle Scott, a 6'11" forward out of New York City, should see plenty of action. Continued improvement from 6'11" center Robert Werdann could make the Redmen very tough.

With four seniors in the line-up, this is the year for coach Paul Evans' **Pittsburgh** team to take its shot at a Big East crown and post-season success. The Panthers to watch are forward Brian Shorter (20.6 p.p.g.) and guard Jason Matthews (19.1 p.p.g.). Guard Sean Miller, who sat out last season as a medical redshirt, and Chris McNeal, academically ineligible, should give the Panthers the depth they missed.

If you're looking for a Big East dark horse, **Providence** fits the bill. Coach Rick Barnes lost four starters from last season's squad, including guard Carlton Screen. However, Barnes had a banner recruiting year, picking up Ken McDonald, a first-team junior college All-America, and outstanding high schoolers Troy Brown, Dickie Simpkins, Robert Phelps and Michael Smith.

BIG EIGHT

One of the big stories in college basketball last season was the play of coach Roy Williams' **Kansas** team. Without a superstar—or, for that matter, any player averaging even 15 p.p.g.—the Jayhawks won 30 games. They did it with a combination of sharp shooting (Kansas led the nation in field-goal percentage), unselfish team offense (four players had more than 100 assists) and a tenacious defense. Among four starters not returning, one surprise loss is 6'10" Pekka Markkanen, who returned to his native Finland. However, Kansas' best player, 6'9" Mark Randall, is back, and Williams has already proved he can put together a winning team that is better than its individual parts.

Usually dominant **Oklahoma** has lost several key players to academic ineligibility. Jackie Jones, last season's Big Eight Newcomer of the Year (turned pro in Spain), and guard Smokey McCovery are gone. Forward Damon Patterson will sit out at least the first semester. Coach Billy Tubbs will look to Brent Price—who Tubbs says plays like brother Mark of the N.B.A. Cleveland Cavaliers—and junior college transfers Martin Keane and Bryan Sallier to fill the holes.

With an N.C.A.A. investigation in progress as we go to press, **Missouri** will likely face some scholarship and post-season play restrictions this season. To make matters worse for coach Norm Stewart, star guard Anthony Peeler (16.8 p.p.g.) is academically ineligible for at least the first semester. Doug Smith, last season's Big Eight Player of the Year, returns for his final college season.

Winner of only two games during the regular-league schedule, **Colorado** upset Missouri and Oklahoma State before losing to Oklahoma in the conference tourney championship. Four starters from that team return, including intimidator Shaun Vandiver, who led the Big Eight in scoring (22.3 p.p.g.) and rebounding (11.2 r.p.g.).

Eddie Sutton, former coach of Creighton, Arkansas and Kentucky, has taken the reins at **Oklahoma State.** The strength of his Cowboys team is 6'7" center Byron Houston, who averaged more than 18 p.p.g. and ten r.p.g. Sutton needs strong play from guards Corey Williams and Darwyn Alexander to take inside defensive pressure off Houston.

BIG SKY

Idaho, last season's conference champ and winner of 25 games, has lost three starters, including center Riley Smith. Coach Larry Eustachy hopes that Otis Mixon, a 24-p.p.g. scorer in junior college, can take up the slack. **Montana** expects to improve with the return of 6'10" Daren Engellant at center and coach Stew Morrill counts on two players from junior college for immediate production. Coach Bobby Dye's **Boise State** squad is built around 6'9" Tanoka Beard, last year's Big Sky Freshman of the Year.

BIG SOUTH

Coastal Carolina, which had the unenviable distinction of having the best record (23–6) of any Division I team not invited to a post-season tournament,

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PLAYBOY'S 1991 COLLEGE

AMERICAN SOUTH

*1. SOUTHWESTERN LOUISIANA
2. LOUISIANA TECH
3. NEW ORLEANS
4. ARKANSAS STATE
5. LAMAR
6. TEXAS–PAN AMERICAN
7. CENTRAL FLORIDA

STANDOUTS: Kevin Brooks, Aaron Mitchell, Marcus Stokes (Southwestern Louisiana); Anthony Dade, Ron Ellis (Louisiana Tech); Tank Collins (New Orleans); Bobby Gross, Tyrone Hall (Arkansas St.); Daryl Reed (Lamar); Gabriel Valdez (Texas–Pan American).

ATLANTIC COAST

*1. DUKE
*2. GEORGIA TECH
*3. NORTH CAROLINA
*4. VIRGINIA
*5. NORTH CAROLINA STATE
6. CLEMSON
7. WAKE FOREST
8. MARYLAND

STANDOUTS: Christian Laettner, Bobby Hurley (Duke); Kenny Anderson, Matt Geiger, Malcolm Mackey (Georgia Tech); Rick Fox, King Rice (North Carolina); Bryant Stith, John Crotty (Virginia); Rodney Monroe, Chris Corchiani (North Carolina St.); Dale Davis, Sean Tyson (Clemson); Chris King, Anthony Tucker (Wake Forest); Walt Williams, Matt Roe (Maryland).

ATLANTIC TEN

*1. TEMPLE
*2. RUTGERS
3. MASSACHUSETTS
4. WEST VIRGINIA
5. RHODE ISLAND
6. PENN STATE
7. ST. JOSEPH'S
8. GEORGE WASHINGTON
9. ST. BONAVENTURE
10. DUQUESNE

STANDOUTS: Mark Macon, Donald Hodge, Vic Carstarphen (Temple); Keith Hughes, Earl Duncan, Mike Jones (Rutgers); Jim McCoy, William Herndon, Tony Barbee (Massachusetts); Tracy Shelton, Chris Brooks, Charles Becton (West Virginia); James Barnes, Eric Leslie, Mike Brown (Rhode Island); Freddie Barnes (Penn St.); Craig Amos, Richard Stewart (St. Joseph's); Ellis McKennie, Sonni Holland (George Washington); Michael Burnett (St. Bonaventure); Clayton Adams (Duquesne).

BIG EAST

*1. GEORGETOWN
*2. SYRACUSE
*3. ST. JOHN'S
*4. CONNECTICUT
*5. PITTSBURGH
*6. PROVIDENCE
7. VILLANOVA
8. SETON HALL
9. BOSTON COLLEGE

STANDOUTS: Alonzo Mourning, Dikembe Mutombo (Georgetown); Billy Owens, LeRon Ellis (Syracuse); Malik Sealy, Robert Werdann (St. John's); Chris Smith, Scott Burrell (Connecticut); Brian Shorter, Jason Matthews, Bobby Martin (Pittsburgh); Chris Watts, Eric Murdock (Providence); Chris Walker, Lance Miller (Villanova); Terry Dehere, Anthony Avent (Seton Hall); David Hinton, Doug Able (Boston College).

BIG EIGHT

*1. KANSAS
*2. OKLAHOMA
3. MISSOURI
*4. COLORADO
5. OKLAHOMA STATE
6. IOWA STATE
7. KANSAS STATE
8. NEBRASKA

STANDOUTS: Mark Randall, Terry Brown, Mike Maddox (Kansas); Brent Price (Oklahoma); Doug Smith (Missouri); Shaun Vandiver, Stevie Wise (Colorado); Byron Houston, Darwyn Alexander (Oklahoma St.); Victor Alexander, Doug Collins (Iowa St.); Jean Derouillere, Askia Jones (Kansas St.); Rich King, Clifford Scales (Nebraska).

BIG SKY

*1. MONTANA
2. IDAHO
3. BOISE STATE
4. NEVADA
5. WEBER STATE
6. MONTANA STATE
7. IDAHO STATE
8. EASTERN WASHINGTON
9. NORTHERN ARIZONA

STANDOUTS: Daren Engellant, Kevin Kearney (Montana); Ricardo Boyd, Clifford Martin (Idaho); Tanoka Beard, Jeff Sanor (Boise St.); Matt Hankinson, Bryan Thomasson (Nevada); Aaron Bell, Anthony McGowan (Weber St.); Johnny Mack, Todd Dickson (Montana St.); Steven Garrity, Alex Kreps (Idaho St.); Brian Sullivan (Eastern Washington); Steve Williams (Northern Arizona).

BIG SOUTH

*1. COASTAL CAROLINA
2. NORTH CAROLINA–ASHEVILLE
3. BAPTIST
4. CAMPBELL
5. DAVIDSON
6. AUGUSTA
7. RADFORD
8. WINTHROP

STANDOUTS: Tony Dunkin, Robert Dowdell (Coastal Carolina); Brent Keck, Darryl Sanders (North Carolina–Asheville); Anthony Houston, Darryl Hall (Baptist); Rod Gourdine, Mark Mocnik (Campbell); Detlef Musch (Davidson); Keenan Mann, Derek Stewart (Augusta); Doug Day, Ron Shelbourne (Radford); George Henson (Winthrop).

BIG TEN

*1. MICHIGAN STATE
*2. OHIO STATE
*3. INDIANA
*4. MINNESOTA
*5. ILLINOIS
*6. PURDUE
7. WISCONSIN
8. MICHIGAN
9. IOWA
10. NORTHWESTERN

STANDOUTS: Steve Smith, Matt Steigenga (Michigan St.); Jim Jackson, Perry Carter, Mark Baker (Ohio St.); Eric Anderson, Calbert Cheaney (Indiana); Kevin Lynch, Walter Bond (Minnesota); Larry Smith (Illinois); Woody Austin, Chuckie White (Purdue); Willie Simms (Wisconsin); Demetrius Calip (Michigan); James Moses (Iowa).

BIG WEST

1. NEVADA–LAS VEGAS
*2. NEW MEXICO STATE
3. LONG BEACH STATE
4. CALIFORNIA–SANTA BARBARA
5. UTAH STATE
6. PACIFIC
7. SAN JOSE STATE
8. FRESNO STATE
9. CALIFORNIA-IRVINE
10. CAL STATE–FULLERTON

STANDOUTS: Larry Johnson, Stacey Augmon, Greg Anthony, Anderson Hunt (Nevada–Las Vegas); Randy Brown, Tracey Ware, Terry Butler (New Mexico St.); Lucious Harris, Kevin Cutler (Long Beach St.); Gary Gray, Paul Johnson (California–Santa Barbara); Kendall Youngblood (Utah St.); Don Lyttle, Dell Demps (Pacific); Troy Batiste (San Jose St.); Wilbert Hooker (Fresno St.); Ricky Butler (Cal-Irvine).

COLONIAL

*1. JAMES MADISON
2. RICHMOND
3. GEORGE MASON
4. EAST CAROLINA
5. NORTH CAROLINA–WILMINGTON
6. AMERICAN
7. NAVY
8. WILLIAM & MARY

STANDOUTS: Steve Hood, Fess Irvin (James Madison); Curtis Blair, Kenny Wood (Richmond); Robert Dykes, Mike Hargett (George Mason); Ike Copeland, Tim Brown (East Carolina); Brannon Lancaster (North Carolina–Wilmington); Brian Gilgeous, Brock Wortman (American); Eddie Reddick (Navy); Scott Smith (William & Mary).

EAST COAST

*1. DELAWARE
2. HOFSTRA
3. TOWSON STATE
4. RIDER
5. DREXEL
6. MARYLAND–BALTIMORE COUNTY
7. CENTRAL CONNECTICUT STATE

STANDOUTS: Alex Coles, Mark Murray, Denard Montgomery (Delaware); Derrick Flowers, Anthony Knight (Hofstra); Devin Boyd, Chuck Lightening (Towson St.); Darrick Suber, William Kinsel (Rider); Michael Thompson, Arthur Clark (Drexel); Jim Frantz, Derrick Reid (Maryland–Baltimore County); Scott Weeden, Kevin Swann (Central Connecticut).

IVY LEAGUE

*1. PRINCETON
2. YALE
3. HARVARD
4. PENNSYLVANIA
5. BROWN
6. CORNELL
7. DARTMOUTH
8. COLUMBIA

STANDOUTS: Kit Mueller, Sean Jackson, Matt Eastwick (Princeton); Dean Campbell, Ed Petersen (Yale); Ralph James, Ron Mitchell (Harvard); Vince Curran (Pennsylvania); Rick Lloyd, Carlos Williams (Brown); Bernard Jackson, Shawn Maharaj (Cornell); James Blackwell (Dartmouth); Eric Speaker (Columbia).

METRO

*1. SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI
*2. LOUISVILLE
*3. MEMPHIS STATE
4. FLORIDA STATE
5. CINCINNATI
6. SOUTH CAROLINA
7. VIRGINIA TECH
8. TULANE

STANDOUTS: Clarence Weatherspoon, Darrin Chancellor (Southern Mississippi); LaBradford Smith, Everick Sullivan (Louisville); Elliot Perry, Todd Mundt (Memphis St.); Michael Polite, Douglas Edwards (Florida St.); Louis Banks, Levertis Robinson (Cincinnati); Jo Jo English, Barry Manning (South Carolina); Dirk Williams (Virginia Tech); Anthony Reed, David Whitmore (Tulane).

METRO ATLANTIC

*1. IONA
2. SIENA
3. LA SALLE
4. MANHATTAN
5. ST. PETER'S
6. CANISIUS
7. FAIRFIELD
8. NIAGARA
9. LOYOLA-MARYLAND

STANDOUTS: Sean Green, Shawn Worthy (Iona); Marc Brown, Steve Downey (Siena); Doug Overton, Randy Woods (La Salle); Keith Bullock (Manhattan); Tony Walker (St. Peter's); Ed Book (Canisius); Harold Brantley (Fairfield); Darren Brown (Niagara); Kevin Green, Tracy Bergan (Loyola-Maryland).

MID-AMERICAN

*1. BOWLING GREEN STATE
2. MIAMI UNIVERSITY
3. CENTRAL MICHIGAN
4. EASTERN MICHIGAN
5. WESTERN MICHIGAN
6. BALL STATE
7. KENT STATE
8. TOLEDO
9. OHIO UNIVERSITY

STANDOUTS: Clinton Venable, Joe Moore (Bowling Green St.); Craig Michaelis, Jim Paul (Miami); Darian McKinney, Jeff Majerle (Central Michigan); Lorenzo Neely, Marcus Kennedy (Eastern Michigan); Jim Havrilla (Western Michigan); Chandler Thompson (Ball St.); Harold Walton (Kent St.); Craig Sutters (Toledo); Dan Aloi (Ohio).

MID-CONTINENT

*1. WISCONSIN–GREEN BAY
2. NORTHERN ILLINOIS
3. NORTHERN IOWA
4. CLEVELAND STATE
5. ILLINOIS-CHICAGO
6. AKRON
7. WESTERN ILLINOIS
8. EASTERN ILLINOIS
9. VALPARAISO

STANDOUTS: Tony Bennett, Dean Vander Plas (Wisconsin–Green Bay); Donnell Thomas, Donald Whiteside (Northern Illinois); Dale Turner, Cedrick McCullough (Northern Iowa); Steve Givens, Michael Wawrzyniak (Cleveland St.); Brian Hill, Tony Freeman (Illinois-Chicago); Mark Alberts, Pete Freeman (Akron); Ron Ateman, Reggie Warren (Western Illinois); Gerald Jones, Barry Johnson (Eastern Illinois); Tracy Gipson (Valparaiso).

MID-EASTERN

1. COPPIN STATE
2. SOUTH CAROLINA STATE
3. DELAWARE STATE
4. NORTH CAROLINA A&T
5. FLORIDA A&M
6. BETHUNE-COOKMAN
7. HOWARD
8. MARYLAND–EASTERN SHORE
9. MORGAN STATE

STANDOUTS: Reggie Isaac, Larry Stewart (Coppin St.); Travis Williams, Eric Sanders (South Carolina St.); Tom Davis, Emanual Davis (Delaware St.); Glenn Taggart (North Carolina A&T); Reginald Finney (Florida A&M); Clifford Reed, Reggie Cunningham (Bethune-Cookman); Tyrone Powell (Howard); Keith Williams, Robert Spear (Maryland–ES); James McCoy (Morgan St.).

BASKETBALL PREDICTIONS

MIDWESTERN

*1. XAVIER
*2. MARQUETTE
3. DETROIT
4. LOYOLA-CHICAGO
5. DAYTON
6. ST. LOUIS
7. EVANSVILLE
8. BUTLER

STANDOUTS: Jamal Walker, Aaron Williams (Xavier); Trevor Powell, Keith Stewart (Marquette); Dwayne Kelley, John Beauford (Detroit); Keith Gailes, Keir Rogers (Loyola-Chicago); Norm Grevey (Dayton); Kevin Footes (St. Louis); Scott Shreffler (Evansville); Darin Archbold (Butler).

MISSOURI VALLEY

*1. CREIGHTON
2. TULSA
3. SOUTHERN ILLINOIS
4. SOUTHWEST MISSOURI STATE
5. BRADLEY
6. WICHITA STATE
7. ILLINOIS STATE
8. INDIANA STATE
9. DRAKE

STANDOUTS: Bob Harstad, Chad Gallagher, Duane Cole (Creighton); Marcell Gordon, Wade Jenkins, Michael Scott (Tulsa); Sterling Mahan, Ashraf Amaya (Southern Illinois); Darryl Reid (Southwest Missouri St.); Curtis Stuckey (Bradley); John Cooper, Paul Guffrovich (Wichita St.); Richard Thomas (Illinois St.); Eddie Bird (Indiana St.).

NORTH ATLANTIC

*1. NORTHEASTERN
2. BOSTON UNIVERSITY
3. VERMONT
4. HARTFORD
5. MAINE
6. NEW HAMPSHIRE
7. NIAGARA

STANDOUTS: Steve Carney, Lamont Hough (Northeastern); Mark Daly, Reggie Stewart (Boston University); Kevin Roberson, Matt Johnson (Vermont); Ron Moye, Larry Griffiths (Hartford); Derrick Hodge, Marty Higgins (Maine); Pat Manor, Eric Thielen (New Hampshire); Darren Brown (Niagara).

NORTHEAST

1. FAIRLEIGH DICKINSON
2. MONMOUTH
3. ROBERT MORRIS
4. ST. FRANCIS–PENNSYLVANIA
5. MARIST
6. WAGNER
7. ST. FRANCIS–NEW YORK
8. LONG ISLAND

STANDOUTS: Desi Wilson, Clive Anderson (Fairleigh Dickinson); Alex Blackwell, William Lewis (Monmouth); Andre Boyd, Joe Falletta (Robert Morris); Mike Iuzzolino, Joe Anderson (St. Francis–Penn.); Steve Paterno, Reggie Gaut (Marist); Billy Kurisko, Dean Borges (Wagner); Nerim Gjondalaj (St. Francis–N.Y.); Brent McCollin (Long Island).

OHIO VALLEY

*1. MURRAY STATE
2. MIDDLE TENNESSEE STATE
3. EASTERN KENTUCKY
4. AUSTIN PEAY
5. MOREHEAD STATE
6. TENNESSEE TECH
7. TENNESSEE STATE

STANDOUTS: Ronald "Popeye" Jones, Frank Allen, Greg Coble (Murray St.); Quincy Vance (Middle Tennessee St.); Aric Sinclair, Jamie Ross (Eastern Kentucky); Tommy Brown, Donald Tivis (Austin Peay); Brett Roberts, Rod Mitchell (Morehead St.); Jerome Rodgers (Tennessee Tech); Robert Neely (Tennessee St.).

PACIFIC TEN

*1. ARIZONA
*2. UCLA
*3. STANFORD
*4. USC
*5. ARIZONA STATE
*6. CALIFORNIA
7. OREGON
8. OREGON STATE
9. WASHINGTON
10. WASHINGTON STATE

STANDOUTS: Chris Mills, Sean Rooks, Matt Muehlebach, Brian Williams, Ed Stokes (Arizona); Don MacLean, Tracy Murray (UCLA); Adam Keefe, Andrew Vlahov, Deshon Wingate (Stanford); Harold Miner, Ronnie Coleman, Robert Pack (USC); Isaac Austin, Tarence Wheeler (Arizona St.); Brian Hendrick, Roy Fisher (California); Terrell Brandon, Kevin Mixon (Oregon); Will Brantley, Teo Alibegovic (Oregon St.); Dion Brown (Washington); Bennie Seltzer (Washington St.).

PATRIOT

*1. FORDHAM
2. HOLY CROSS
3. LEHIGH
4. BUCKNELL
5. LAFAYETTE
6. COLGATE
7. ARMY

STANDOUTS: Damon Lopez, Jean Prioleau (Fordham); Jim Nairus, Earl Weedon (Holy Cross); Bob Krizansky, Dozie Mbonu (Lehigh); Mike Bright, Bill Courtney (Bucknell); Bruce Stankavage (Lafayette); Darren Brown, Devin Hughes (Colgate); James Collins (Army).

SOUTHEASTERN

*1. LOUISIANA STATE
*2. GEORGIA
*3. ALABAMA
*4. AUBURN
*5. TENNESSEE
6. KENTUCKY
7. MISSISSIPPI STATE
8. VANDERBILT
9. FLORIDA
10. MISSISSIPPI

STANDOUTS: Shaquille O'Neal (Louisiana St.); Litterial Green, Marshall Wilson (Georgia); Melvin Cheatum, Robert Horry (Alabama); Ronnie Battle, Chris Brandt, Reggie Gallon (Auburn); Allan Houston, Greg Bell (Tennessee); Reggie Hanson, Jamal Mashburn (Kentucky); Cameron Burns, Greg Carter (Mississippi St.); Scott Draud (Vanderbilt); Livingston Chatman, Dwayne Davis (Florida); Joe Harvell (Mississippi).

SOUTHERN

*1. EAST TENNESSEE STATE
2. TENNESSEE-CHATTANOOGA
3. MARSHALL
4. APPALACHIAN STATE
5. FURMAN
6. WESTERN CAROLINA
7. THE CITADEL
8. VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE

STANDOUTS: Greg Dennis, Keith Jennings, Calvin Talford (East Tennessee St.); Derrick Kirce, Eric Spivey (Tennessee-Chattanooga); John Taft, Andre Cunningham (Marshall); Rodney Peel, Steve Spurlock, Broderick Parker (Appalachian St.); Bruce Evans, Derek Waugh (Furman); Eric Dailey, Terry Boyd (Western Carolina); Aaron Nichols (The Citadel); Percy Covington (VMI).

SOUTHLAND

1. NORTHEAST LOUISIANA
2. NORTHWESTERN STATE–LOUISIANA
3. SAM HOUSTON STATE
4. SOUTHWEST TEXAS STATE
5. NORTH TEXAS
6. TEXAS-ARLINGTON
7. MCNEESE STATE
8. STEPHEN F. AUSTIN

STANDOUTS: Anthony Jones, Carlos Funchess (Northeast Louisiana); Roman Banks, Dexter Grimsley (Northwestern St.–Louisiana); Gibbiarra Outten, Erik Hammock (Sam Houston St.); Rodney Hill, Morris Farr (Southwest Texas St.); Donnell Hayden, Thomas Gipson (North Texas); Willie Brand (Texas-Arlington); Derrick Turner, Larone Ford (McNeese St.); Avery Helms (Stephen F. Austin).

SOUTHWEST

*1. ARKANSAS
*2. TEXAS
*3. HOUSTON
4. TEXAS A & M
5. RICE
6. BAYLOR
7. SOUTHERN METHODIST
8. TEXAS CHRISTIAN
9. TEXAS TECH

STANDOUTS: Todd Day, Lee Mayberry, Oliver Miller, Ron Huery (Arkansas); Joey Wright, Dexter Cambridge (Texas); Craig Upchurch, Byron Smith (Houston); Brooks Thompson, Lynn Suber (Texas A & M); Brent Scott, Dana Hardy (Rice); Kelvin Chalmers, David Wesley (Baylor); Gerald Lewis (Southern Methodist); Reggie Smith (Texas Christian); Will Flemons, Barron Brown (Texas Tech).

SOUTHWESTERN

1. SOUTHERN
2. TEXAS SOUTHERN
3. ALABAMA STATE
4. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY STATE
5. JACKSON STATE
6. GRAMBLING STATE
7. ALCORN STATE

STANDOUTS: Bobby Phills II, Robert Youngblood (Southern); Ray Younger, David Arceneaux (Texas Southern); Steve Rogers, Martin Hogan (Alabama St.); Alphonso Ford, William Townsend (Mississippi Valley St.); Eric Strothers, Craig Charles (Jackson St.); Darrell Harris (Grambling St.).

SUN BELT

*1. SOUTH FLORIDA
*2. ALABAMA-BIRMINGHAM
3. NORTH CAROLINA–CHARLOTTE
4. VIRGINIA COMMONWEALTH
5. OLD DOMINION
6. WESTERN KENTUCKY
7. SOUTH ALABAMA
8. JACKSONVILLE

STANDOUTS: Radenko Dobras, Gary Alexander, Marvin Taylor, Fred Lewis (South Florida); Andy Kennedy, Elbert Rogers, Stan Rose (Alabama-Birmingham); Henry Williams, Dan Banister, Daryl DeVaull (North Carolina–Charlotte); Eric Atkins, Kendrick Warren (Virginia Commonwealth); Chris Gatling (Old Dominion); Jerry Anderson (Western Kentucky); Cesar Portillo (South Alabama); Reggie Law, Tim Burroughs (Jacksonville).

TRANS AMERICA

*1. STETSON
2. ARKANSAS–LITTLE ROCK
3. GEORGIA SOUTHERN
4. CENTENARY
5. TEXAS–SAN ANTONIO
6. GEORGIA STATE
7. MERCER
8. SAMFORD

STANDOUTS: Derrall Dumas, Frank Ireland, Lorenzo Williams (Stetson); James Scott, Rod Wade (Arkansas–Little Rock); Charlton Young, Tony Windless (Georgia Southern); Patrick Greer, Byron Steward (Centenary); Darryl Eaton, Keith Horne (Texas–San Antonio); Chris Collier, Matt O'Brien (Georgia St.); John Thomas (Samford).

WEST COAST

*1. LOYOLA MARYMOUNT
2. SAN DIEGO
3. PEPPERDINE
4. PORTLAND
5. SANTA CLARA
6. GONZAGA
7. SAN FRANCISCO
8. ST. MARY'S

STANDOUTS: Terrell Lowery, Brian McCloskey (Loyola Marymount); Pat Holbert, Wayman Strickland (San Diego); Geoff Lear, Doug Christie (Pepperdine); Ron Deaton, Erik Spoelstra (Portland); Ron Reis, Rhea Taylor (Santa Clara); Eric Brady (Gonzaga); Darryl Johnson, Orlando Smart (San Francisco); Eric Bamberger, John Levitt (St. Mary's).

WESTERN ATHLETIC

*1. NEW MEXICO
*2. BRIGHAM YOUNG
3. TEXAS–EL PASO
4. UTAH
5. COLORADO STATE
6. WYOMING
7. AIR FORCE
8. HAWAII
9. SAN DIEGO STATE

STANDOUTS: Luc Longley, Rob Robbins, Ike Williams (New Mexico); Shawn Bradley, Steve Schreiner (Brigham Young); Marlon Maxey, Henry Hall (Texas–El Paso); Josh Grant (Utah); Lynn Tryon, Mark Meredith (Colorado St.); Reginald Slater, Tim Breaux (Wyoming); Chris Lowry (Air Force); Troy Bowe (Hawaii); Marty Dow (San Diego St.).

INDEPENDENTS

*1. DEPAUL
*2. NOTRE DAME
3. MIAMI
4. U.S. INTERNATIONAL
5. WRIGHT STATE
6. MISSOURI–KANSAS CITY
7. BROOKLYN COLLEGE
8. NICHOLLS STATE
9. CHICAGO STATE
10. YOUNGSTOWN STATE
11. SOUTHEASTERN LOUISIANA

STANDOUTS: David Booth, Stephen Howard, Terry Davis (DePaul); LaPhonso Ellis, Elmer Bennett (Notre Dame); Joe Wylie, Samarr Logan (Miami); Kevin Bradshaw (U.S. International); Bill Edwards, Marcus Mumphrey (Wright St.); Ronnie Schmitz, David Robinson (Missouri–Kansas City); Ralph Solis (Brooklyn College); Tharon Lewis, Paul Beier (Nicholls St.); Rod Parker (Chicago St.); Reggie Kemp, Tim Jackson (Youngstown St.).

*Our predictions to make the N.C.A.A. post-season tournament.

may get a chance to rectify that situation. The Chanticleers return all five starters, including 6'7" forward Tony Dunkin (18.1 p.p.g.), the conference's Player of the Year, making them the odds-on favorite to repeat as champs. The Big South winner will then play the champion of the Southwestern Conference for an automatic N.C.A.A. berth.

BIG TEN

Graduation, early departures to the N.B.A. or the specter of impending N.C.A.A. probations have shuffled basketball fortunes in the Big Ten. And dealt three teams—Michigan State, Ohio State and Indiana—a chance to dominate this usually balanced conference.

Michigan State, which won the Big Ten crown last season and advanced all the way to the N.C.A.A. tourney's Sweet 16 before a controversial loss to Georgia Tech, returns eight lettermen, including Playboy All-America guard Steve Smith. Coach Jud Heathcote, Playboy Coach of the Year, will emphasize the same tough man-to-man defense that allowed opponents just 68.2 p.p.g. The Spartans need to cut their turnovers (an average of 14 per game) and improve their last-in-the-league free-throw shooting.

Second-year **Ohio State** coach Randy Ayers has all 12 players back from last season's 17–13 squad. The Buckeyes, led by sophomore forward Jim Jackson (16.1 p.p.g.) and 6'8" center Perry Carter (15.2 p.p.g.), finished strong last season, winning eight of their last 11 games. Jamie Skelton, a 6'3" freshman guard, was regarded as Ohio's best high school player last season.

Down in **Indiana,** Bob Knight has Damon Bailey and all's right with the world. Of Bailey, the first four-time all-state player in Indiana history and the state's all-time leading high school scorer, Knight says, "Only I know how good Bailey really is." It's a good bet that Bailey is good enough to break into the Hoosiers' starting line-up, despite the fact that all five starters from last season return. Calbert Cheaney (17.1 p.p.g.) and Eric Anderson (16.3 p.p.g.) at the forward spots are assured their starting spots. Everyone else, including Knight's son Pat, will have to fight for playing time on this young but talented team.

Minnesota coach Clem Haskins returns only guard Kevin Lynch (13.4 p.p.g.) from last season's 23–9 squad, which advanced to the regional finals before falling to Georgia Tech 93–91. However, redshirt freshman Arriel McDonald should be able to handle the point-guard spot vacated by Melvin Newbern.

"Whataya mean—you remembered everyone but me?"

As we go to press, **Illinois** is still waiting for the results of an N.C.A.A. investigation into alleged recruiting violations concerning Deon Thomas, a 6'8" center who was redshirted last season pending the outcome of the investigation. Coach Lou Henson's problems don't stop there. The Illini, who lost Nick Anderson to an early N.B.A. exit before last season, said goodbye to Marcus Liberty for the same reason this season.

Coach Gene Keady and his **Purdue** team overachieved their way to a 22–8 mark last season. The Boilermakers made up for their lack of big-name talent with wonderfully executed team play. Keady will have another chance to overachieve, since Stephen Scheffler, his best player last season, graduated.

Wisconsin returns four starters but not all-time leading scorer Danny Jones. The undersized Badgers need big point production from guard/forward Willie Simms (13.3 p.p.g.).

Michigan said a sad goodbye to Rumeal Robinson, Terry Mills and Loy Vaught, some of the last of its 1989 national-championship team. Coach Steve Fisher's job was made even more challenging when 6'9" Sean Higgins took an early leave for the N.B.A.

Iowa, just 4–14 in the Big Ten last season, will continue to struggle. Seven-footer Les Jepsen has graduated and the Iowa talent cupboard is bare.

Northwestern coach Bill Foster would be happy with any bona fide big-time college basketball talent. The Wildcats, who won only two conference games for the sixth year in a row, lost their three best underclassmen to transfers. This will be a brutal season for the 'Cats.

BIG WEST

The N.C.A.A. ban on post-season play was strike one for **Nevada–Las Vegas.** When Ed O'Bannon and Shon Tarver, perhaps the two best freshman prospects in the nation, elected to attend UCLA after the ban was announced, it was strike two. Strike three for the Rebels will probably come when the N.C.A.A. finishes its investigation of the circumstances surrounding the recruitment of Lloyd Daniels. In the meantime, Playboy All-Americas Larry Johnson and Stacey Augmon form the nucleus of the best team in the conference and probably in the nation. How the ban on post-season play will affect the team's motivation and play is anyone's guess.

New Mexico State, which finished 26–5 and earned its first N.C.A.A. bid in 11 years, will put a strong team on the floor again this season. Coach Neil McCarthy has added junior college players Tracey Ware and 6'5" forward Terry Butler to complement three returning starters. New **Long Beach State** coach Seth Greenberg plans to play eight or nine players, since the 49ers have lots of experience returning this season.

Lucious Harris, the Big West Freshman of the Year last season, is the team leader.

COLONIAL

Coach Lefty Driesell has been teaching a short course in successful basketball at **James Madison.** Two seasons ago, Driesell took over the Dukes' uninspired program and promptly led them to a 16–14 winning season. Last season, Driesell coaxed 20 wins out of JMU and was conference Coach of the Year, an honor he had previously won in the Southern and Atlantic Coast conferences. This season, Lefty's lads, led by 6'7" guard Steve Hood (22 p.p.g.) and four other returning starters, should win the Colonial with ease. **Richmond,** which won the conference tournament and lost to Duke in the N.C.A.A. tournament last season, has plenty of size up front but will be forced to start a freshman at point guard. **George Mason,** a 20-game winner under coach Ernie Nestor last season, has forward Robert Dykes back for his senior year. Dykes, who spent five years in the Navy before attending George Mason, averaged 17.1 p.p.g. and 8.5 r.p.g.

EAST COAST

Delaware appears to be the most talented team this season in the E.C.C. Coach Steve Steinwedel has four starters back from last season's 16–13 squad, including 6'6" forward Alex Coles, who cleared 7'3½" in a track meet last spring. The Fightin' Blue Hens will be pushed hard by **Hofstra's** Flying Dutchmen. Coached by the venerable Butch van Breda Kolff, whose credits range from the L.A. Lakers to Mississippi's Picayune High School, Hofstra will rely on the scoring of forward Derrick Flowers.

IVY LEAGUE

The **Princeton** Tigers are in a rut. For the past two years, they've won the Ivy League championship and taken a major national basketball power to the wire before losing in a first-round N.C.A.A. tournament game. Two years ago, coach Pete Carril's charges put John Thompson and Georgetown in a sweat before losing 50–49; last year, it was the Arkansas Razorbacks who bit their nails before finally prevailing 68–64. With four starters back, including Ivy League Player of the Year Kit Mueller, the Tigers should three-peat. **Yale** finished 19–7 last season, its best finish since 1948–1949. Since every player from that team is back, the Elis, coached by Dick Kuchen, have a chance should Princeton falter. **Harvard** returns its two top scorers, Ralph James (20.3 p.p.g.) and Ron Mitchell (15.4 p.p.g.). The up-tempo Crimson must cut its turnovers, which averaged 17.9 per game, and improve its defense in order to challenge.

METRO

Southern Mississippi, which enjoyed its finest season ever (20–12), looks even stronger this year. Coach M. K. Turk returns four starters, including forward Clarence Weatherspoon and guard Darrin Chancellor, both of whom averaged 17.8 p.p.g. last season. Mississippi high school scoring champ Bernard Haslett will add scoring punch and transfer Joe Courtney strength on the boards.

Louisville faces a major challenge, since seven-foot center Felton Spencer has gone to the pros and Jerome Harmon has been declared academically ineligible. The Cardinals, who have missed the N.C.A.A. tournament only twice in 14 years, got more bad news when Anthony Cade and Dwayne Morton failed to qualify under Proposition 48. However, guard LaBradford Smith and Denny Crum's cagey coaching should keep the Cardinals in contention.

The **Memphis State** Tigers are more like greyhounds this season. Guard Elliot Perry, who has led the Metro in steals for the past three seasons, will be joined by Billy Smith. The Tigers got a blow when 6'7" freshman guard Anfernee Hardaway was ruled academically ineligible. Hardaway was supposed to be the second coming of Magic Johnson.

Florida State is looking for a big year from 6'9" forward Douglas Edwards, who was held out last season because of Proposition 48. Edwards was rated as the second best player coming out of high school (Georgia Tech's Kenny Anderson was first). **Cincinnati** and **South Carolina** should both better the .500 mark this season. The Bearcats' best player is forward Louis Banks (17.9 p.p.g.), while the Fighting Gamecocks will put even more emphasis on coach George Felton's man-to-man defense, enough to hold conference opponents to a 40.5 shooting percentage last season.

METRO ATLANTIC

While no one is likely to confuse **Iona's** starting line-up with the Lakers', the Gaels are one of the favorites of the Metro Atlantic. Shawn Worthy, Kevin Cooper and Sean Green (19.8 p.p.g.) are all returning starters for fifth-year coach Gary Brokaw. **Siena** will also be in the hunt for the M.A.A.C. title this season. Guard Marc Brown (16.9 p.p.g.) is probably the best player in the league. **La Salle,** 30–2 last season, loses only one player, but he happens to be Lionel Simmons, picked by many as last season's national player of the year. The Explorers will miss the L train.

MID-AMERICAN

With the graduation of Paris McCurdy, Curtis Kidd and two other starters, **Ball State's** two-year domination of the Mid-American has ended. The Cardinals made last season's Final 16 and gave UNLV its one tough tournament game (69–67). The new kids on the M.A.C. block are Bowling Green, Miami of Ohio and Central Michigan. **Bowling Green** returns all five starters from last season's 18–11 squad and picks up 6'10" Jason Crump, a former member of England's national team. **Miami,** under new coach Joby Wright, is big, experienced and well balanced. Sophomore forward Craig Michaelis is an emerging star. **Central Michigan** adds Darian McKinney and Calvin Winfield, both transfers from Detroit. The Chippewas also return Jeff Majerle (12.9 p.p.g.), whose brother Dan is now in the pros.

MID-CONTINENT

Northern Iowa was one of college basketball's Cinderella stories last season. The Panthers defeated the Iowa Hawkeyes (77–74) for the first time since 1913. Then, after an undistinguished league mark of 6–6, UNI proceeded to win the Mid-Continent post-season tournament, thus earning the chance to pull off an incredible 74–71 first-round upset of Missouri. With the graduation of 6'8" center Jason Reese, UNI's all-time leading scorer, the Panthers will be a more perimeter-oriented team this season. **Wisconsin–Green Bay,** led by junior Tony Bennett (the guard, not the singer), is one of the best defensive teams in the nation, allowing opponents an average of only 59.8 p.p.g. **Northern Illinois,** formerly an independent, joins the Mid-Continent this year. The Huskies, whose best player is Donnell Thomas (17.8 p.p.g.), are coached by former DePaul assistant Jim Molinari. **Cleveland State** coach Kevin Mackey was fired after being arrested on drunk-driving and cocaine-abuse charges. He has been replaced by former Michigan assistant Mike Boyd.

MID-EASTERN

Coppin State, which won both the regular schedule (15–1) and the league's post-season tournament, is a strong favorite to repeat the feat. Reggie Isaac (21.2 p.p.g.) and Larry Stewart (18.7 p.p.g.) are coach Ron "Fang" Mitchell's best producers. **South Carolina State,** which won 25 games two years ago, dropped to 13–16 last season. Eric Sanders, a 6'10" transfer from Virginia Tech, should help the Bulldogs solve the rebounding problems that plagued them last season. **Delaware State** returns forward Tom Davis (23.9 p.p.g.), the conference's scoring champ for the past two seasons.

MIDWESTERN

Xavier has had a great five-year run under coach Pete Gillen, making the N.C.A.A. tournament every year and last season beating Kansas State (87–79) and Georgetown (74–71) en route to the

Final 16. However, the graduation of 6'10" stars Tyrone Hill and Derek Strong leaves the Musketeers without an inside scoring-and-rebounding punch. Guard Jamel Walker (15.1 p.p.g.) will carry the scoring burden until sophomore center Aaron Williams and freshman forward Erik Edwards find their touch. **Marquette** will challenge the Musketeers despite losing high-scoring guard Tony Smith (23.8 p.p.g.) to graduation. Second-year coach Kevin O'Neill will rely on forward Trevor Powell (16.8 p.p.g.) and three-point sharpshooter Mark Anglavar until seven new players (three transfers and four freshmen considered top-100 recruits) become acclimated. **Detroit,** 10–18 last season, is the conference's most improved team. Coach Ricky Byrdsong, who turned down an offer to take over at Arkansas–Little Rock, will count on four returning starters and 7'1" transfer John Beauford to make the Titans contenders. **Loyola-Chicago** has big-time scorers Keith Gailes (26.3 p.p.g.) and Keir Rogers (16.6 p.p.g.) back, but the Ramblers lack size and depth. **Dayton's** up-tempo game will be slowed with the graduation of Negele Knight and Anthony Corbitt. **St. Louis** will have a tough time equaling its 21-win total with the loss of Anthony Bonner, the leading rebounder in the nation (13.8 r.p.g.).

MISSOURI VALLEY

Coach Tony Barone's **Creighton** crew is the class of the Missouri Valley this season. The Bluejays are led by conference Player of the Year Bob Harstad (22.2 p.p.g.), a 6'6" forward, and 6'10" center Chad Gallagher (17.7 p.p.g.). Creighton is likely to get its third consecutive 20-win season and could make some noise at post-season time. Tulsa and Southern Illinois will give Creighton its stiffest competition. **Tulsa** is well balanced, quick, but undersized. **Southern Illinois,** which won 26 games last season, has good talent returning but will miss leading rebounder Jerry Jones, who has graduated. After four straight years as Mid-Continent Conference champion, **Southwest Missouri State** moves over to the Missouri Valley. Coach Charlie Spoonhour's job is complicated by the graduation of Mid-Continent Player of the Year Lee Campbell, the top field-goal percentage shooter in Division I last season.

NORTH ATLANTIC

Last season, Northeastern won the regular North Atlantic conference schedule and Boston University took the league tournament, thereby earning the right to get pelted by Connecticut (76–52) in the first round of the N.C.A.A. tournament. Despite some graduation losses, both teams again appear to be the favorites in the N.A.C. **Northeastern** returns Steve Carney, a 6'7" forward who holds every individual conference rebounding record. **Boston University** has a new coach, Bob Brown, and 6'10" Russell Jarvis, who sat out last season. **Vermont** showed marked improvement toward the end of last season and, with all five starters returning, could be a factor.

NORTHEAST

Expect a tight three-way race in the Northeast Conference among Fairleigh Dickinson, Monmouth and last season's champ, Robert Morris. **Fairleigh Dickinson** is led by center Desi Wilson (22.3 p.p.g.), last season's conference Player of the Year. **Monmouth's** Alex Blackwell (19.7 p.p.g.), a 6'7" junior power forward, will get help from 6'11" Steve Wriedt, a transfer from La Salle. **Robert Morris'** excellent returning squad must play in relative obscurity because of an N.C.A.A. probation that prohibits it from post-season play or TV exposure.

OHIO VALLEY

Last season, **Murray State** won the Ohio Valley regular-season and post-season tournaments and then almost knocked off Michigan State in the first round of the N.C.A.A. tournament (75–71 in overtime). The primary reason for the Racers' success is Ronald "Popeye" Jones, a 6'8" junior center who lost 55 pounds on a medically supervised diet and went on to win O.V.C. Player of the Year honors. The Racers' strongest competition this season will come from **Middle Tennessee** and **Eastern Kentucky**.

PACIFIC TEN

Arizona is the top team in the Pac 10 and, with UNLV's problems, the best team in the West eligible for N.C.A.A. tournament play. Coach Lute Olson, who has guided the Wildcats to a 162–62 record in seven years, continues to lure some of the best basketball talent in the nation. He persuaded 6'6" guard/forward Chris Mills to transfer to Arizona after Kentucky was placed on N.C.A.A. probation. The former Playboy Coach of the Year also recruited Khalid Reeves, a flashy 6'3" guard from Queens, New York, who averaged more than 28 points last season. The Wildcats return several key players, including guard Matt Muehlebach and 6'11" forwards Sean Rooks and Brian Williams, the latter of whom transferred two years ago from Maryland and has yet to consistently meet expectations. The Wildcats have a 47-home-game winning streak.

UCLA advanced to the N.C.A.A. Final 16 last season for the first time since 1980 and coach Jim Harrick anticipates going even further this year, despite the graduation of three-time Pac 10 forward Trevor Wilson. Playboy All-America forward Don MacLean is the Bruins' marquee star, but Tracy Murray at center and guards Darrick Martin and Gerald Madkins are all solid returning starters. Of course, UCLA has profited from UNLV's problems, picking up outstanding prospects Ed O'Bannon and Shon Tarver. The Bruins also added 7'6", 290-pound center Mike Lanier, a transfer from Hardin-Simmons. Lanier, whose twin brother plays for the University of Denver, wants to sit out a year to lift weights. Yikes!

Stanford center Adam Keefe has our vote this season as the best player you've probably never heard of. The 6'9" junior averaged 20 p.p.g. and 9.1 r.p.g. last season. With all starters returning, the Cardinals will make the 64-team cut.

Southern Cal, Arizona State and

California will duke it out for probable fourth and fifth N.C.A.A. tournament slots for the Pac 10. Coach George Raveling has his best team in five seasons at **Southern Cal.** Guard Harold Miner (20.6 p.p.g.) was the Pac 10 Freshman of the Year last season. The key to a successful year for the Trojans will be an improved defense. **Arizona State** coach Bill Frieder will start as many as three newcomers around 6'10" center Isaac Austin. Frieder, who has turned ASU's hoop expectations skyward in only one season, hopes to capitalize quickly on one of the best recruiting classes in the nation. **California** coach Lou Campanelli is committed to the fast-tempo perimeter game that netted his team 22 wins last season. Forwards Brian Hendrick and Roy Fisher are the best of the Golden Bears.

PATRIOT

The new Patriot League makes its debut this season. Made up of schools formerly in the Metro Atlantic, East Coast and North Atlantic conferences, the winner of the Patriot League tournament will play the winner of the Northeast Conference for an automatic N.C.A.A. tournament berth. The strongest teams in the new league are Fordham, 20–13 last season, and Holy Cross, which finished 24–6. Damon Lopez, a 6'9" forward/center who grabbed an average of 10.3 r.p.g., and guard Jean Prioleau are **Fordham's** best players. **Holy Cross's** strength is 6'10" center Jim Nairus.

SOUTHEASTERN

It was a frustrating year for **Louisiana State** coach Dale Brown. The Tigers, picked to finish in the top three nationally in most pre-season polls, never gelled, playing alternately brilliantly and dismally, finishing 12–6 in the conference, 23–9 overall, and advancing to only the second round of the N.C.A.A. tournament. Then Chris Jackson, already the sixth leading scorer in LSU history after just two years and the jewel in Brown's dream of a national-championship crown, announced himself eligible for the pro draft. To top things off, seven-footer Stanley Roberts was declared academically ineligible. Brown, the Norman Vincent Peale of college hoops, is undeterred. After all, he still has Playboy All-America Shaquille O'Neal (7'1"), whom he affectionately describes as "a warrior." With experienced players such as Vernel Singleton and Wayne Sims returning, the question for Tigers fans is who will play Jackson's vacated point-guard spot. Mike Hansen, a 6'4" transfer from Tennessee-Martin, is the heir apparent.

Georgia, winner of last season's S.E.C. regular-season championship, and Alabama, champion of the S.E.C. post-season tournament, also look strong in a conference as evenly balanced top to bottom as any in the nation. **Georgia**

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Playboy increases your purchasing power by providing a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact directly for information on where to find this month's merchandise in your area. To buy the apparel and accessories shown on pages 98–101 and 225, check listings below to locate the store nearest you.

Great Gretzky

Pages 98 and 99: **Jacket, pants** and **pocket square** by *Piero Dimitri of Italy* (by appointment only), 212-431-1090, 110 Greene St., Sixth Floor, N.Y.C. 10012; Dimitri Studio, 8981 Sunset Blvd., L.A. 90069, 213-276-3700. **Vest, formal shirt** and **bow tie** by *Mark Christopher of Wall Street*, 212-608-0921, 87 Nassau St., Suite 405, N.Y.C. 10038. **Stud and cuff link set** from *Peter Elliot*, 212-570-2300, 1383 Third Ave., N.Y.C. 10021. **Socks** by *Peter Elliot*. **Shoes** by *Bruno Magli*, 535 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10022, 212-752-7900; 285 Geary St., San Francisco 94108, 415-421-0356; Hanig's Footwear, 660 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611, 312-642-5330.

Page 100: **Suit, vest** and **shirt** by *Gianni Versace*, at Gianni Versace boutiques, 816 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10021, 212-744-5572; 101 East Oak St., Chicago 60625, 312-463-7010; 5015 Westheimer, Suite 2300, Houston 77056, 713-623-8220; 437 North Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills 90210, 213-276-6799.

Page 101: **Suit** and **shirt** by *Bill Kaiserman*, at Allure, 1509 Walnut St., Philadelphia 19102, 215-561-4242; Martin Freedman, 1372 Broadway, N.Y.C. 10018, 212-921-1030; Ron Ross, 18332 Ventura Blvd., Tarzana, Cal. 91356, 818-881-3675; Jeraz, 51 East Oak St., Chicago 60611, 312-266-7300. **Bow tie and cummerbund set** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Bergdorf Goodman, 754 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10019, 212-753-7300; Joseph Abboud, 37 Newbury St., Boston 02116, 617-266-4200; John's & Co., 2501 East Camelback Rd., Phoenix 85016, 602-955-1700. **Cuff links** by *Temple St. Clair Carr*, at Barneys New York, 106 Seventh Ave., N.Y.C. 10011, 212-929-9000; Stanley Korshak, 500 Crescent Ct., Dallas 75201, 214-871-3600; Fred Segal Gifts for Men (by special order), 500 Broadway, Santa Monica 90041, 213-451-9168.

On the Scene

Page 225: **Belts** from left to right by: *Ender Murat*, at Charivari, 18 West 57th St., N.Y.C. 10019, 212-333-4040; Allure, Philadelphia; Fred Segal, 8116 Melrose Ave., L.A. 90046, 213-651-4129. *Cole Haan Accessories*, 800-633-9000. Cole Haan Stores, 620 Rockefeller Center, N.Y.C. 10022, 212-765-9747; 645 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611, 312-642-8995; 651 Nicollet Mall, Suite 105, Minneapolis 55402, 612-339-4662; 260 North Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills 90212, 213-285-9811; Marshall Field's, 111 North State St., Chicago 60602, 312-781-1000; Dayton-Hudson, 700 On the Mall, Minneapolis 55402, 612-375-2200. *Trafalgar*, at Ghurka, 41 East 57th St., N.Y.C. 10022, 212-826-8300; Mark Shale, 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611, 312-440-0720; Sami Dinar, 9677 Brighton Way, Beverly Hills 90210, 213-275-2044. *Peter Barton*, 212-683-5968. *AKM*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10022, 212-753-4000; Marshall Field's, Chicago; I. Magnin, 1356 Stockton, San Francisco 94108, 415-362-2100.

You may also contact the manufacturers directly for information on where to purchase merchandise in your area using the telephone numbers or addresses provided.

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coach Hugh Durham's biggest challenge is filling the gaping hole left by the graduation of Alec Kessler, last year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete and one of the best big men in the nation. Georgia's best player this season is guard Litterial Green (17.5 p.p.g.). **Alabama** showed what taking care of the ball and good defense can do against Loyola Marymount's runaway-train offense, nearly upsetting Bo Kimble and company 62–60. Wimp Sanderson will field another solidly coached squad, led by 6'8" Melvin Cheatum (15.7 p.p.g.) and Robert Horry (13.1 p.p.g.).

There's little drop-off in quality as you travel down the list of S.E.C. teams. **Auburn** returns four starters in coach Tommy Joe Eagles' second season. The Tigers are still very young. Leading scorer Ronnie Battle (17 p.p.g.) and Chris Brandt (11.7 p.p.g.) are returning. Watch out for 6'4" freshman guard Wesley Person, who averaged 33.6 p.p.g. as a high school senior. His brother is Tigers alum and two-time All-America Chuck. **Tennessee** is another team that will rely on youth. Allan Houston, the S.E.C.'s leading returning scorer, is a 6'6" sophomore whose father, Wade, happens to be the Vols' head coach. Guard Greg Bell (16.6 p.p.g.) is another dependable point producer.

Last season, coach Rick Pitino earned his reported $850,000 salary by breathing life into a **Kentucky** basketball program devastated by an N.C.A.A. probation and the defection of several Wildcats players. Playing with eight scholarship players and four walk-ons, none over 6'7", the Cats clawed their way to a 14–14 overall and a 10–8 conference finish. Pitino has lost only guard Derrick Miller while adding 6'8" Jamal Mashburn, a 26.3-p.p.g. performer in New York City as a high schooler, and 6'9" Gimel Martinez. Kentucky is not eligible for post-season play until 1991–1992.

Mississippi State has everyone back from its 16–14 campaign of last season. Cameron Burns (18.2 p.p.g.) and Greg Carter (13 p.p.g.) are one of the better forward tandems in the nation.

Vanderbilt, despite winning 21 games last season, couldn't fight its way to an N.C.A.A. bid. So the Commodores nailed the N.I.T. championship instead, taking St. Louis in the title game 74–72. The Commodores will miss the leadership of point guard Derrick Wilcox, but coach Eddie Fogler, who played nine people in most games, has lots of depth and experience returning elsewhere.

Florida entered last season as the defending conference champion and a top-25 pick by most pollsters. But the Gators came apart under interim coach Don Devoe, who had taken over from Norm Sloan before the season began. Forward Livingston Chatman left the team on January 14, then a week later, Dwayne Schintzius, the talented 7'1" center, also quit. The Gators lost 14 in a row and disappeared from national contention. Devoe, who gamely stuck it out until season's end, was replaced by Lon Kruger, the feisty former player and coach at Kansas State. Kruger—who never missed an N.C.A.A. tournament in his four years at Kansas State—has six players back with lots of experience, and prodigal son Chatman has returned for his senior season.

Eddie-Murphy is playing at **Mississippi** this season—Patrick Eddie and Sean Murphy, that is, two 6'11" seniors who averaged 12 r.p.g. between them last season. Joe Harvell (13.2 p.p.g.) and Tim Jumper (11.8 p.p.g.) have the unenviable job of trying to replace the 24.1-p.p.g. production of Gerald Glass, now producing in the N.B.A.

SOUTHERN

East Tennessee State has lost only one man from last season's team that won 27 games and the Southern Conference title—coach Les Robinson, who replaced Jim Valvano at North Carolina State. Robinson's assistant Alan LeForce has taken over the program and the Buccaneers are not likely to miss a step. Greg Dennis (19.7 p.p.g.), at 6'11", will dominate the conference at center and 5'7" guard Keith "Mister" Jennings is one of the best small players in the nation. ETS could well surprise a major power or two come tournament time. **Tennessee-Chattanooga** also returns all starters from last season's .500 team. However, the Moccasins, whose best player is forward Derrick Kirce (20.1 p.p.g.), don't have the size to challenge East Tennessee State. **Marshall** has one superb player, guard John Taft (23.4 p.p.g.), and an N.C.A.A. probation that prohibits the Thundering Herd from pre- or post-season tournaments.

SOUTHLAND

Northeast Louisiana should dominate the Southland this season. The Indians have two all-conference players returning: Anthony Jones and Carlos Funchess. Funchess led the conference in three-point shooting (.468 percent) and Jones wasn't far behind (.454 percent). Both are also great leapers and totaled 59 slam dunks between them last season. The addition of 6'10" Jeff Murray, a transfer from Hardin-Simmons, won't hurt either. **Northwestern State–Louisiana** may be the best of the rest of a conference that, with the exception of Northeast Louisiana, is evenly balanced.

SOUTHWEST

With **Arkansas** headed for an S.E.C. affiliation, the Southwest Conference will be without its top competitor in both football and basketball. However, as long as Nolan Richardson's crew still hangs with Texans, they may as well grab another S.W.C. crown and take a serious swipe at the national championship. Arkansas is headed by Playboy All-America Todd Day, the eighth defensive wonder of the world, and Lee Mayberry. Center Oliver Miller, a junior, will get help from 6'9" junior college transfer

She wanted to spend New Year's Eve in a little cabin in the mountains and I wanted to party my ass off. So I said, "See ya later, babe." What did you do?
I spent it in a little cabin in the mountains. Sorry.

PLAYBOY

We're looking for a few good women.

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If you know someone who should be a Playmate, ask her to submit one or more photographs (transparencies, print or Polaroids are acceptable) of herself that show both face and figure, along with her name, address, phone number, age and other pertinent biographical information to:

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Attention: Playmate Editor
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For additional information, call 312-751-5015.

Applicants must be 18 years of age or older. Playboy will return submissions provided they are accompanied with a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Playboy will make no use of them except for consideration for Playmate potential.

Isiah "Butch" Morris. The Razorbacks are Final Four material again.

Despite the loss of guards Travis Mays and Lance Blanks, coach Tom Penders will have **Texas** again nipping at Arkansas' heels for the conference championship. Joey Wright (19.5 p.p.g.) will handle the point and may be joined by Maryland transfer Teyon McCoy, eligible immediately because of the Terps' probation. Guillermo Myers, a 6'8" center, will get help from junior college scoring champ Dexter Cambridge (33.4 p.p.g.). Cambridge had 46 "threes" last year and averaged three dunks per game.

Houston will be good but probably not good enough to challenge Arkansas or Texas. Forward Craig Upchurch is back, but All-S.W.C. center Carl Herrara opted to pass up his last year of eligibility to play pro ball in Spain.

Inconsistent play cost coach Shelby Metcalf his job in the middle of his 27th season as coach of **Texas A&M.** The Aggies have replaced him with Kermit Davis, Jr., the 30-year-old former Idaho coach. Davis has already brought eight new players into the program.

SOUTHWESTERN

The two best teams in the Southwestern Conference last season, **Southern** and **Texas Southern,** are likely to repeat their one-two act. However, both lost key players to graduation, offering hope to up-and-comers Alabama State and Mississippi Valley State. **Alabama State** is led by guard Steve Rogers (29.7 p.p.g.), the fifth leading scorer in Division I, and **Mississippi Valley State** by Alphonso Ford (29.9 p.p.g.), who finished fourth.

SUN BELT

South Florida, 7–21 in 1988–1989, had the nation's best turnaround last season, finishing 20–11 and winning the Sun Belt tournament. With four starters returning, including guard Radenko Dobras (16.8 p.p.g.), and the addition of junior college transfer Scott Roczey, a 6'9" forward, the Bulls are the team to beat. **Alabama-Birmingham** lost three starters from last season's 22–9 squad. However, coach Gene Bartow's best player, 6'8" guard Andy Kennedy (16.9 p.p.g.), is back for his senior year. The Blazers have added 6'7" Stan Rose, a top-30 junior college player, and Willie Chapman, a 6'8" sophomore who sat out last season because of Proposition 48. UAB's success hinges on successful three-point shooting, a conference category it has led the past two seasons. **North Carolina–Charlotte** could also challenge for the conference crown. Guard Henry Williams (21 p.p.g.) is the team leader. Coach Jeff Mullins' recruits include Jarvis Lang, a 6'6" leaper who shattered a backboard earlier this year in an A.A.U. slam-dunk competition. Coach Sonny Smith, formerly with Auburn, thinks his **Virginia Commonwealth** recruiting class is good enough to cost three returning starters their spots in the line-up. Kendrick Warren, regarded as the best high school player in Virginia, heads Smith's list of talent.

TRANS AMERICA

Last season was only **Stetson** coach Glenn Wilkes's seventh losing campaign (15–17) in 33 years. One of 11 active coaches with more than 500 victories, Wilkes will not likely allow the Hatters to slip below .500 this season. In fact, with two of the dominant big men in the conference, Derrall Dumas and Lorenzo Williams (both 6'9"), Stetson is the odds-on favorite to come out on top of the conference race. **Arkansas–Little Rock,** under new coach Jim Platt, will chase the Hatters, led by guard James Scott and junior college transfer 6'9" Erskine Caldwell. **Georgia Southern, Centenary,** regular-conference champs last season, and **Texas–San Antonio** could all challenge. Texas–S.A. first-year coach Stu Starner successfully recruited Troy House, the Texas high school all-time leading scorer with 4529 points.

WEST COAST

While Paul Westhead, basketball guru and Shakespearean scholar, has taken his coaching act to the N.B.A. Denver Nuggets, he leaves **Loyola Marymount** to five-year assistant Jay Hillock, who promises to change nothing in the hyperoffensive style that netted the Lions an N.C.A.A. record 122.4 p.p.g. last season. Bo Kimble, Jeff Fryer and Per Stumer have departed, leaving the scoring marquee open for names such as guards Terrell Lowery and Tony Walker and Cal-Irvine transfer Brian McCloskey. The Lions will get heat from both San Diego and perennial conference rival Pepperdine. **San Diego** returns 12 players from last year's squad and adds Reed Watson and Michael Brown, both transfers from Mesa Community College, the number-one junior college in the nation. **Pepperdine,** coached by Tom Asbury, features Geoff Lear, the conference's top rebounder and the only underclassman to make the 1990 All-W.C.C. team.

WESTERN ATHLETIC

One of the more interesting matchups of this season will come when Luc Longley, **New Mexico's** 7'2" senior center, faces Shawn Bradley, **Brigham Young's** 7'6" freshman. Longley, a Perth, Australia, native who passed up the chance to be a probable lottery pick in this year's N.B.A. draft, has steadily improved his game under coach Dave Bliss. Bradley, who has already enjoyed the notoriety of a *Sports Illustrated* story, is the most heralded incoming player in BYU's history. New Mexico, which has played in seven straight N.I.T. tournaments, returns three starters in addition to Longley. Look for guard Ike Williams, held out by Proposition 48 last season, to make an impact. The Lobos have a good shot at playing in a four-letter tournament at the end of this season. Despite losing four starters from last year, Brigham Young should again contend for the W.A.C., provided that second-year coach Roger Reid can meld Bradley and six other new players into a cohesive unit.

It was laryngitis, not the play of his team, that left **Texas–El Paso** coach Don Haskins speechless and off the bench for 24 games last season. The Miners didn't seem to mind, finishing 21–11 and defeating Hawaii for the W.A.C. tournament championship. Haskins, who has his voice and three starters back, is closing in on the 600-win club (563–243).

Utah's Rick Majerus was another W.A.C. coach missing in action after undergoing heart bypass surgery after the sixth game of the season. A trimmed-down Majerus and the Utes should both be quicker this year.

INDEPENDENTS

DePaul, which settled for an N.I.T. post-season berth after finishing 20–15, returns all starters from a team that played good defense and rebounded well but was weak offensively. The Blue Demons averaged just 66.5 p.p.g. and had more turnovers (511) than assists (496). Coach Joey Meyer is hoping that junior college transfer Joe Daughrity at point guard and redshirt forward Curtis Price will complement the talents of David Booth (16.9 p.p.g.) and Stephen Howard (14.4 p.p.g.), the Blue Demons' best producers last season.

While Digger Phelps begins his 20th season as **Notre Dame's** winningest coach (381–177), the criticism from some alumni grows louder. The Irish finished a disappointing 16–13 and didn't deserve the N.C.A.A. tournament bid that resulted in a first-round loss to Virginia. Notre Dame's success in football has only emphasized its underachievement in hoops. The situation is not likely to improve for the Irish this season.

Miami coach Bill Foster has retired and been replaced by Leonard Hamilton, formerly at Oklahoma State. The undersized Hurricanes return all but one from last season's 13–15 squad. **U.S. International's** Kevin Bradshaw, the nation's number-two scorer (31.3 p.p.g.), returns for his senior season. **Wright State,** which had the best record among the nation's independents (21–7), and **Missouri–Kansas City** both look like 20-game winners this season.

Here's hoping your team wins.

PLAYBOY ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

A NEW YEAR'S BELT

Of all the resolutions that you've made for 1991, staying in shape probably tops the list. To keep that new shape sharp, and to get you motivated, here's a selection of the latest looks in belts—rugged woven and braided styles that are a cinch to win you compliments as well as support your pants. Styles as wide as one and a half inches are hot right now. That's slightly wider than last year's belt of choice, the Western conch. Pants/belt combinations to try include a narrow braided belt with rustic corduroy slacks or with a cashmere sweater tucked into tweed trousers. Also check out woven nubuck, a skin with a velvety, suedelike texture that will give your suit or sports jacket a casual feel.

STEVE CONWAY

Left to right: Leather hand-braided belt with color cords, smooth leather ends and brass buckle, by AKM, $90. Triple-braided leather belt with reptile-printed ends and brass buckle, by Peter Barton, about $230. Leather woven herringbone-design belt with smooth ends and silver buckle, by Trafalgar, $110. Nubuck hand-braided belt with etched brass buckle, by Cole Haan, about $60. Leather hand-woven belt with braided leather cords, smooth leather strips and brass buckle, by Ender Murat, about $135. (Where & How to Buy on page 221.) Take a belt!

Sneak Peak

HEATHER HAASE appeared in both *The 'Burbs* and *Gremlins 2*. She played the young Goldie Hawn in *Private Benjamin*, too. We'd be available to play with Heather any time.

© MARK LEIVDAL

Bustin' Out

Actress **SHERYL LEE RALPH** has grabbed hold of a TV sitcom, *New Attitude*, in which she co-owns a beauty salon. Rock musician/actor Morris Day plays one of her employees. Ralph also beat the Broadway boards in *Dreamgirls* and appeared on *Falcon Crest*. Rare hair.

© BUCKMASTER / RETNA LTD.

Mighty Marlon

The great **MARLON BRANDO** had a delicious hit movie last summer, *The Freshman*, in which he showed off yet another talent—for ice skating. You'll see this face again in *The Godfather III*, but only as a portrait on the wall. Brando's picture perfect.

© 1990 PHILIP RAMEY

© WERNER W. POLLEINER

Bales or Tails

Hanging out in the hayloft with starlet NICOLE MALCÉ would be a treat for any cowpoke. For more, get Nicole's poster or a copy of the Scorpions' music video, while you brush up on your campfire etiquette.

Covering the Basics

Look who we discovered in paradise! College student TONI CALVERT was hiding out among the orchids and the ocean when the producers of TV's *Jake and the Fat Man* spotted her. Will the rest be history? Until that mystery is solved, you'll have to be content with *Grapevine*. We travel all 50 states, just for you.

ALAN HOUGHTON

© PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Live Wires

Yup, that's TED NUGENT (left) in a guitar roll with his new supergroup Damn Yankees and TAIME DOWNE, lead vocalist from Faster Pussycat. Ted and Taime help dispel the lie that not all music is canned. It can still be pretty electrifying.

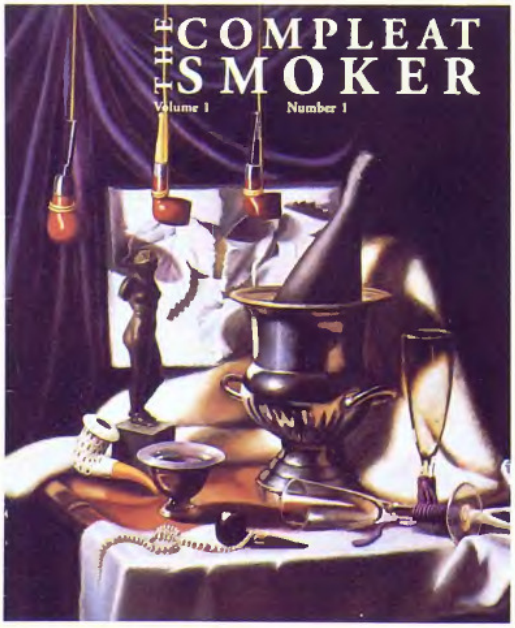
© KEN SETTLE

VIDEO HOLE IN ONE

Phil Ritson gets our vote as the dean of golf instructors, and now his golfing knowledge has been captured in *The Phil Ritson Video Encyclopedia of Golf*, 11 VHS video cassettes that cover everything from *Grip, Posture, Aim and Stance* (tape one) to *How to Use the Wind to Win* (tape 11). There are also tapes on sand and chip shots, wedge play, mental attitude, how to hit the ball farther, cures for crooked shots and much more. Each tape can be ordered for $17.95, postpaid, by calling 800-331-6839. Play through!

GENTLEMEN, YOU MAY SMOKE

For those of you who enjoy a fine cigar or a favorite briar, there's *The Compleat Smoker*, a new 36-page quarterly magazine devoted to the pleasures of *Nicotiana tabacum*. The first issue has articles on "Tobacco and the Tsar," cigar wrappers and more, and there'll be upcoming stories on cigar lore and interviews with pipe collectors. A year's subscription is $17.50, sent to *The Compleat Smoker*, P.O. Box 7036, Evanston, Illinois 60204.



FOR OPEN-MINDED ADULTS ONLY

What is a four-letter word that ends in U-N-T and is a name for a woman? Think carefully! If your answer is aunt, then Dirty Minds, "The Game of Naughty Clues," is for you. In Dirty Minds, you win by guessing the correct clean answers to the dirty clues provided. The nasty-game mavens at TDC Games in Wood Dale, Illinois, are responsible for Dirty Minds—which can be purchased at game, novelty and department stores for about $20. OK, what assists an erection, sometimes has big balls hanging from it and is a big swinger? Buy the game and find out, because we'll never tell.

LOST WORLDS TO CONQUER

"Lost Worlds Inc. was established to satisfy the sportswear requirements of adventurous men and women who demand the highest quality," says company president Stuart Clurman, a man who measures success by the quality and authenticity of his classic military and performance apparel. Measured by that yardstick, Lost Worlds is successful, indeed. The Army Air Force's horsehide flight jacket depicted here is a reissue of the original World War Two model. Price: $500. The Barnstormer, a full-length belted shearling coat, resembles the coats worn by air aces while flying open-cockpit planes. Price: $1750. A call to 212-923-3423 will tell you how to order.

AS CRIME GOES BY

On June 4, 1949, "Dick Tracy married his one true love, Tess Trueheart," after an 18-year engagement, and on March 6, 1831, Edgar Allan Poe was expelled from West Point for "disobedience of orders" and "gross neglect of duty." These and other odds and ends of mystery and mayhem trivia can be found in *The Mystery Book of Days*, a $15.95 Mysterious Press hardcover by editor-in-chief William Malloy that's a day-to-day calendar of crimes and events both real and fictional. A bloody good nightcap right before bed.

SAUCED AGAIN!

Spectacular Sauces, Inc., P.O. Box 30010, Alexandria, Virginia 22310-8010, specializes in—you guessed it—spectacular sauces. Everything from dressings and marinades to some of the world's most fiery hot sauces—such as Hot as Hell chili sauce, Dat'l Do-It Hot Sauce and "Killer" Hot Texas Bar-B-Q Sauce—is listed in the $1.50 catalog. You can even join the company's Sauce-of-the-Month Club for $130 annually. If this really gets you all fired up, call Sauces' hotline at 800-999-4949.

SAME TO YOU, FELLA

Now there's an alternative to flipping somebody the bird the next time you're cut off in traffic. It's The Final Word, a 4" x 2¼" battery-powered black box that, at the push of a button, says "Fuckin' asshole!" "Eat shit!" "Fuckin' jerk!" and "Fuck you!" in a loud, electronic voice. No, we're not kidding—and don't you wish you'd thought of it first? The Final Word sells in novelty and department stores for $15. And if you're the sensitive type, there's also a G-rated version. Somehow "You're a dope!" "You're an idiot!" "Drop dead!" and "You stupid jerk!" just don't cut it for us.

SOMETHING TO TOY WITH

Back in June 1989, *Potpourri* featured Mint & Boxed, a British-based antique-toy emporium that issues a semi-annual catalog crammed with vintage playthings. Mint & Boxed has recently opened a Manhattan gallery at 1124 Madison Avenue, New York 10028, so toyland is even closer at hand. The company still publishes a catalog ($34 for two issues), but that's like reading about Santa's workshop instead of visiting it. Mint & Boxed's number is 212-794-4000. It's the ultimate old-fashioned Christmas at anything but old-fashioned prices.

SUPERCHARGED

ActiBath, the world's first carbonated bath tablet, has just hit the market, bringing with it all the reputed benefits—such as better circulation—of bathing in charged water. And when you arise rejuvenated from your soothing bath, there's no oily residue on your bubble-kissed body. ActiBath's manufacturer, The Andrew Jergens Company in Cincinnati, currently offers three fragrances: Light and Fresh, Blue Forest (a pleasant, masculine scent) and Floral Spring. Five tablets cost about $3; ten go for about $5. Look for them in department and drug stores. Bubble your trouble and stress away.

NEXT MONTH

DREAM DAME

SILK SHORTS

WAGER WIZARDS

NAUGHTY NIGHTIES

"MY LIFE WITH JOANNE CHRISTIANSEN"—A DETAILED PREDICTION OF THE FUTURE WITH THE WOMAN OF HIS DREAMS (OR, AS IT TURNS OUT, THE WOMAN OF HIS NIGHTMARES) DISCOMFITS OUR HERO IN A WRY TALE BY **MARK ALPERT**

LENA OLIN REVEALS UNDER WHAT CIRCUMSTANCES SHE REALLY WEARS HATS, TELLS US WHAT MAKES A GOOD DIRECTOR AND HOW A NICE SWEDISH GIRL SURVIVES THE COLD IN A STEAMY **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"SURE-FIRE GIFTS FOR BABES"—PRESENTS THAT WILL TICKLE YOUR GIRLFRIEND'S FANCY

"THE YEAR IN SEX 1990"—CELEBRITIES, POLITICIANS, EVEN CLERGYMEN GOT IN ON THE ACT AND OUR MADCAP FEATURE UNCOVERS IT ALL

"ANATOMY OF A POINT SPREAD"—BEFORE YOU PLACE YOUR SUPER BOWL BETS, MEET THE GUYS WHO PICK THE NUMBERS YOU MUST BEAT—BY **ANDREW BEYER**

GENE SISKEL AND **ROGER EBERT** SHARE THEIR BEST AND WORST CELEBRITY STORIES AND REVEAL WHY THEY NEVER SHARE MOVIE REVIEWS BEFORE THEIR SHOW IN A SLUGFEST **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"LINGERIE"—A *PLAYBOY* PICTORIAL EXPLORES THE TIMELESS APPEAL OF THAT PERFECT COMBINATION: SEXY UNDERGARMENTS AND GORGEOUS WOMEN

"ZACK AND JILL"—THIS COUPLE'S IN LOVE, BUT JILL'S SUCCESS CAUSES ZACK ANXIETY—FICTION BY CONTRIBUTING EDITOR **KEVIN COOK**

"MURDER MOST FOUL"—THE HUNT FOR THE KILLER OF FIVE UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA STUDENTS HAS BECOME A GRUESOME LOOK AT MALIGNANT INTELLIGENCE—BY **MIKE REYNOLDS**

"HARRY CONNICK, JR.'S, BIG BREAK"—NO, HE'S NOT **FRANK SINATRA,** HE'S NOT **TONY BENNETT,** BUT THIS WHITE BOY FROM LOUISIANA IS ON HIS WAY TO BECOMING THE WORLD'S NEWEST JAZZ-SINGING SENSATION—BY **STANLEY BOOTH**

PLUS: A PEEK AT WHAT MEN ARE WEARING UNDER THEIR SUITS IN **"A SEXY SHORT STORY,"** BY **HOLLIS WAYNE; "HOME, SMART HOME,"** A GLIMPSE AT STATE-OF-THE-ART ELECTRONIC GADGETS TO BRING YOUR DIGS UP TO DATE, BY **JONATHAN TAKIFF;** AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

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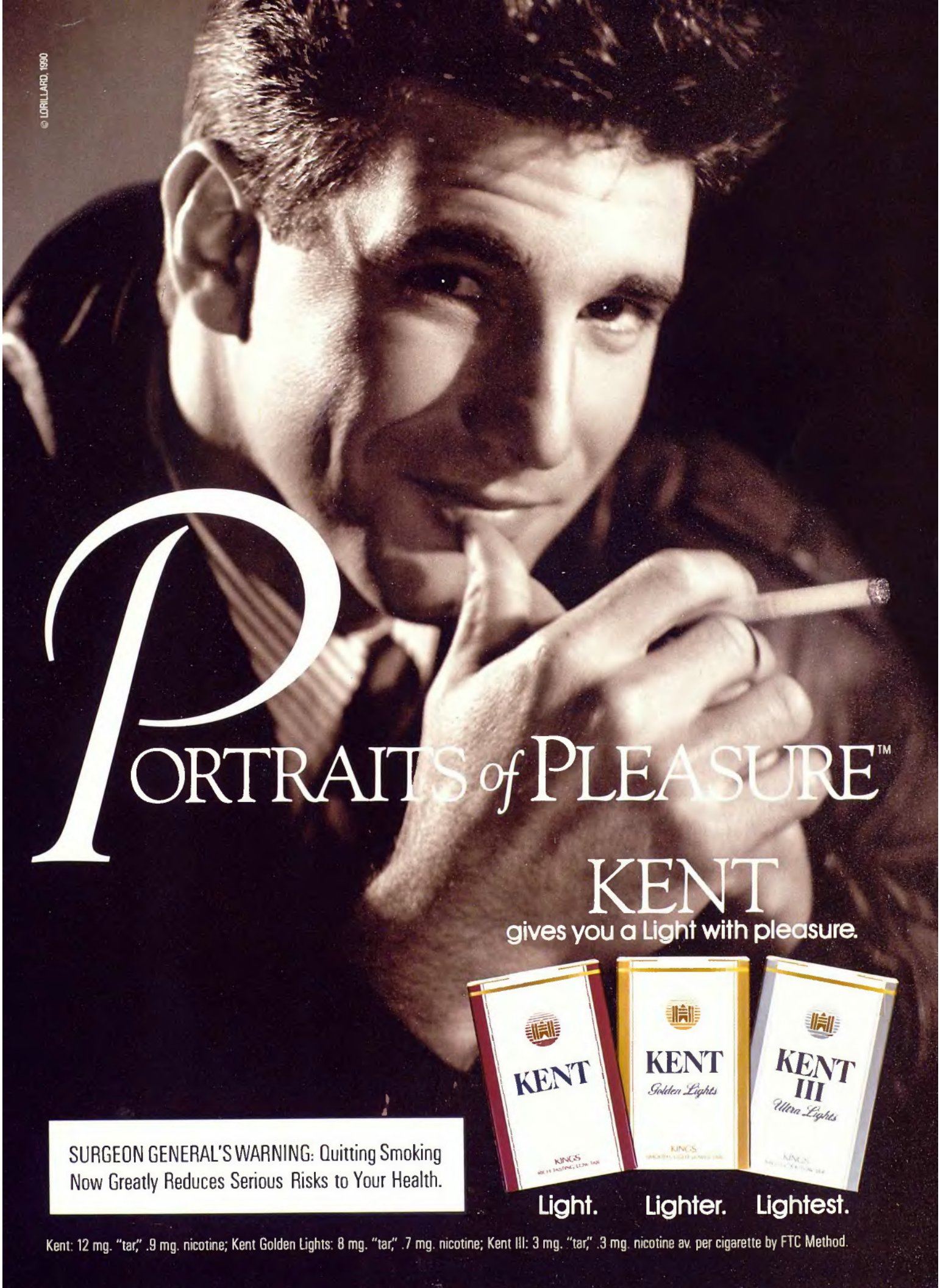

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